AUGUST, 1901.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

Annie Nathan Meyer.

Annie Nathan Meyer (Mrs. Alfred Meyer), whose historical novel *Robert Annys: Poor Priest,* is reviewed elsewhere in this number, has been writing pretty steadily ever since the age of seventeen, when a paper of hers, which was called forth by the death of A. Bronson Alcott, appeared in the *Critic.* Since that time she has contributed many criticisms, stories, and fugitive papers to the various magazines, and readers of THE BOOKMAN will remember some very clever things as coming from her pen. In 1891 she edited *Woman's Work in America,* and has since published *Helen Brent, M.D.* (1893), and *My Park Book* (1898). Mrs. Meyer has interested herself greatly in the higher education of women, and has been most active in the development of Barnard College, of which she is a trustee, and to whose needs she has been very successful in calling the attention of wealthy benefactors. To Mrs. Meyer more than to any one else is due the fact that Barnard College was founded on its present plan—a plan by which it is affiliated with Columbia University, while it is free from the objections which are very properly made to any scheme involving the co-education of the sexes in undergraduate work. During the first two years of Barnard College's existence, almost every cent contributed to its support was raised by the exertions of Mrs. Meyer. She is a resident of this city, and although she was Chairman of the Committee on Literature at the World's Fair Congress, and although she has been successful as a speaker at other important gatherings, she writes us that she has "now reformed," and is more and more averse to leaving home.

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.

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The Royal Academy in 1901.

We have received from Messrs. Cassell and Company a very handsome volume entitled *Royal Academy Pictures,* in which are reproduced in half-tone and by other processes the paintings which were hung at the exhibition of the Royal Academy this year. The book gives an admirable survey of contemporary British art, showing how far the older artists have retained their distinction, and how far the younger men are giving promise of good work in the future. We reproduce herewith four

"LES PÊCHEUSES DU ROI." PAINTING BY W. A. BREAKSPEARE.

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of the most interesting examples which the book contains.

Priggishness Made Perfect.

We always admire anything that is perfect of its kind, and that is why we hail with so much joy an article which Mr. Alfred Ayres has been contributing to the July number of *Harper's Magazine,* under the title "A Plea for Cultivating the English Language." In it is illustrated one kind of perfection—the perfection of linguistic priggishness. Mr. Ayres, we believe, has written books on orthoëpy and the proper use of words and all that sort of thing, and he must be a fearful and wonderful person to meet in private life. The reason why we think so will be gathered from a perusal of the following little anecdote, which with great pride and an obvious smacking of the lips he tells about himself:

Only a few days ago I heard a learned man, an LL.D., a dictionary-maker, an expert in English, say that he was anxious to finish the removing of his belongings from one room into another.

"No, you are not," said I.

"Yes, I am. How do you know?"

"I know you are not."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"There is no anxiety about it. You are simply *desirous.*"

He thought a minute. "That's true, that's

"THE CAPTURE." PAINTING BY HERBERT J. DRAPER.

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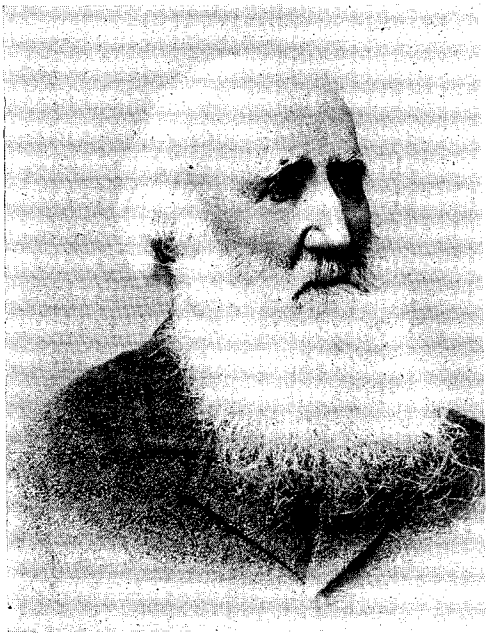

THE LATE FITZEDWARD HALL.

true," said he. "You are right. Nobody ever called my attention to that before."

Next to the peculiar perfection which we have just mentioned and also the delightful unconsciousness with which Mr. Ayres relates this tale, we most admire the self-control of the dictionary-maker. Ninety-nine dictionary-makers out of a hundred would not have said anything at all. They would simply have picked up the nearest dictionary and "swatted" Mr. Ayres. Instead, this particular dictionary-maker contented himself with a fine and subtle irony when he said that nobody had ever called his attention to that before. This irony was obviously quite lost upon Mr. Ayres. He is the sort of person upon whom it naturally would be lost; but it was beautiful just the same, and the world ought to be grateful to Mr. Ayres for having remembered and recorded it. If we ever see Mr. Ayres coming down the street, we shall walk briskly around the corner. He is the kind of purist that you read about; and his puristicity is so particularly puristic that most rude, coarse persons would find some difficulty in breathing in the presence of it. We are glad he wrote the article, though; because it affords such a perfect instance of the abysmal distinction between "education" and "cultivation," as to which we are going some day to discourse at length.

Fitzedward Hall.

The name of Fitzedward Hall is hardly even a name to the "general reader"; and the scant attention paid to his recent death was only one of the strange contradictions of his career. An absentee American for nearly three-quarters of his long life, he was anywhere and always the uncompromising champion of his country's aims and customs. The one complete and unimpeachable reporter of historic English usage, he was known to comparatively few professed students of English expression, while his peculiar claims were too little appreciated even by these. Those who were familiar with his books recognised him as the exhaustless "F. H." of American and English literary journals; but the great majority of readers saw in those significant initials only the mark of an unknown writer whose style was as unjustifiable as his views were arbitrary. His voluminous Indian work, prized by Sanskritists, was, except to them, absolutely unknown.

The minuteness and extent of his records and collections, all made in the midst of manifold engrossments as teacher, examiner and lexicographer—to mention only the most regular of his varied vocations—are a lasting marvel for the results of one lifetime. His pre-eminent characteristic was love of truth for its own sake and indifference to personal reputation. During the many years of his chief authority on *The New English Dictionary*, he and Dr. Murray, the editor-in-chief, never met; and the latter never even saw a picture of Dr. Hall, his daily correspondent. The picture here presented was taken in 1893, and is pronounced by the family a perfect likeness. An editorial account of Dr. Hall's life appeared in *The Nation* for February 14 of this year; and a brief but adequate estimate of his work was attempted in an obituary notice printed in *Modern Language Notes* for March, and written by Dr. Caskie Harrison, of the Brooklyn Latin School, to whose courtesy we are indebted for the accompanying photograph.

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Pro-Boerism.

How thoroughly Continental feeling has ranged itself on the side of the Boer Republics it is somewhat difficult for an American to understand; but every once in a while some little side-light reveals the intensity and the omnipresence of this feeling. That the French and Germans should entertain it is only what one would expect; but now we find that even in Roumania, a State whose reigning house is allied by marriage with the reigning house of England, and whose people might be expected to consider a struggle in South Africa as very far remote from their own interests, the pro-Boer sentiment is equally in evidence. A proof of this is seen in the fact that there are in circulation Roumanian post-cards containing devices expressive of sympathy with the Boers. One of these we herewith reproduce as a matter of contemporary interest. In connection with this subject, we may refer to another bit of pictorial testimony as to the difficulty which the English are experiencing in recruiting soldiers for South Africa. British recruiting agents are now resorting to a system of lantern-slide exhibitions, such as those by which Americans are nightly instructed in the excellence of Mr. Heinz's pickles, and of various kinds of baby food. The British stereopticon displays on blank walls in fiery outline amid the darkness, the glorious life which the enlisted soldier is supposed to lead, riding about on a galloping horse or marching triumphantly to the sound of music over conquered territory. A reproduction of one of these imaginative efforts of the official English mind is given on this page. For it we are indebted to the London *Sketch*.

ROUMANIAN PRO-BOER POST-CARD.

LANTERN-SLIDE USED BY BRITISH RECRUITING OFFICERS.

Frederic Mistral.

Students of French literature and lovers of good literature in general will be grateful to Dr. Charles Alfred Downer for his admirable little volume on Frédéric Mistral, the most original and the best known of all the Provençal poets. The book is at once an account of the man and a sympathetic appreciation of his poetry. Dr. Downer does not exaggerate when he says that Mistral is to-day the greatest man in the south of France, universally beloved and revered. Born in 1830 in the little village of Maillane where he still lives, Mistral was brought up among the peasants and shepherds, whose simple pastoral existence he has drawn with so much beauty in *Mirèio*. From them he learned

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FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL.

in earliest childhood the soft, liquid language which they speak and in which he loves to write; and although he studied hard and is to-day a scholar deeply learned in the classics both of Greece and Rome and of his own country, he still is first of all a Provençal even to his very accent. When he was young this local dialect was flouted by serious writers of literature, and was considered, if not vulgar, at any rate uncouth. Roumanille, however, made it clear by his exquisite poems, *Li Margarideto,* the literary possibilities of this so-called patois, and when Mistral read the verses he was startled by them. "When he showed me," says Mistral, speaking of Roumanille, "in all their springtime freshness, these lovely field flowers, a thrill ran through my being, and I exclaimed, 'This is the dawn my soul awaited to awaken to the light!'" From that time, which was about 1845, may be dated the revival for literary purposes of Provençal. Nine years later the famous "Félibrige" was founded by seven poets, of whom Mistral was one, and who sought thereby to lay the foundations of a new literature in France.

The Félibres, collectively, are those writers who have devoted themselves to the revival of the Provençal dialect, and who in doing so have tried to purify that dialect and make it more and more fitted to be the medium of poetical utterance. They also have endeavoured with success to create a public and to establish a propaganda. Underlying this purely literary motive is also the motive of the patriot; for it is always of Provence that they sing and speak, and their lines glow with a passionate love of the Midi. The word *Félibre* was first suggested by Mistral, who found it in an old hymn. Its etymology is uncertain, but it is possibly from the Greek; and if so, it means "a lover of the beautiful." The Félibres had no definite organisation until 1876, when they adopted a formal constitution and an elaborate set of rules and regulations. The original number of the Félibres, as has been already said, was seven; and as the day on which they first met was the day of Sainte Estelle, they adopted a seven-pointed star as their emblem. "Very fond of the number seven are these Félibres," says Professor Downer; "they tell you of the seven chief churches of Avignon, its seven gates, seven colleges, seven hospitals, seven popes who were there seventy years; the word Félibre has seven letters, and so has Mistral's name; and he spent seven years in writing each of his epics." The Félibres publish a magazine entitled *Armana Prouvençau,* of which, in 1855, 500 copies were issued, and in 1894, 12,000. Mistral himself has received marks of distinguished honour from Frenchmen of every party—from President Grévy and from the Comte de Paris. He has had a poem crowned by the French Academy, and he seems to have no enemies and no detractors.

Two Intellectual Middlemen.

Several years ago we had something to say about the place in our life which is occupied by intellectual middlemen—by popularisers and adapters who enter the laboratories of the highest scholarship and communicate its results in intelligible form to the world at large. Two of these men have lately died, and they represent respectively the higher and the lower type of the class to which they belonged. Professor John Fiske was an extremely brilliant man. He was a scholar of the receptive

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THE LATE JOHN FISKE.

THE LATE JOSEPH COOK.

rather than of the creative type, but he was a scholar none the less. His gift for exposition amounted almost to genius, and he was to Herbert Spencer what Huxley was to Darwin. Without him Spencer's teachings would probably never have been widely known, or at any rate would have made their way but slowly into the minds of intelligent though casual readers. Still better, however, than his philosophical work was Professor Fiske's historical labour. It is a great pity that his life was not lengthened sufficiently to enable him to complete the series of books upon which he was engaged; for they were written with a definite purpose, and taken together they cannot fail to exercise even in their incompleteness a very wholesome influence upon American political life and thought. Professor Fiske's style was one of remarkable lucidity and attractiveness, and he always reminded us of those French scholars who rescue the results of German investigation and research from the repellent form in which they are set forth by the Teutons, and make them clear as crystal to every one who is in search of unencumbered learning.

A very different type of man was the Rev. Joseph Cook, whose death preceded Professor Fiske's by a few days. He too was a great populariser, but his exposition had nothing in it to give it an enduring quality. It is, indeed, rather pathetic to remember the vogue of his "Monday Lectures," which he delivered about 1871, and which at the time were so widely read and talked about, and then to recall that when he died, the younger generation scarcely knew his name. Mr. Cook, however, was not a scholar in any higher sense. He had a quick, assimilative mind and an instinct for the things that would interest his own peculiar public. Moreover, he possessed a certain oracular manner which gave his utterances a weight which they would scarcely have had by reason of their own intrinsic merits. However, he aroused discussion and stimulated thought, and he brought to the minds of many persons arguments and themes that had been new to them. His lectures fill eleven volumes, the last of which appeared in 1888, and of these books a great many editions were bought and read, not only in this country but in England.

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Zona Gale.

We have received from time to time considerable good-natured criticism because of the notice which we give to new writers and because of portraits of them which we publish. A gentleman said the other day, laughingly: "I read all about some young author in THE BOOKMAN, and I am treated to his likeness, and then very possibly I never hear anything of him again." Well, *que voulez vous?* This department of the magazine is essentially the news department, as the name "Chronicle" implies. When there comes upon the scene a new writer who seems to have some promise, then we feel bound as a matter of pure news to chronicle the fact of his or her evolution into the world of books, and we make room for his or her portrait,—in the first place because every one likes to see faces; and, in the second place, because many of these new-comers are very well worth looking at. But we don't commit ourselves to anything in doing this. The newly fledged author is catalogued by us, and very likely commended for a good bit of work, but we don't as a rule try to anticipate the future, or to detect a nascent Kipling in every clever youth who produces a readable book. In other words, our rôle is that of recorder rather than that of prophet. Just for once, however, we are going to depart from our custom and venture upon a prediction in the case of Miss Zona Gale, whose likeness is given here. Miss Gale is among the newest of all new-comers; yet we have no hesitation in expressing our belief that she will certainly attain to a reputation that will be more than an ephemeral one. We have published three poems from her pen, and would gladly publish more if we could get them; but Miss Gale does not write to order, save in her present profession, which is journalism; so that we must wait. These three poems are short, but they have in them qualities which are rare enough in the verse which magazines now publish; and they are going in the end to give Miss Gale an assured and definite place among contemporary writers, especially as they are apparent in her prose no less than in her verse.

ZONA GALE.

A Canard.

An absurd and entirely unfounded report has been circulated in the newspapers to the effect that M. Maeterlinck has been suffering from mental aberration, and that he is at present in a sanitarium. As a matter of fact, the eminent Belgian writer is in the best of health and spirits, and at the pres-

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ent moment is taking a bicycle trip upon the Continent. On his return he will commence work upon a volume of essays which he has already planned.

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A Letter of Protest.

We have received the following letter, which we publish without comment:

BRIGHTON, ENGLAND,
June 12, 1901.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

SIRS: As I learn that the New Amsterdam Book Company are advertising a story of mine—*A Heritage of Peril*—as a new story, I wish to warn the book trade and the reading public of the United States that that statement is incorrect.

The story was written years ago for serial issue; it is crude, immature, conventional, hackneyed and poor; it was not written for volume publication, and in my opinion it is not fit for volume issue. I have not been consulted as to its production now, have had no opportunity of revising it, and had I been consulted would have vetoed the issue altogether. The proof of this is, that although I still hold the British copyright, I shall not issue a British edition.

I am extremely proud of the very large American audience which my later work has secured, and naturally wishful to offer them nothing that I do not consider of my best, and thus most anxious that they should not be allowed to think that I am in any way responsible for their having put before them now a story of the sensational dime novel order as a serious example of my later and matured work. Such a thing is as unfair to me and to my reputation in the United States as it is insulting to the intelligence of the thousands of readers in America who buy my duly authorised books.

I am, Sirs,

Yours faithfully,
ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT.

❧

A Revolutionary Poem.

A gentleman in Bermuda has kindly furnished us with a copy of an interesting poem published in Richmond in 1788, and entitled *Liberty*. Its author was Colonel St. George Tucker, who was born in Bermuda but settled in Virginia prior to the Revolution. Colonel Tucker's career was a most honourable one, abounding in interest. He was Professor of Law at William and Mary College, but on the outbreak of the Revolutionary War he joined the American army and was present as colonel of cavalry at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. Afterward, he served as judge in the Virginia state courts, and was finally appointed Judge of the District Court of the United States. In 1803 he published an edition of Blackstone with annotations, and in the appendix wrote what is said to be the first disquisition ever published upon the character and interpretation of the Federal Constitution. In 1778 he married Mrs. Frances Bland Randolph, widow of John Randolph, and mother of the irascible and brilliant John Randolph of Roanoke.

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The poem was written before the close of the Revolution and at about the period of Benedict Arnold's invasion (1780-81). It is dedicated "To George Washington, Esquire, Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States of America," and it affords in its language and manner a typical example of eighteenth century verse, abounding in classical allusions, in paraphrases, and the verbal *clichés* which were interesting in the time of Addison, but which fell into disuse after Joel Barlow had heaped them up interminably in his *Columbiad*. The following stanza gives a fair specimen of its quaint diction:

Fill'd with thy flame, Achaia's sons of yore
  Undaunted met the vaunting Persian's host,
Whose cumbrous navies fill'd the Grecian shore,
  Whose countless legions sadden'd all her coasts.
Unnerv'd by Luxury's enfeebling hand,
  How vain the myriads which compos'd his train!
Behold them scatter'd by thy martial band,
  While slaughter'd legions fill'd the glutted main!
Thou Goddess, plum'd on high, thy banners wav'd,
  And from degrading chains thy gallant offspring saved.

At the end of the poem the author anticipates the final triumph of the American cause and the future greatness of the Republic. The closing stanzas warn Columbia against the dangers of success.

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The following will be regarded by Anti-Imperialists as being distinctly prophetic:

Nor let Ambition in thy Bosom rise,
  Nor Conquest, purple-rob'd, thy flight allure;
Their trappings fascinate unwary eyes,
  Though baneful as the robe Alcides wore;
To thrift of empire Rome a victim fell,
  For thrift of Empire is a thrift of wealth;
Soon follows Luxury with baleful spell,
  The deadliest foe to Liberty and health:
Far be such fatal Joys remov'd from thee,
  Columbia, be thy sole Ambition to be free!

❧

M. Masson and his Mosaic.

The fact that those members of the French Academy who were opposed to the election of Edmond Rostand united their votes in support of M. Frédéric Masson as an opposition candidate, has directed considerable attention to M. Masson and the literary work to which he has dedicated his life. For twenty-five years he has been toiling unremittingly over the minutest study of Napoleon that has ever been attempted. It is, indeed, not an exaggeration to say that no human being has ever before been made the subject of so minute an investigation. M. Masson in commencing his task defined it very clearly and very impressively. To his mind Napoleon is not only the greatest Frenchman who ever lived, but the greatest man,—indeed, much more than that, "one who was among men the nearest to what has been called God." It is not a little curious that another contemporary writer, Lord Rosebery, an Englishman and a man of the most sane and accurately balanced judgment, should take almost as extreme a view of the remarkable Corsican; though while Masson looks at Napoleon as having been almost a god, Lord Rosebery considers him to have been almost a demon. Both men, however, see in him something supernatural—that is to say, something which transcends the ordinary experience of mankind, a creature possessed of more than human energy, of more than human capacity, and of more than human intellect and creative power.

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Masson's fundamental purpose is to collect and to preserve for the information of posterity every bit of information that can possibly be obtained with regard to the personality of Napoleon. He laments that already the lapse of time has destroyed some sources of information; yet he hopes that what is still accessible will be sufficient to give to future generations a minutely accurate acquaintance with Napoleon as he actually was and with his life as he actually lived it. Already M. Masson has published fourteen volumes which embody a great deal of the material which he has laboriously got together; and to this collection, which constitutes a small library in itself, he hopes to add much more. To him there is absolutely nothing so petty or so insignificant in itself as to deserve rejection. Compared with him, Boswell was a mere impressionist. The extraordinary minuteness with which he has studied his subject, and the way in which he has ferreted out the most trivial facts can best be illustrated by the following characteristic sentence from one of his encyclopædic volumes:

When the Emperor, having completed his toilette, started to leave his apartment, he took with his left hand the hat which was extended to him by the first *valet de chambre*. This hat, in black beaver, without braid or border, ornamented only by a small tri-colour cockade held in place by a strip of black silk braid, was furnished by Poupard & Cie., Palais du Tribunal, and cost sixty francs. There were four of these hats purchased every year, and each was supposed to last three years.

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With all his devotion to the Napoleonic cult, M. Masson by no means flinches from setting down anything that happens to be unfavourable to his hero. His very faith in Napoleon inspires him with the courage to tell the whole tale; and he has, besides, the instinct of the impartial historian. "If," he says, "having discovered a fact, arrived at a conclusion, or even received an impression, I should conceal the slightest word, if I should hesitate to reveal the entire truth exactly as it appears to me, I should no longer be anything but a miserable pamphleteer or a detestable courtesan—one is as bad as the other. The truth is one and indivisible, and history is made for truth."

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M. Masson's studies increase in value and in fulness of detail as they proceed. Some of the earlier volumes are unsatisfactory, especially those which relate to Napoleon's love affairs, since in them the author does not maintain sufficient reserve, but injects a certain personal colouring of his own into the narrative. His later volumes, however, *Napoléon Chez Lui* and *La Journée de l'Empereur* are wonderful microscopic studies. The three volumes on Josephine have excited much discussion and also much criticism, because they present the woman precisely as she was when divested of the romantic atmosphere which even in her lifetime was created for her, partly by her connection with her imperial lover and partly by the undoubted personal charm which she herself possessed. As Masson draws her, she is the true Creole, at once sumptuous and slovenly, wearing the most elaborate dresses made of the cheapest possible materials, bedecked with jewels yet with underclothing of which a peasant woman would be ashamed, utterly without principle, unchaste, extravagant, foolish, frivolous, greedy for admiration, and taking as her only motto, *plaire c'est moi.* Her influence over Napoleon has, according to Masson, been immensely exaggerated. She was an episode in his life rather than a part of it—an opinion which Masson has strikingly expressed in these words: "In studying Napoleon I chanced upon Josephine." It is easy to ridicule the exactness and the minuteness with which the author has toiled over his subject, and it is also easy to speak contemptuously of his laborious investigation of how Napoleon shaved, of how he brushed his teeth with water and a few drops of cognac, of how many cheeses were set upon his table, of how many minutes he spent at luncheon, and of how many at dinner. Yet, after all, even this marvellous scrupulosity and passionate devotion to minutiæ are justified by the interest which every one, friend and foe alike, exhibits in the extraordinary personality of this extraordinary man. Interest in Napoleon, indeed, waxes rather than wanes as the years go by; and there is no doubt whatever that M. Masson is earning for himself the unstinted gratitude alike of historians and of the world at large throughout the centuries that are to come.

Professor Goodwin.

Professor William Watson Goodwin, of Harvard University, has completed the forty-fifth year of his incumbency as Eliot Professor of the Greek Language and Literature, and has retired from active academic service. This has led to the usual complimentary dinners, to the presentation of a loving cup by his former students, and to other things of this sort which are customary. Professor Goodwin's name recalls to every college man all over the country his book on the syntax of the Greek moods and tenses—a work which has embittered the lives of many an undergraduate, and which was once popularly supposed to be the last word upon that by no means thrilling subject. In the present era of transcendental syntax, however, the book is not altogether what it was. When it comes to syntax, no classical scholar nowadays is willing to admit that any other classical scholar has the slightest basis for his theories. We believe, for instance, that Professor Gildersleeve in his moments of relaxation is rather fond of asserting that Professor Goodwin knows no Greek at all. What Professor Goodwin thinks of Professor Gildersleeve we are not told; but it makes no particular difference anyhow, and it is certain to be something rather sweeping and professionally unflattering. These things, however, belong to the conventional amenities of classical scholarship and philological *pose,* and are not significant. Professor Goodwin retires while still vigorous and useful, and with the consciousness of having made a record that is one of honour and distinction. This is all that we are moved to say about Professor Goodwin.

Gilbert Stuart.

Apropos of Robert Buchanan, a writer in a recent number of the London *Sketch* revives the memory of Gilbert Stuart, who was the literary savage of the eighteenth century. His great object was to exterminate the authors whom he disliked. Among them were Robertson and Henry, the historians. Henry published a solid history of the British Empire, and Stuart wrote to a confederate on the occasion:

David Hume wants to review Henry, but

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that task is so precious that I will undertake it myself. Moses, were he to ask it as a favour, should not have it—no, not the man after God's own heart. . . . To-morrow morning Henry sets off for London with immense hopes of selling his history. I wish sincerely that I could enter Holborn the same hour with him. He should have a repeated fire to combat with. I entreat that you may be so kind as to let him feel some of your thunder: I shall never forget the favour. If Whitaker is in London, he could give a blow. Paterson will give him a knock. Strike by all means. The wretch will tremble, grow pale, and return with a consciousness of his debility. . . . I could wish that you knew for certain his being in London before you strike the first blow; an inquiry at Cadell's will give this. When you have an enemy to attack I shall, in return, give my best assistance, and shall aim at him a mortal blow, and rush forward to his overthrow, though the flames of hell should start up to oppose me.

It is of Stuart that the story is told about a journey with some companions from Edinburgh to Musselburgh, which the frequent occasions for "refreshment" protracted over several days. One of the party having fallen asleep near a steam-engine, and awakening before a huge fire, with dusky figures, banging iron doors and clanking chains, was heard to mutter, "Good God! is it come to this at last?"

Mrs. J. C. Woods, who writes under the name of Daniel Woodroffe, and whose novel, *Tangled Trinities,* was recently published, was born in India and spent her childhood in Malta and Gibraltar. Her first literary work consisted of satires on various society subjects which appeared as "turnovers" in the *Globe.* Her first story was entitled *The Tiger's Skin Cloak,* and was offered to the *Cornhill Magazine.* The late Mr. James Payne, who was then the editor, did not accept it, but with his usual kindness gave the writer an introduction to Baron Tauchnitz, who published it in his magazine. Her next book was *Her Celestial Husband* published in 1895. The book was founded on events that had come within the writer's own observation, and told of the tragedy of the life of an English girl married to a Chinaman and living with him in Hankow. Some of the reviewers pointed out that the facts narrated were an impossibility; yet the book was written from actual experience, and with the object of keeping English girls from marrying Chinese men. This novel was very successful. Soon after the publication of *Her Celestial Husband,* the author married Mr. J. C. Woods, who was himself a poet. *Tangled Trinities,* after the idea was once thought out, was finished in about six months.

Buchanan and Rossetti.

Considering the violence of the personal attacks which the late Robert Buchanan, whose death was noted in the last number of THE BOOKMAN, was in the habit of making upon his literary contemporaries, the kindly notices which his death has called forth in England are little short of remarkable. Possibly this is due to the fact that of recent years he was pitied rather than feared, and because almost all the bitterness of the old sting had died away. At any rate we have seen but one English estimate of Buchanan which has done more than mention the notorious attack on Rossetti. The writer of the estimate in question does not sign his name, and in consequence we feel justified in saying only that he holds a very prominent and unique place among English critics. He utterly flouts the generally accepted idea that Buchanan had unusual troubles to face in his literary career. Never, he says, had a young man better prospects and better friends. To Alexander Strachan, his publisher, he owed much, and very much. This at one time he was not ashamed to confess. He made his own troubles, for he was his own enemy; and probably the growing mental unrest of his mind, an unrest which showed itself more and more distinctly as he went on writing criticisms, helped to make him the man he became. He held his ground, however, as a person to be reckoned with until, in 1871, he published his famous attack on Rossetti, entitled "The Fleshly School of Poetry." It is impossible to doubt, though it is hard to believe, that this article saddened the rest of Rossetti's life. The testimony is too strong for any one to contest it. What has not been recognised is that the article completely ruined Buchanan. It made him a confirmed mutineer. It is wonderful that

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he should have fought his battle with the world through thirty long years, but somehow he did it.

The article in itself was insignificant to the last degree. Whatever may be the fate of Buchanan's poetry there can be no doubt that his prose is dead. Indeed, it hardly ever lived. He had much ability; but, on the whole, it was bold, brazen, careless, bumptious, spiteful, while often it descended to the merest twaddle. Buchanan had something of a case against Rossetti, but he did not know how to put it. Nor was he the man entitled to pose as a moralist. In a later libel case the judge said, very truly, that the attack upon the Fleshly School was couched essentially in a fleshly tone. The circumstances of the publication were eminently discreditable. The paper was published in the *Contemporary* under the signature "Thomas Maitland." Shortly after its appearance, the *Athenæum* announced that Mr. Sidney Colvin was preparing to answer it, and revealed the author's name. Mr. Sidney Colvin made a stinging answer. He had no intention of replying. There was "nothing instructive about these strictures except their authorship." "Among the singularities of the pages in question you have observed the name of Mr. Robert Buchanan among somewhat more familiar names introduced for damaging comparison with the objects of attack. You learn, to your edification, that the same Mr. Buchanan is himself the author of this spirited performance, only he has been too modest to acknowledge it, and has had the happy thought of delivering his thrust from behind the shield of a putative Thomas Maitland. Still, what then? Do you prepare an answer? Rather you stand off, acknowledging it out of your power to accost Mr. Maitland-Buchanan on equal terms. You admire his ingenious adaptation of the machinery of candour to the purposes of disguise. You inwardly congratulate a pertinacious poet and critic on having at last done something which your friends may quote concerning him, and you feel that his achievement need only be known to be appreciated." Buchanan wrote: "I cannot reply to the insolence of 'Mr. Sidney Colvin,' whoever he is," and declared that he wrote the article, but had nothing to do with the signature. He appealed to the

THE LATE ROBERT BUCHANAN.

publisher of the *Contemporary* to corroborate him, "as he is best aware of the inadvertence which led to the suppression of my own name." Unfortunately the publisher of the *Contemporary* had written to say: "You associate the name of Mr. Robert Buchanan with the article 'The Fleshly School of Poetry' by Thomas Maitland in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*. You might, with equal propriety, associate with the article the name of Mr. Robert Browning, or of Mr. Robert Lytton, or of any other Robert." Rossetti had a long reply entitled "The Stealthy School of Criticism," which is republished in his collected works. It turned out that Buchanan's name was suppressed by the publisher, not through an inadvertence, but through his own expressed motion and desire, urgently reiterated. Later on, the article was republished, with additions, in a pamphlet, on the wrapper of which appeared "A Catalogue of Baneful Flowers from the Whip for White Wantons." It was years before the passions aroused by this struggle subsided, and in 1876 they culminated in an action brought by Buchanan for libel against the *Examiner*. He obtained damages, but paid for them very dearly. After that he never recovered any real position. He wrote much—plays, criticisms, novels, verses, and obtained occasional successes. His native brilliancy and force never quite deserted him. Until very near the end there was some market for his wares. But he

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Photo. by Hollinger.

EDWIN ASA DIX.

did nothing to redeem his early promise, and though he was ever ready for a fight few cared to fight with him. It was not because his antagonists were afraid of him, not exactly because they despised him; it was because they pitied him.

❧

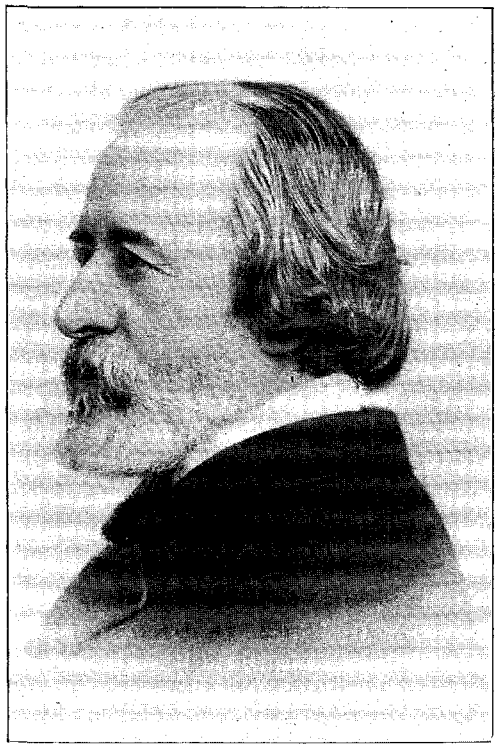
Edwin Asa Dix.

Edwin Asa Dix, whose new book, *Old Bowen's Legacy,* is reviewed in this number of THE BOOKMAN, wrote the novel in Egypt, where he and his wife spent a winter recently. His *Deacon Bradbury* was written among scenes almost equally foreign to the deacon's home surroundings, having been begun on Lake Geneva in Switzerland, and finished in the Engadine. It is rather interesting to learn that the earlier novel, as first planned, had a very different *motif* governing the breaking and the restoring of the relations between Charlie Bradbury and his father; the second half of the story having been afterward wholly recast and written on entirely other lines. *Old Bowen,* however, remained practically unaltered, and the original manuscript served as printers' copy. *The Crack in the Headboard,* which appeared as a short story in the April *Century,* was first written as an episodic chapter in the book.

❧

Hermann Grimm.

In the death of Professor Hermann Grimm at the age of seventy-three, Germany has lost a son whose mind exerted a powerful influence upon her literature and art. As poet, historian, essayist and art critic, his name will not be readily forgotten, especially as his work in every department bears the intellectual impress of Goethe's influence, so that it carried on and helped to perpetuate the spirit of that great master. As a dramatist, his best production is *Arminius,* published in 1851 and appealing strongly to the national spirit; but his most enduring book is his life of Michel Angelo, which has been read and studied almost as much in England and America as in Germany. His biographies of Raphael and Goethe represent also a



THE LATE HERMANN GRIMM.

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W. D. Howells: "Poor Henry! Is it a tooth or a literary acquaintance?"
Henry James: "Alas! I could bear it better if I were sure that no one would understand me."
Eben Holden: "It must be very bad for the circulation."

Mary Johnston: "There he is again! I'll tell the policeman in the morning."

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high level of excellence, as do his numerous essays upon literary and artistic topics. Among them Americans will find an especial interest in his appreciation of Emerson. What Winckelmann did for art in his time, Hermann Grimm has done for the generation to which he belonged; and in the history of art criticism his labours must be long remembered. His father, by the way, was Wilhelm Grimm, one of the two Grimm brothers who wrote the charming fairy tales in which children all over the world have found perpetual delight.

Daumier and Forain.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to a remarkably interesting paper by Mr. Edward Cary, published in the July number of *Scribner's Magazine*. The subject of this paper is a comparison or rather contrast of two great French caricaturists—perhaps we may also say artists—Honoré Daumier and J. L. Forain. Mr. Cary's paper is all too brief, yet in it he manages to say the very things that most need saying, and to penetrate to the very heart of his subject. Again and again in its perusal the delighted reader will be tempted to exclaim *Rem acu tetigisti!* so unerringly has Mr. Cary searched out the absolute truth and laid his finger on it. Daumier is a great name, suggestive of power, nature, and life. As Mr. Cary reminds us, Daubigny, on first seeing Raphael's masterpiece, exclaimed, "C'est comme du Daumier;" while Balzac's tribute is also given: "Ce gaillard-là, mes enfants, a du Michel Ange sous la peau." The best thing that Mr. Cary says is this: that Daumier was of the time of Balzac, and was himself Balzacian in his art—mighty, strenuous and large. If Forain, he remarks, be not of his own time (our time), the phase of his time that he renders is vividly rendered and is likely long to be studied for its historic significance. As Mr. Cary compares Daumier with Balzac, so, we think, he might have compared Forain with Maupassant; for as Daumier is rich, passionate and vital, so is Forain meagre, cynical and depressing. The true difference lies in the fact that Daumier, like Balzac, stands for France, while Forain, like Maupassant, stands mainly for Paris, decadent Paris, the Venus Cloacina among modern cities. Forain's drawing is not good. It is sketchy to the point of a graphic impressionism. His power lies in the fact that his types are so terribly typical, so unmistakably real. A few scratches of his pencil take one instantly to the Paris upon which

"NE PAS TROMPER C'T HOMME-LÀ? NON, ÇA SERAIT OFFENSER L'BON DIEU!" (SKETCH BY J. L. FORAIN.)

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he gazes forever, in all its baseness, its sordidness, its moral leprosy. The *maquereau* and his *marmite,* the vicious dotard, the hag who sells her daughter, the *mari sage*—it is the same world which Maupassant has drawn in words.

Bishop Stubbs and the "Courier-Journal."

Last month, in speaking of recent historical writers and their style, we happened incidentally to mention Bishop Stubbs. An editorial writer in the Louisville *Courier-Journal* quotes a part of our remarks and then goes on to say: "Stubbs! Bishop Stubbs! We have a fancy to have heard of Stubbs—second cousin to Potsy Grubbs, was he not?" Finally, the *Courier-Journal* man adds the opinion that Dr. Stubbs "may be important as importance goes in the Literary Hemisphere of the period," but that he does not rank with "Slupsky or Dismuke or Hinky Dink in popular fame. These indeed be names to conjure with. And Bath House John! What's the matter with Bath House John?" Now, if these sentences had appeared in a village newspaper or among the miscellaneous skits of a "Wit and Humour" column of any paper, we should think nothing of it; since ignorance and vulgarity must necessarily find their expression somewhere. But the *Courier-Journal* is a newspaper that has traditions and influence; and its editorial pages have not always been open to every cheap scribbler. Moreover, it is published in a section of our country which has bred up statesmen and political leaders, and thus may be supposed to take statesmanship and the science of politics quite seriously. Hence, when we find it wholly ignorant of that Bishop of Oxford, who is known to all students of political science as the greatest authority on English constitutional history, what shall we say? Bishop Stubbs's bulky volumes are hard reading. They are burdened with vast learning and the results of laborious research; their style is involved to a degree. Yet, nevertheless, they contain almost the last word upon a subject that is of vital interest to English and American historians, and it is not likely that they will ever be superseded. It is no discredit to the man in the street not to know of Bishop Stubbs; but when a newspaper with the antecedents of the *Courier-Journal* not merely does not know of him, but writes about him as though for a paper edited solely for those to whom Hinky Dink and Bath House John are interesting, then this fact is not merely discreditable but disgraceful. As an American and one who likes to think well of American journalism, we are heartily sorry for the *Courier-Journal* and, we may add, heartily ashamed of it.

In Boston.

We lately spent a day or two in Boston for the first time in several years, and while there we looked about us shyly in quest of something new and interesting. The newspapers were still speaking of "Pres" McKinley, and were tickled to death over the fireworks at Nantasket. We found the *Springfield Republican* on sale at the principal news-stands, and we bought a copy for five cents. The editor was discussing "the trend of recent scientific thought." Hansom cabs seem to be increasing and may in time supplant the herdic. We shall be sorry when this happens; for although we never take a herdic, they somehow or other belong to our conception of Boston. We discovered a place where you can get toasted muffins that actually taste like the toasted muffins you eat at breakfast in England with strawberry-jam. Passing down a steep street we observed a kiosque which displayed a large blue-and-white sign with the words "Egg Spa." This excited our curiosity, as it seemed to imply that somewhere on the premises there existed some sort of a geyser which spouted eggs. So we went inside. There we found a young woman in a mauve shirt-waist and wearing more side-combs and other kinds of combs than we had ever seen entangled in the tresses of any young woman before. She was behind a short bar, or counter, on which were heaped up piles of comestibles shrouded by blue gauze netting. In one corner a pale man was eating huckleberries and milk with a tin spoon. In answer to an inquiry about the Egg Spa, the young woman silently pointed with her thumb to another sign which announced in black-and-white letters "Egg Drinks." We waited a little while and then asked the young woman diffidently when the egg was going to drink and whether we might contemplate

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it in the act of drinking. The man who was eating huckleberries and milk choked, and the young woman looked at us contemptuously. Then we came away; for it isn't a pleasant thing to have a young woman look at you contemptuously. These matters have no particular relevance to THE BOOKMAN; but they interested us, and so we just thought that we would jot them down.

QUERIES ABOUT AUTHORS

1. What does Anthony Hope?
   To Marietta Holley.

2. What happens when John Kendrick Bangs?
   Samuel Smiles.

3. When is Marian Evans Cross?
   When William Dean Howells.

4. When did Thomas Buchanan Read?
   Just after Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

5. Why was Rider Haggard?
   Because he let Rose Terry Cooke.

6. Why is Sarah Grand?
   To make Andrew Marvel.

7. How long will Samuel Lover?
   Until Justin Winsor.

8. What gives John Howard Payne?
   When Robert Burns Augustus Hare.

9. When did Mary Mapes Dodge?
   When George W. Cutter.

10. Where did Henry Cabot Lodge?
    In Mungo Park, on Thomas Hill.

11. Why did Lewis Carroll?
    To put a stop to Francis Quarles.

12. Why is George Canning?
    To teach Julia Ward Howe.

13. What ailed Harriet Beecher Stowe?
    Bunyan.

14. What does Charles Reade?
    The Bookman.

H. M. Greenleaf.

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"À la crême! Fromage à la crême!"

The buxom, rosy-cheeked *marchande* pushing her little handcart down the Rue Campagne-Première, suddenly ceased her shrill call at the sound of cries still louder which were issuing from No. 17. She stood before the gateway in open-eyed wonder. The howls still continued. At first they sounded like the baying of a dog in fear or pain. Then her quick ear caught a human note. What could be the matter? Her first impulse was to seek the police, her next to keep out of trouble. Yet curiosity held her to the spot. She knew that the row of studios which lined either side of the narrow road leading from the iron entrance gate were occupied by *les Anglais,* and, of course, no one could account for their eccentricities. She had even heard that some of them took daily baths. They must be very *sales* to need so much bathing. As the howls continued with unabated vehemence, she felt sure that this was something out of the common; so she lingered, hoping for the return of her friend, the *concierge,* who, moreover, would probably buy a *cœur à la crême.* Just as she reached this conclusion a young man of the variety known as raw-boned, and with a general air of not being one of the overbathed, came rapidly down the street whistling. He swung into No. 17, made straight for the *atelier* whence, apparently, the hideous sounds proceeded, and rapped on the door. The cries ceased. A moment after a young man opened the door and the whistler disappeared within. All was quiet. The *marchande* gave a disgusted snort and moved on, muttering:

"Les Anglais! But they're imbecile!"

Had she not been wasting her time when she might have been selling cheese? Her cry rang out still more shrill.

"À la crême! Fromage à la crême!"

In the meanwhile, within the *atelier* the two men were standing before a huge canvas on which were painted wolves with gleaming bloodshot eyes, and lips that curled back over glistening, white teeth. The picture was in such an unfinished state, being half drawn in charcoal and half painted, that the subject was at first indiscernible; but a discriminating inspection disclosed the mangled bodies of men and women which the wolves were ravenously devouring. The snow was stained with blood and strewn with bones, to which clung particles of flesh; one particularly realistic corner presented the upper half of a man's body, from which a great grey wolf was tearing the arm.

The men gazed awhile in silence, then the painter said:

"Now tell me exactly what you think of it, O'Flaherty. That's what you're here for."

O'Flaherty stepped back several paces, put his head on one side and half-closed his eyes, squinting atrociously.

"Pretty good, Smith-Jones," he said presently. "Of course you haven't gotten very far yet, but it's well drawn. I think that leg is a little out, though; too much foreshortened. The subject is splendid, and'll take like hot cakes. How did you ever think it up, Jonesy?"

"Well, I'll tell you how it was," explained Smith-Jones, looking very much gratified. "Some one sent me a Canadian newspaper, and in it was an account of some people who had lost their way in the forest and fallen victims to the wolves. I've always been fond of studying animals, and I thought a few bloody people thrown in wouldn't be a bad idea. To tell you the truth, I'm so sick of this eternal impressionistic business that I wanted to do something as far away from it as possible."

"Guess you've struck it this time, Jonesy. Bet a hat you get something on it at the Salon. By the way, you sounded as if you had 'em bad when I came in. What was the matter? A little lung exercise?"

"No, not that; but, you see, I find that when I howl as I imagined the wolves must have done when attacking people, it makes it very realistic and sort of inspires me. Puts me into the spirit of the thing, you know. Can't keep it up for more than half an hour at a time, though. Awful hard on my throat."

"Hard on your throat! Great Scott! Devilish hard on Brown and Dawson next door, I should say. You'll find your skylight broken if you keep that up very long. But you've got a good thing there,

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old man, and you want to push it," returned O'Flaherty.

"Seems so to me," answered Smith-Jones gloomily, ignoring the first part of his friend's speech; "but the Salon's so full of stuff that they don't half see the things, let alone judge 'em. Tell you what I'll do, Flatty. If you'll go there, hang around my picture and faint away in front of it, saying when you regain consciousness that you were overcome by horror, I'll blow you to two beefsteak dinners."

"That's a go, Jonesy. I see your point. It really would draw attention to your work; and once that's done you're fixed. First thing you know you'll be wearing a red button and an eyeglass and stepping high," replied O'Flaherty, doing a clog-dance. The idea, at first suggested as a joke, was talked over seriously, the two men coming to the conclusion that there might be something in it. O'Flaherty was eager to help his friend, and the prospect of the beefsteak dinners added a decided zest to his interest. When a man lives on two hundred dollars a year and is in the habit of making two breakfasts from one roll, a beefsteak dinner is no mean item. He made a mental decision that he would not take them on consecutive days—too much joy has been known to kill—but would allow several days to elapse between the feasts. Smith-Jones was ready to try anything which might lead to fame. He couldn't paint at all and had decided talent in other lines; but, like most of us, perverted beings that we are, he longed for the impossible. He did not care to do that for which he was eminently fitted; he felt sure that he was an undiscovered Landseer who had only to gain the attention of the public to be immediately recognised.

When O'Flaherty had gone, he walked restlessly up and down the *atelier* smoking innumerable cigarettes and thinking what success would mean to him. How pleased Helen would be, dear little girl! Her faith in him was supreme, and her praise and encouragement had helped him more than she knew. Their marriage seemed such a long way off, and he was counting on this picture to bring it nearer. He realised that an artistic triumph did not necessarily mean that the picture would sell; but his name once prominently before the public, he stood a very fair chance of disposing of those innumerable canvases that were hiding their faces against the rose-coloured walls. Yes, he'd let Flatty do the faint act; even if it did no good he would be out only a few francs. To be accurate, it was merely a question as to whether he ate the dinners or whether Flatty did. He resolved not to let the other fellows see his work before the Exhibition; the mystery and the surprise would make it so much more effective. He could see the green look of envy that would be on the faces of some of the men not unknown to the Rue Campagne-Première. He looked critically at the wolf in the foreground; it wasn't quite right. He wasn't sure of the anatomy, yet saw no way of improving his knowledge at that time. Thinking of the dinners reminded him that it was long past noon and that he was getting hungry. He put on his cap and went out, locking the door after him. In the court was the *concierge* with actual tears in her hard old eyes.

"O Monsieur," she moaned, "a great unhappiness has befallen me. Marquis is dead. *Mon beau* Marquis. Yesterday he was superb. To-day I find him dead."

"What a pity!" he murmured sympathetically. "But never mind; perhaps you can get another one."

"Another one!" she scornfully answered. "Does Monsieur know so little about animals that he believes I can replace Marquis?"

Smith-Jones winced. He had been studying animals for years and well did the *concierge* know it.

"There is not another one like him in all Paris," she went on. "So big, so fierce. Why, he was more like a wolf than a cat!"

Smith-Jones became interested. It was true, the cat was immense. A thought came to him.

"Would you like to sell his body, Madame?" he asked.

Madame was indignant. "Sell his body? Holy Virgin! Sell the body of *mon cher* Marquis. What sacrilege! What would Monsieur give for it?"

Monsieur offered two francs. At last, after swearing by all the saints in the calendar that he had no intention of using the fur for wearing apparel, and with many tears and signs of the cross on the part of Madame, he was permitted to have

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the cat's body for five francs. He forgot all about his hunger and, very much elated, he hurried back to the *atelier*. He knew that dissecting the cat would help him very materially with his work. He spent the entire afternoon studying the anatomy. Early in the evening he thought he had acquired the necessary information, and gathered together the remains, wrapping them in a piece of paper he found on the table. As he did so he thought how like a baby it looked. It certainly did; and knowing the facility with which it was possible to get into trouble with the French police he decided not to put the package in the ash barrel which stood in front of No. 17, until the street was deserted. He hung around the entrance waiting for a propitious moment. Never had the Rue Campagne-Première been so frequented. It was not until one o'clock that he ventured out from the shadow into the full glare of the light under which the barrel stood. Down the street he distinguished the cape and gleaming sword of a *sergeant de ville*. He waited until he was sure that the man's back was turned, then hastily depositing his burden he quickly regained his room, feeling very well pleased with the results of the day. He could now greatly improve the drawing of the wolves, and he felt that the success of the picture was practically assured. He lay in bed smiling at the thought of some Frenchman finding the gruesome package and raising a great excitement over its contents. He could see the heading of *Le Journal, —Crime affreuse!* etc. Suddenly the smile froze on his lips. What paper had he wrapped the cat in? He had taken it from the table. It had been around a parcel sent from the Bon Marché, and his name must be on it. He dressed quickly and went out, determined to run no risks. Directly in front of the ash barrel stood the *sergeant de ville* complacently reading his paper by the light. Smith-Jones thought he would never move; but at last he went slowly away and the painter grasped the package once more to examine it in the privacy of his apartment. His name was not upon the paper. Thoroughly disgusted, he sallied forth for the third time that evening to seek the barrel, and it was not until four o'clock that he finally retired, a worn-out man.

However, he felt repaid for his trouble when he saw how he had improved the wolves. The work of art grew. Each day some new horror was added; there was no lack of gore. O'Flaherty practised his faint before it until Smith-Jones firmly refused him admittance, feeling that the faint would be better enacted if the last few bloody touches were sprung upon him unaware. For a long time he was undecided as to which Salon he should send it, but concluded that its place would be more unique at the Champ de Mars. It was the strenuous effort of his life, and he had no doubt of its ultimate success even if O'Flaherty's ruse should fail. He put all his money into a gorgeous frame, and when the picture was in its setting and had been sent away, so confident was he, that only his crippled finances and a certain amount of superstition prevented him from treating to the dinners then and there. He could shut his eyes and see the whole scene. He would walk into one of the principal rooms at the Champ de Mars with Helen, who was not in the secret. There on the line, in the centre, would be his masterpiece. Helen would say:

"Oh, Frank, look at those wolves! They're horrible; but what imagination! What genius!"

Flatty would already have performed his part of the agreement, and the little crowd before the picture would be talking about how, shortly before, it had intensely affected a young man.

What a triumph over those scoffers who from sheer envy professed not to think very much of his work! He went around as if he were treading on air. He positively ached to tell Helen, who knew that he was well satisfied with his achievement. In fact every one judged by his reticence that something was brewing, and all were on the *qui vive* to see the mysterious exhibit.

About ten days later, Helen was in his *atelier* making tea. Flatty was also there, staggering under the weight of the mighty secret and alluding with elephantine playfulness to sensations and dinners. Smith-Jones's most withering glances had no effect. The voice of the *concierge* was heard at the door:

"A letter for Monsieur."

Monsieur took the letter. Oh, yes!

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From the Société at the Champ de Mars. His admission tickets. He opened the envelope. In it was a white card with certain printed lines:

"Le Président de la Société Nationale des Beaux Arts regrette—"

He read no further.

Vallory Roudebush.

ASPIRATION

Delay me not, Love, in these moon-lit valleys,
Where in the lotus-trees the south wind dallies.
Above the brooklet's fall
I hear a mystic call;
"O, drink no longer at the poppy's chalice;
Thou shalt win little till thou venturest all."

Why does that mountain in the purple distance
Illure my spirit with such deep insistence?
It is the heights I see
That ever call to me.
Despite thy tears, Love, and thy sweet resistance,
I hear the summons, and would fain be free!

What lies upon that peak remote and airy,
Whose lonely crags the storms of winter harry?
I know not; good or ill,
I would attain it still!
The Voice compels me, and I may not tarry;
It sings "Come higher!" and I will, I will!

How can I brook, Love, in this hidden hollow,
To fold my pinions like the nested swallow?
O hark! along the sky
Echoes that eerie cry!
I hear! and though it lead to death, I follow!
I follow! though indeed I know not why.

Eleanor Booth Simmons.

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HISTORIC ENGLISHMEN ON THE AMERICAN STAGE

Historical plays of the day with their blending of fact and fiction, are as confusing to the theatre-goer as are historical novels to the reader. In both, truths are juggled with and characters remoulded to suit the exigencies of the plot, and often, in the former case, the limitations of the star. Fortunately for the man who goes to the theatre to be enlightened as well as amused, a number of our favourite historical personages have been in the last few years faithfully portrayed by the best actors of our country, and though the incidents from the lives of these men are necessarily garbled, we get an estimate of their characters which leaves a stronger impression than a folio of carefully perused biography.

To plunge *in medias res,* there is the Beau Brummell of Mr. Richard Mansfield, a characterisation second to none of his great successes. Mr. Fitch can be forgiven for the story he wove around him; much of it is graceful fiction, but the Beau is truthfully drawn. This butterfly of fashion loved many times, and at no time deeply; on one occasion he was about to elope with a young lady, but the attempt was frustrated to his intense gratification. Therefore, the relinquishing of the woman he loved to his nephew, who never existed, is part of the fairy tale. So is the intimation of an affair of the heart between him and Mrs. St. Aubyn, a character in the play that suggests the Prince's mistress, Mrs. Fitzherbert. It was the Beau's open contempt for her that caused the estrangement between him and the Prince.

Beau Brummell was known to have said, "I made the Prince what he is, and I can unmake him;" but the famous command of the Beau's, "George, ring the bell," has often been doubted. In the play the curtain drops on this line. As the story goes, the Prince rang the bell and ordered "Mr. Brummell's carriage." The cut on the Mall and the question put by Brummell to Sheridan, "Who is your fat friend?" has gained credence. True, also, is the tragic finish of the play. After weeks in jail, and miserable lodgings before the imprisonment, all his effects in pawn, and reduced to pitiful groveling for an invitation to dinner, he died, broken in mind and body, but in a hospital, not a garret, his last few hours being the only peaceful ones that he had known for many years.

The more one reads of this remarkable man, the more one is convinced how thoroughly Mr. Mansfield grasped the humour of the Beau. How well he knew the snobbishness; how deeply he realised the weaknesses of the character he must perforce make into a hero. Byron said there were three great men of his century: Beau Brummell first, Napoleon second, himself third. To take the flippancy seriously we might limit our great

Photo. by Sarony.

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS BEAU BRUMMELL.

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actors to an equal number. Mr. Mansfield has given us Napoleon and Brummell; is there not a play in Byron for him?

In lighter vein was the David Garrick of Mr. Robertson's play, splendidly handled by Mr. Nat Goodwin. Here we see Garrick ever courtly and the prince of fine gentlemen. The real Garrick was all that, for he was a man of birth, but he was more. No greater mimic has ever lived than "Davy." He was a practical joker, and went about his theatre and the coffee-houses, making mouths, playing childish games, and going to any length to raise a laugh. He was a fine story teller, and in this he is like the Goodwin who passes out of the stage door in immaculate dress of to-day.

Photo. by Morrison, Chicago.

N. C. GOODWIN AS DAVID GARRICK.

Robertson has departed from Garrick's life in the plot of the play. There never was an Ada Ingot, and though many women loved him he loved but one and married her. She was a Viennese dancer under the protection of the Countess of Burlington, and the marriage was a happy one. Not a bad plot for a comedy would have been the true state of affairs at the time of the actor's marriage. Most of the actresses playing with him felt a prior claim on his affections, but the wily Davy eluded their clutches, and claiming that he could not marry all of them, married none of them.

The playwright, Augustus Thomas, in his treatment of Garrick in *Oliver Goldsmith* caught the true spirit of the actor and the romp. Henry Dixey made him a man of great charm besides, and we could forgive Davy's continual desire to "show off," for the grace with which he did it. One of the prettiest of love scenes was that between Garrick and "Little Comedy" in the play-house. It made one wish that it had all been true, and the dancer a myth, but, alas! the lovely Miss Horneck was at the time of the play Mrs. Banbury, and she and the idol of the house merely the best of friends.

Mr. Dixey has also the gift of story telling, and of moulding his features into the likeness of the man he may be imitating. It is all one to him to whom he is telling the story; the *raconteur* at the club and the countryman in the smoking car receive the same consideration. With an appreciative listener, the quaint humour of this whimsical genius receives full play, to his own enjoyment and the delight of his audience. He jests through life more of a philosopher than he knows, and if sorrow ever comes to him he locks the trouble in his breast, and smiles at all mankind.

No better type than Stuart Robson could have been found to portray Oliver Goldsmith, the title rôle of the most recent of "literary plays," as a galleryite once described them. Though not young in years his personality is youthful, and as "Noll" was old when young, Mr. Robson fills the eye as well as feeds the mind.

Mr. Thomas has used numerous inci-

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dents in the lives of Goldsmith, of Dr. Johnson, Burke, Garrick, and the satellites who followed in their train, and cunningly moulded them into a plot. The story of *She Stoops to Conquer* was taken from a happening in "Goldy's" life, a case of mistaken identity, and the author encountered the difficulties in its production that many of the makers of successful plays have faced; the manager looked gloomy, and the actors threw up their parts, as they do to-day. Garrick was not a firm believer in its success as is suggested by Mr. Thomas. Indeed, there was always a feeling of rivalry that verged on jealousy between the two men.

The friendship between Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson cannot be overdrawn. It was the love of father and son. This ponderous autocrat, who hated levity ("Davy" was his bugbear) and deprecated extravagance, many times came to spendthrift Noll's assistance. Much of

HENRY E. DIXEY AS DAVID GARRICK.

Photo. by the Glosotype Co.

STUART ROBSON AS OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

the last act of the play of Goldsmith holds faithfully to tradition. While living in Wine Office Court he once sent word to Dr. Johnson that he was held for debt by his landlady. The doctor sent back the messenger with a guinea to stand off the bailiffs, and followed as quickly as his huge bulk would permit. There he found Goldsmith in his attic, drinking from a bottle of wine which he had purchased with the guinea. Johnson paid the rent and rated the landlady for her audacity. It was from this house also that the Doctor carried the manuscript of the

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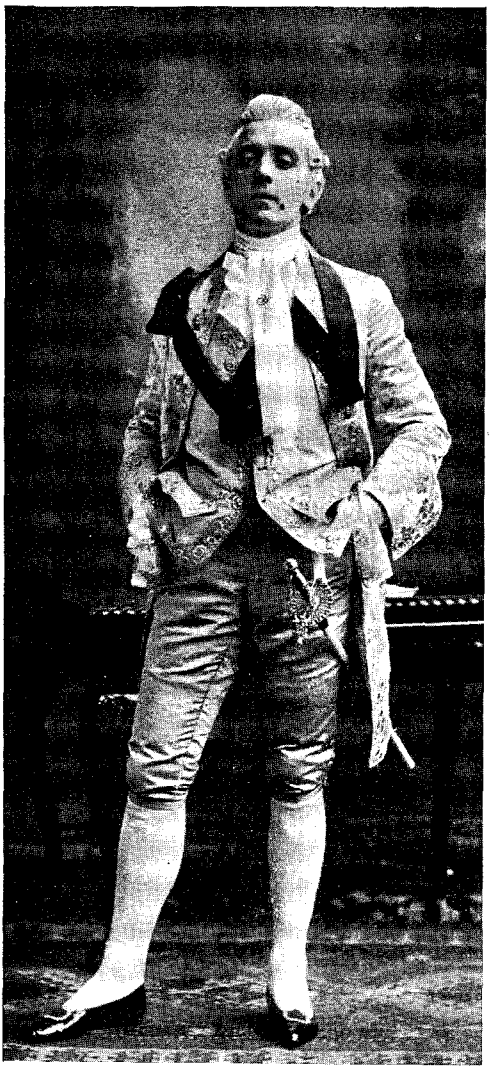

Photo. by Sarony.

E. H. SOTHERN AS RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Vicar of Wakefield to a publisher and returned with sixty pounds for the story.

Edmund Burke, the statesman, was a schoolboy friend of Goldy's, and with many men as great, bitterly mourned his death. If Burke had been called upon to give up his sweetheart for the happiness of his comrade, as the play suggests, he would probably have done it; but Burke had never loved Mary Horneck. Before the time of the play he had married Jane Nugent, the daughter of his physician in Bath, where he had gone for treatment. Burke had not the fine health and spirits that the playwright gives him, though equally as lovable in his disposition; and, albeit an Irishman, he possessed little humour. "Too brainy for wit," one biographer startlingly announces.

That Goldsmith loved Mary Horneck, there has never been any authoritative proof, and for the mention of her name in a cruel attack upon him in the London *Packet,* he chastised, not Kenrick, who was made the villain of the play, and therefore received the punishment at the climax of the second act, but Evans, the publisher. The article, however, was undoubtedly written by Kenrick, a critic, jealous of Goldsmith's mind, but in no way interested in his love. Evans demanded reparation, Goldsmith paid fifty pounds to a Welsh charity as a settlement of the difficulty, and then relieved his feelings by a spirited essay on the licentiousness of the press. Mary Horneck later in life became Mrs. Gwyn, and Goldsmith a year after the production of *She Stoops to Conquer* died of fever brought on by neglect, and, some say, the grind of debt. Mr. Thomas, having taught us to love the character, gently spares us his death scene. As it is, Mr. Robson's audiences laugh with a lump in their throats; and that was poor Noll's life.

Sheridan, or the Maid of Bath, from the play-building shop of Mr. Paul Potter, was lavishly produced some years ago by Mr. E. H. Sothern. So romantic is the life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan that departure from the truth would not have been necessary to make a delightful and absorbing play.

With Mr. Potter's brilliant lines and Mr. Sothern's charm of manner, a more satisfactory "Sherry" could not be evolved. The peccadilloes of his character are lightly touched upon in the play. That he was given to moroseness his biographers admit, but that he was an inebriate, as some historians declare, cannot receive credence, since Sheridan's career as a statesman was a long and useful one.

A very little wine affected him. His mistake lay in not knowing, or in refusing to recognise his capacity. It is greatly to be feared that if the hero had drunk all the wine he was supposed to take in the first act of the play, instead of

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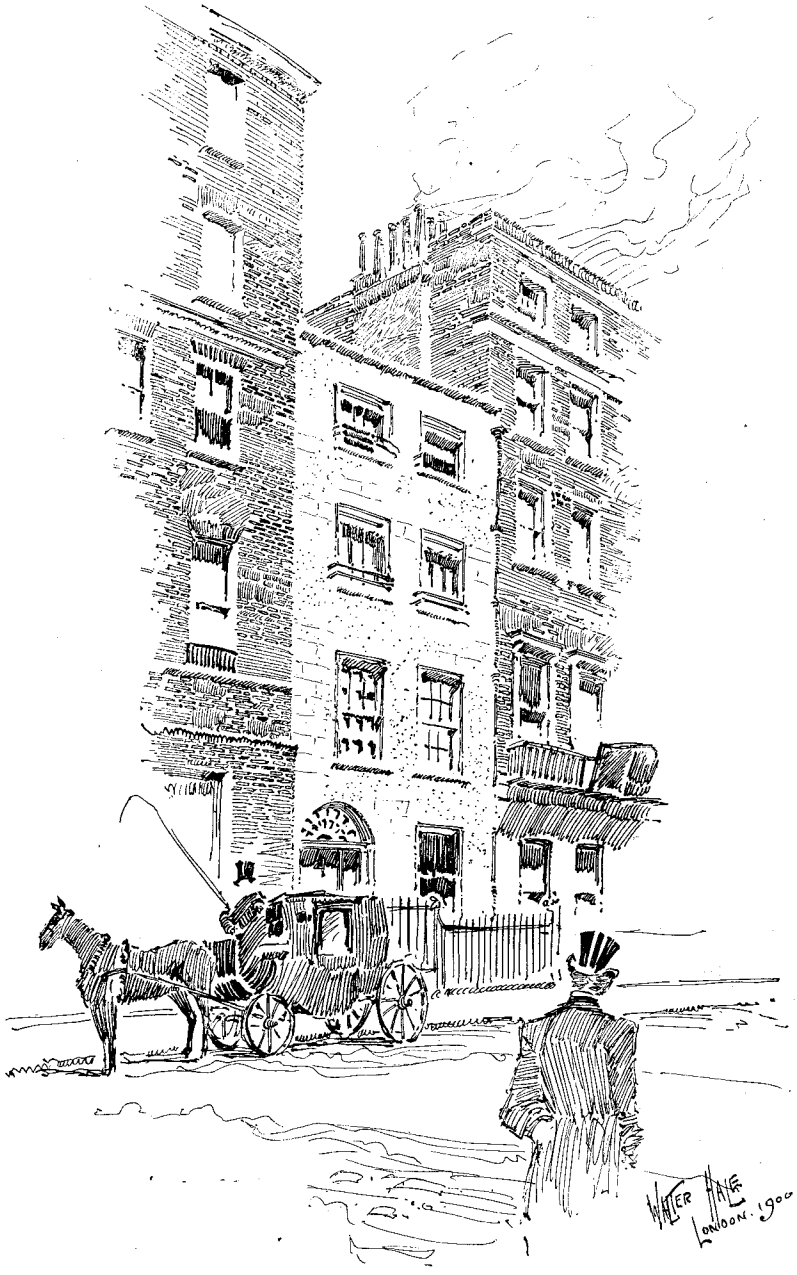

NO. 4 CHESTERFIELD STREET. THE HOUSE WHERE BEAU BRUMMELL LIVED.
(FROM A DRAWING BY WALTER HALE.)

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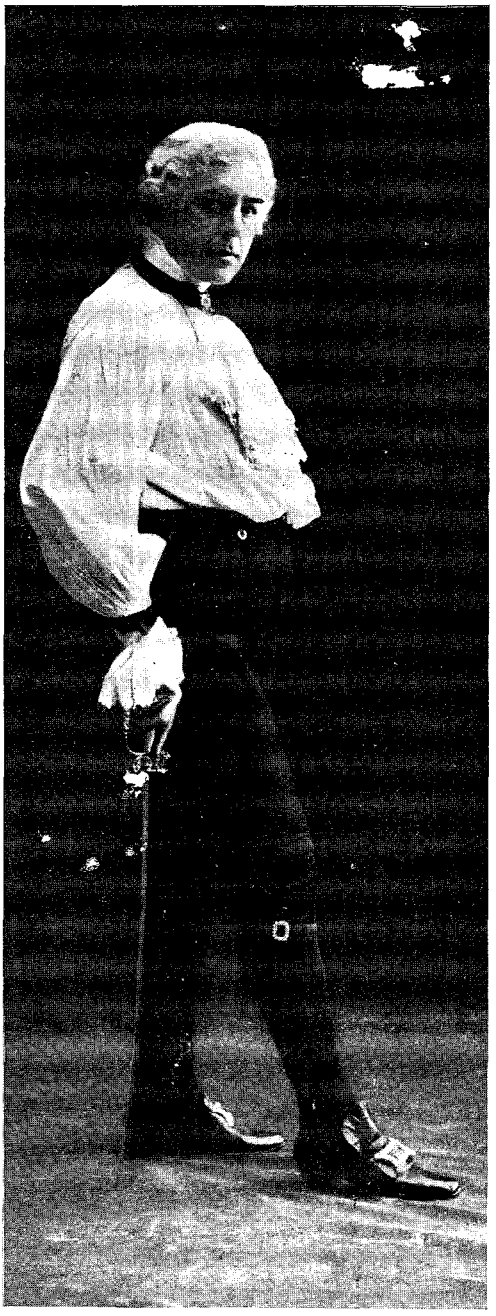

Photo. by Mock.

HENRY MILLER AS RICHARD SAVAGE.

mellowing the heart of his debtor, he would have been under the table himself and quite unable to prevent the embryonic Mrs. Malaprop from eloping with Garrick. The scene is a droll bit of fabrication and presents Garrick, an old man, a suitor for the hand of Betty Linley, the Fair Maid of Bath. Sheridan and Mathews also love her, and their rivalry is history.

From here on, the plot of the play and the drama of real life are somewhat at variance. Captain Mathews was at no time so impressed with Richard's worthiness as to entrust Miss Linley, in the guise of his secretly married wife, to the care of the young writer. In the play, Sheridan's adherence to this trust forms the love thread of the plot, and difficulties were not smoothed until the duel scene, which for dramatic construction came in the last act, but in real life took place before the production of *The Rivals,* which event Mr. Potter used for the third act.

The truth is, to rescue the lovely Betty from Captain Mathews, Sheridan arranged to take her to France and place her in a convent; but her escort upon their arrival in Calais, assured her that an immediate marriage to him would be necessary to protect her good name. It was an unfair advantage, but the proposition was not unpleasing to Miss Linley. The ceremony was performed in Calais, though regarded only as a formal betrothal. She was immediately carried home by her irate father, and Sheridan's family, equally indignant, sent him off to his studies.

At this point Captain Mathews, a truly baffled villain, published a slanderous attack upon Sheridan, who resented it, and a duel between them was fought at an inn. Mathews was worsted, compelled to beg for his life and publish an apology. Not content with this clash of swords, a second duel was fought shortly afterward and "Sherry" was badly wounded. This seemed to have allayed their hot spirits, a second marriage took place, and when *The Rivals* was declared to be a failure, a gentle wife lessened the bitterness of the hour. Upon its reproduction, however, *The Rivals* was a success, and the play proved to be the cornerstone of Sheridan's good fortune. Later, he became possessor of the Drury Lane Theatre, and when it was burned, so great was his popularity with Parliament that immediate assistance was proffered but refused toward the erection of a finer playhouse.

As is Sothern himself, so was Sheridan

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SHERIDAN'S HOUSE, 14 SAVILLE ROW. (FROM A DRAWING BY WALTER HALE.)

WINE OFFICE COURT, WHERE GOLDSMITH LIVED. THE "CHESHIRE CHEESE" ON THE LEFT WAS A FAVOURITE HAUNT OF JOHNSON, REYNOLDS, GOLDSMITH, BURKE AND OTHERS. (FROM A DRAWING BY WALTER HALE.)

a man of moods, of heights and depths, with a nature as delicately strung as a harp, and as responsive. Mr. Sothern has gone into serious work of late, and is justified in his desertion of the cut-and-slash hero of romance.

A few weeks ago *Richard Savage,* by Madeleine Lucette Ryley, was put on, correct in every detail, at the Lyceum Theatre. The real Savage once played a part in his own tragedy, and from what we can gather we should be grateful that we get the character second-hand, and from Mrs. Ryley's skilful pen. In the play we have him a young man, full of enthusiasm and tender emotion over the discovery of the name of his mother, the truth having been revealed by an old servant in her family, Griffen, by name, of whom she had made an enemy. The Countess of Macclesfield, by that time Mrs. Brett, repudiates Savage's claim, and from that hour to his death makes every effort to ruin his career. The last act is his death scene in Newgate, falsely imprisoned for the murder of the villain of the play, James Sinclair, who is his rival for the hand of Sir Richard Steele's niece, Elizabeth Wilbur.

Putting aside Dr. Johnson's loyal assertions as to the rights of his friend, the biographers maintain that Savage was never able to produce the papers which he himself said he had found upon the death of his nurse, Ann Portlock, proving that he was the illegitimate son of Lord Rivers and the Countess of Macclesfield. The Countess had undoubtedly given

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EDMUND BURKE'S HOUSE, 37 GERRARD STREET. (FROM A DRAWING BY WALER HALE.)

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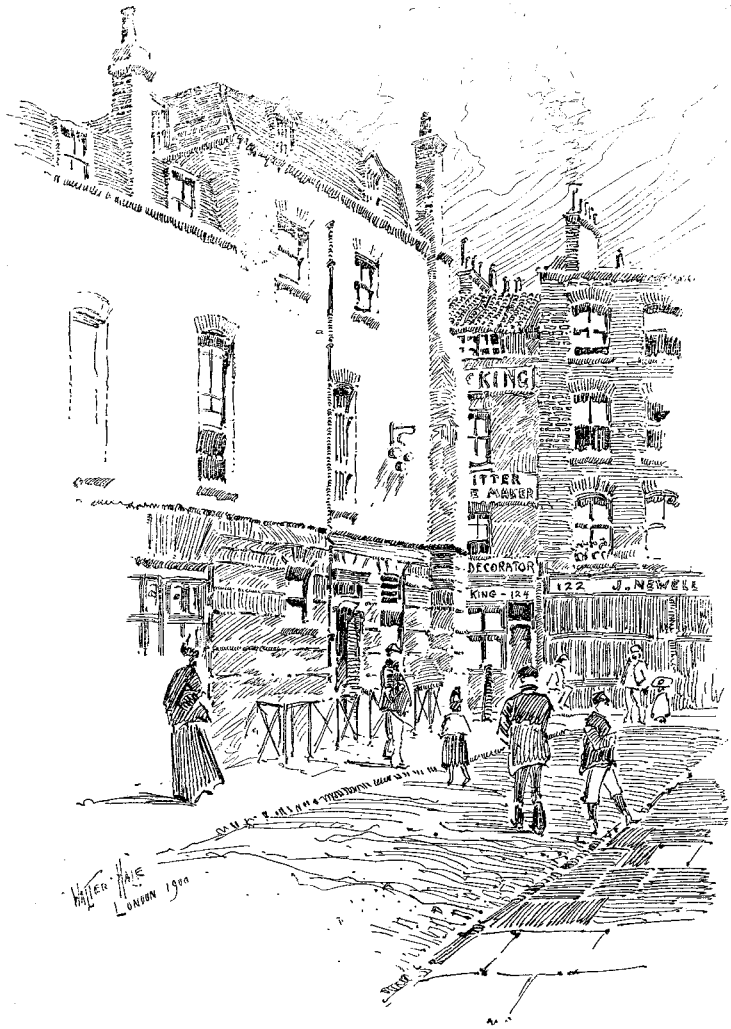

HARRISON'S PAWNSHOP, WARDOUR STREET, WHERE SHERIDAN PAWNED HIS JEWELS. (FROM A DRAWING BY WALTER HALE.)

birth to a boy whom Lord Rivers admitted to be his son at the time of christening; but so great was the aversion of the mother toward the child that she endeavoured to bring him up in lowly obscurity, and later proclaimed him dead.

From all that one can learn of Mrs. Brett, she justly deserved the bitter attacks he made upon her in the press, even though his claim was without foundation. But after these publications, one's faith is shaken in his loftiness of purpose. So much notoriety was caused by these vituperative poems that a kinsman of Savage's alleged mother, Lord Tyrconnell, offered him an annuity, and a place in his home if he would cease his attacks. He accepted these terms—even Johnson admits this—and, staunchly true, justifies him in the act. But this would never do for a hero; and Mrs. Ryley was forced to make him a simple-minded pensioner, who partook of the nobleman's hospitality thinking it was offered out of friendship, as, indeed, it might have been in those days, and as he might have thought.

This was the heyday of his career.

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Until he quarrelled with his benefactor he was a power in the literary world; and Sir Richard Steele offered him his natural daughter in marriage with a thousand pounds dowry—which he was never able to raise. It is not known whether Savage or the young lady was at fault, but the marriage did not take place. That is all we can learn of his heart affairs, and the love scenes, so tenderly handled, are delicate fiction. Nor was Sinclair anything more than a chance acquaintance, whom he killed in a drunken brawl at a low inn. For this crime he was sentenced and pardoned, after strenuous efforts on the part of Mrs. Brett to have him hanged.

Savage died in Bristol, in a debtor's prison, of fever, brought on by years of bad food, bad hours, and continual struggling. Whether in the right or wrong, life was at best a battle for him, and he was always on the losing side. Mr. Miller grasps the pathos of the character, and though we laugh over the sparkling lines, we feel throughout the play the latent misery of this "bit of mistletoe on the geneaological tree."

Louise Closser Hale.

WOMAN-WEIRD

Fair mystic face, framed in with mystic hair,
Fair subtle body, thrilled with serpent grace,
Thou art of Balder's and of Freya's race,
Thou lurest to some distant ocean lair
Dim-lighted, whence the soul can never fare. . . .
And yet—so human is thy wondrous face—
Mine eyes dare trust the human truth they trace
In thine, so sweetly, simply debonair.

O mystic soul, teach me the mysteries—
O human heart, teach me the joy and pain.
Give me the body nought but sin can buy,
Give me the mind's strange secret harmonies,
Give me the soul's delirium-draught to drain
For I will drink and live, or drink to die.

Curtis Hidden Page.

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THE WÖLFFLIN JUBILEE

On the first of January, 1901, Geheimrath Edouard von Wölfflin, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Classical Philology in the University of Munich, celebrated his seventieth birthday. A decade before, his pupils and friends had issued a memorial volume in his honour, the *Commentationes Wölfflinianae;* hence this conventional mark of appreciation was not considered appropriate to the occasion. As was stated in THE BOOKMAN some time ago, the plan first thought of was to have the veteran scholar's portrait painted by the famous artist Lenbach. But after a goodly number of subscriptions for the purpose had been secured in this country and abroad, the design was forestalled by an announcement made by Wölfflin, in common with some of his colleagues at Munich, that he woud accept no present of great intrinsic value on his coming anniversary.

The idea was then conceived of presenting him with an Address, appropriately composed and engrossed; and a committee of fifty-three members, representing Germany, Austria, France, Finland, Russia, Switzerland, Great Britain and the United States of America, was raised to collect the signatures of his friends and admirers in various parts of the world. This committee naturally consisted mainly of classical philologists, both university professors and *gymnasiallehrer;* but as was appropriate to the general popularity and many-sided activity of the *Herr Jubilas,* contained also the names of specialists in comparative and romance philology, jurisprudence, theology, music, chemistry, and geology, as well as that of the head of the Royal Library of Munich.

The present writer, as a pupil of Wölfflin, was chosen to represent this country; and fifty circulars explaining the plan, accompanied by cards for the autographs of those who wished to do honour to the great Latinist, were placed at his disposal. Each signer was invited to add to his name a greeting in any form he chose, and was asked to contribute two and one-half marks (sixty cents) to cover the expenses of the preparation of the Address. The balance, should there be one, was to be turned over to the *Thesaurus* fund.

The main embarrassment of the American member of the committee was to decide to whom he should send circulars, wishing as he did to waste as few as possible by appealing to those who would not be interested in the plan, and at the same time to overlook no representative man. Other things being equal, it was thought best to secure representatives of as many different institutions as possible. All pupils of Wölfflin and all contributors to the *Archiv für lateinische Lexikographie und Grammatik* received circulars direct from Munich.

The result was on the whole satisfactory. Thirty-five scholars responded to the invitation, representing Adelbert, Bryn Mawr, California, Chicago, Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Illinois Wesleyan, Johns Hopkins, Kansas, Michigan, Ohio, Olivet, Princeton, Stanford, Texas, Vassar, Wesleyan, Wisconsin and Yale, with the High School of Hartford, Connecticut, and the Erasmus Hall School of Brooklyn. This list may not include some institutions whose representatives sent on their names after January 1, a privilege which, I believe, is still open.

The jubilee was a great success. After Professor Wölfflin had received the formal congratulations of the Rector Magnificus of the university, the President of the Historical Section of the Bavarian Academy, and other dignitaries, and greetings and gifts from a host of personal friends, three members of the committee presented the Address in a beautifully bound album. The signatures at the time numbered five hundred and twenty to which some have since been added, including representatives of thirteen different nations, Italy, Sweden, Holland, Portugal, and Roumania, in addition to those represented by the committee.

The Address, which I believe was the work of Dr. Hey, secretary of the Board of Editors of the *Thesaurus,* was appropriate and happily conceived, and was written in excellent Latin. It was engrossed on five leaves of parchment, richly ornamented after the model of an illuminated Bamberg manuscript of the eleventh century. The title-page was adorned with a triumphal arch appropriate to the spirit of the address, which

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hailed Wölfflin as *imperator maxumus* of the *Thesaurus* forces. The Address was naturally a great source of pride and gratification to the recipient, and the witty epigrams, proverbs, verses and the like which many of the signers appended to their names "haben unserem Lupulus viel spass gemacht," as Dr. Hey writes.

John C. Rolfe.

BJOERNSTJERNE BJOERNSON AND THE INTELLECTUAL ISOLATION OF FRANCE

Quite recently the *Revue Hebdomadaire* published an interview between one of its editors and Bjoernstjerne Bjoernson, in which the great Norwegian writer is reported to have made the assertion, rather sweeping in character, it would seem, that the French intellect is completely isolated—that, in fact, owing to certain idiosyncrasies, the French are radically different from the rest of Europe; that they stand, as it were, outside the pale of European civilisation. Says Bjoernson: "There are two races upon our continent: Europe—the United States of Europe, or, if you will, Cosmopolis—on the one hand, and on the other, isolated from the rest as by a Chinese Wall, France."

This emphatic statement induced the editor of the *Revue Blanche,* the organ of the "Jeunes," to ask Bjoernson to explain his position to its readers. This he attempted to do in the issue of April 15 of that review. He endeavoured there to substantiate his point of view by means of various facts, social, artistic and literary, which he evidently singled out as appearing to him sufficiently typical in their bearing upon the interesting question he had raised.

The agitation into which the Déroulède-Buffet duel had thrown the whole of France is first mentioned. Europe, and for that matter America, too, is utterly incapable of comprehending the causes underlying that intense commotion, and to Europeans the conception of honour of the French must always seem anything but natural.

Bjoernson next cites the Dreyfus Affair, and instances the declarations authorised by the German Emperor and King Humbert disclaiming any dealings with the ill-fated French artillery captain. The entire world had accepted the announcements of these monarchs; France alone refused to attach any credence to them.

Then Bjoernson proceeds to illustrate his statement by facts taken from art and literature. Arnold Boecklin, the famous Swiss painter, is considered by Europe to be the greatest of contemporary artists. Yet in France he is little more than a name. In a letter to the *Revue Blanche* of the 1st of May, Georges Picquart, of Dreyfus fame, comes to the aid of Bjoernson, by showing that at one moment it might even have been positively dangerous for a Frenchman to confess to any knowledge of that artist. It was in November, 1897. The authors of the judiciary crime of 1894 were straining every nerve to save Esterhazy in order to save themselves. The "cabinet noir," Picquart relates, was then displaying its activity to the utmost, and his correspondence was tampered with by that department of the Secret Intelligence Bureau. One year after, Picquart was a prisoner. Brought before the Cour de Cassation, a copy of a letter addressed to him during the period above mentioned was produced and read to the gallant colonel. The letter in question contained toward the end, these words: The "Sacred Wood" by Boecklin, which is in the museum at Bâle. The "Sacred Wood," the German name Boecklin, Bâle—notorious as a place of rendezvous for all sorts of political agents, spies and interloping diplomats—all this sounded rather mysterious, and aroused the suspicion of the shrewd if not artistically well-informed judge. "What does this veiled language mean?" thundered he to the half-amused

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and half-bewildered Picquart. "And who is this man Boecklin?"

The case of Henrik Ibsen is next taken up. We Europeans, Bjoernson declares, regard Ibsen as the foremost among the playwrights of the age. But he has not yet found a place in the repertory of one of the permanent theatres in France. Then Bjoernson points to Sardou's latest play. This, he says, Larroumet—the dramatic critic of the *Temps*—declares to be the "most beautiful prose drama of our epoch." We Europeans, again declares Bjoernson, refuse to see in that play any literary value whatever. Finally Bjoernson reminds us of Victor Hugo and his friends, and the relentless war they were obliged to wage upon the classicists before they succeeded in bringing upon the stage the violent and passionate characters of Romanticism; and he points out that this literary movement in the other European countries had established itself without any great difficulty, and much earlier. The French, Bjoernson concludes, are conservative and proud, and that is why all new ideas and all reforms have to be forced upon them by revolutions.

As might have been expected, Bjoernson's broad assertion called down upon him many indignant protests on the part of French journalists, the most noteworthy of which were that of Larroumet in the *Temps* and of ex-Minister Hanotaux, the well-known author of *Richelieu,* in the *Journal.* A speech of Bjoernson's, most complimentary to Germany, delivered at a banquet in Berlin, but added fuel to the fire.

To an impartial onlooker it would seem that, while there may be a kernel of truth in his allegation, Bjoernson has overshot the mark. To start with, it may be noted that the facts invoked by him admit of interpretations widely differing from his conclusions. Despite the peculiar custom of the duel, the conception of honour in France is essentially the same as in other civilised countries. The prevalence of this mediæval relic proves the seclusion of France as little as the frequency of revolver shootings in Kentucky would prove this State to be completely isolated from the rest of the Union. Undoubtedly a huge mistake was made in the Dreyfus case. The blunderers, in consequence, moved heaven and earth to rescue themselves from the impending catastrophe, and they succeeded. But that was not the first time that a powerful combination of audacious schemers deceived a whole nation. Did not Lincoln himself in his famous axiom concede that it is quite within the bounds of possibility for all the people to be fooled sometimes?

Now, as regards the struggle of Romanticism in France, it is a fact familiar to students of literary history that if this movement met there with such an enormous resistance, it was simply because classicism had given France the golden period of its national literature, while in other countries it had produced little more than pale imitations of the French classical writers. The national literature of France was classic through and through, and was most firmly intrenched in its centennial strongholds. To dislodge it a more strenuous effort was necessary than elsewhere.

To consider briefly the remaining points. It is safe to assume that Boecklin is, after all, not the unknown quantity in France which Bjoernson would fain believe him to be. Ibsen is as familiar to French theatre-goers as their own dramatists; and Sardou is, notwithstanding Larroumet's encomiums of one of his plays, not taken very seriously by critics in France.

Intrinsically weak, the few particular arguments of Bjoernson, when confronted with the vast array of actual facts, signally fail to uphold his contention. The plain truth is, France has, neither in the present nor in the past, repudiated foreign thought or forms of art. Far from it. For the last four hundred years or so, in matters of literature and art, the open door has there practically existed. Ideas flowed in plentifully from Italy and Spain, from England and Germany, from Russia and Scandinavia, and even from smaller countries, such as Holland, Switzerland, and, quite recently, Belgium, and have ever received warm and generous hospitality. To rehearse here all these foreign influences would be to write one of the most important chapters of French literature. Nor were the French at all backward in refunding these borrowings to their neighbours, and oftentimes they even paid their debts back with a handsome interest. The large number of translations from all

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languages during the last fifty years or so would go a long way toward proving the fallacy of the idea that the French mind is to-day sequestered from the rest of the world. The current reviews are fairly teeming with translations from foreign authors, not a few of them countrymen of Bjoernson; and not so very long ago we have seen one of his own novels given a very prominent place in a leading French magazine. Critical studies of foreigners have come to be a standing feature in all French periodical publications. The undeniable fact is that France as such has, as far as literature and art are concerned, thrown her doors wide open to all Europe, and America to boot.

Nor must it be forgotten that art and literature are not the sole vehicles of interchange of ideas. Science, history, philosophy know no boundaries between nations, and we have not yet heard it claimed that French scholars are not abreast of the thought of the times. Quite the contrary, it is commonly held that as often as not they still are in the van.

What, then, is there in the idea advanced by Bjoernson? It is this: that, in a general way, political and racial prejudices, which obtain in all countries and everywhere have their high-priests and wild fanatics, run especially high at this moment in France. The political events of the last century, and particularly the awful disaster of 1870-71, suffice to account for the transformation of the cosmopolitan Frenchman of the eighteenth century. Just as Jena helped build up the Prussian state, so Sedan, which is still rankling in the bosoms of Frenchmen, fanned the embers of patriotism in France into a stronger and fiercer blaze. At present the national idea has there the upper hand. A deliberately narrow patriotic spirit, fostered by the Jingoes in politics, literature and art, is supplanting the impulsively generous feelings, nurtured by the Revolution, and handed down by it as heirlooms to the French people.

The Triple Alliance, the repeated checks which the colonial policy of France has received at England's hands, the industrial and commercial rivalries, have done the rest. And it must be acknowledged that not infrequently literary and artistic judgments in France are influenced and impaired by racial and political bias rather more than elsewhere. But in spite of occasional spasmodic outbursts of nationalistic and racial animosity, the French of to-day, and more especially the younger generation, are keenly alive to the most recent literary and artistic endeavours abroad.

Add to all this the fact that the French cultured public has been so very much surfeited with foreign novelties that they have begun to view with kindlier eyes the recent successes of their own latter-day poets. When the whole world all but goes wild over Rostand, France has no leisure to bother much about Ibsen. Moreover, the French have done plenty of garnering from foreign stores; they have now started in to avail themselves more freely of their native treasures.

France is not surrounded by a Chinese Wall; she could not be so if she would. The Chinese Wall itself, for that matter, is crumbling down before the irresistible onslaughts of Western civilisation. Modern nations may grow more narrowly patriotic and more jealous; but notwithstanding that, they know one another better than ever before, and in their modes of thinking and feeling are more like one another. And France, it would seem, is not an exception to this general fact of modern life.

J. B. Segall.

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HO FOR THE KANKAKEE!

MAURICE THOMPSON.

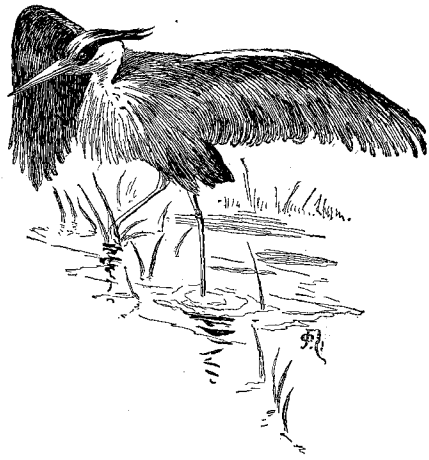
Ho, for the marshes, green with spring,
Where the bitterns croak and the plovers pipe;

Where the gaunt old heron spreads his wing,
Above the haunt of rail and snipe;

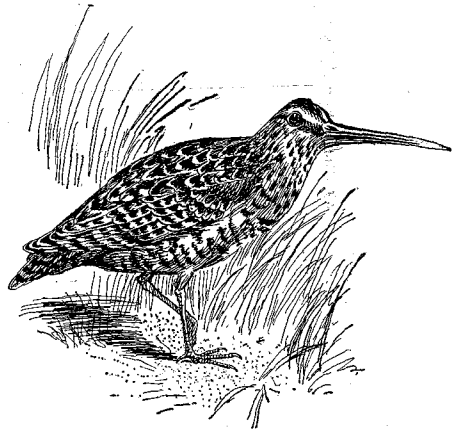
or my gun is clean and my rod's in trim,
And the old wild longing is roused in me;

Ho, for the bass pools, cool and dim!
Ho, for the swales of the Kankakee!

Is there other joy like the joy of a man
Free for a season with rod and gun,
With the sun to tan, and the wind to fan,
And the waters to lull and never a one
Of the cares of life to follow him,
Or to shadow his mind while he wanders free?



Ho, for the currents slow and dim!
Ho, for the fens of the Kankakee!
A hut by the river, a light canoe,
My rod and gun with a sennight fair—
A wind from the North and the wild fowl due



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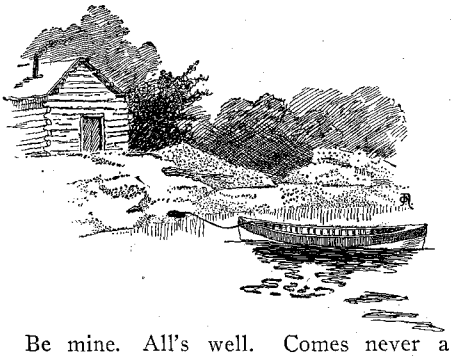

Be mine. All's well. Comes never a care.
A strain of the savage fires my blood,
And the zest of freedom is keen in me;
Ho, for the marsh and the lilied flood!
Ho, for the sloughs of the Kankakee!

Give me to stand where the swift currents rush,
With my rod all astrain and a bass coming in,
Or give me the marsh with the brown snipe aflush,
And my gun's sudden flashes and resonant din;
For I'm tired of the desk, and tired of the town,
And I long to be out, and I long to be free.
Ho, for the marsh, with the birds whirling down!
Ho, for the pools of the Kankakee!

AMATEUR PHOTO BY C. H. SLATING.

GATHERING CAT-TAILS.
Winner of 59th prize in RECREATION's 5th Annual Photo Competition.

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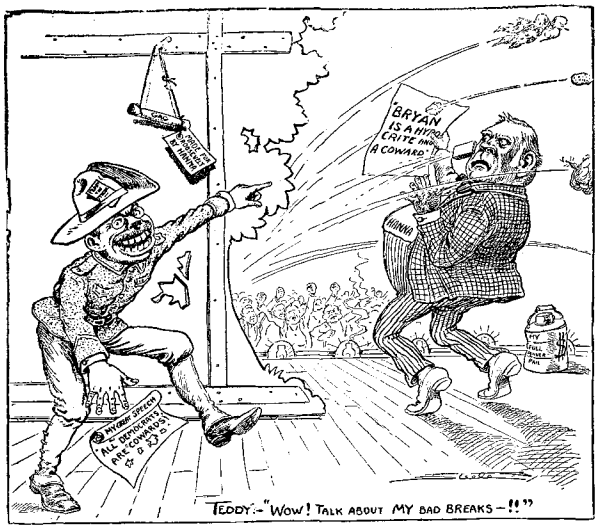
NEWSPAPER ART AND ARTISTS

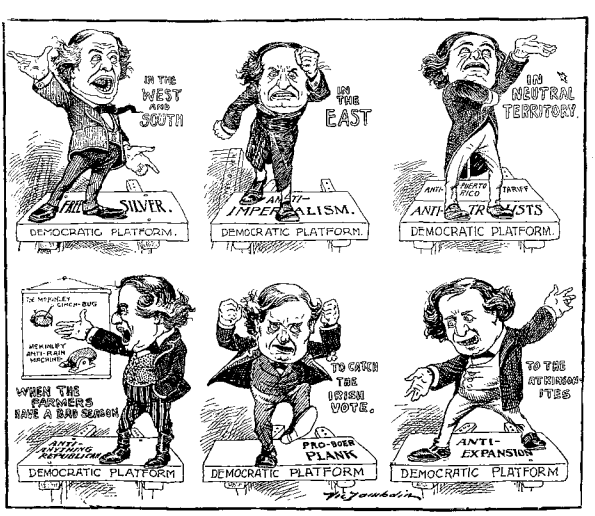
No argument or demonstration is needed to convince any thinking person that in recent years a complete change has taken place in the whole character of artistic expression. The illustrator now appeals to a larger audience than before, and the daily paper has become an enormous educator. To-day the output of illustrations is overwhelming, and in the most unexpected places good work appears. A good cartoon is a potent factor in the complex world in which we live, for while one person will read an article, hundreds look at the illustration.



The French, with their quick perception of the value of impressions, were the first to use the political cartoon, and the mania spread through Holland to England during the reign of Charles I. First among the craft came Hogarth with his satirical pictures, to be closely followed by Gillray, sometimes called "the father of English caricature," whose cartoons, beginning in the stormy days of the American Revolution, exercised a great influence in the mother country. Later his incessant ridicule of Napoleon as "Bony" went far to keep up a mutual Anglo-French dislike.

Contemporaneous with him came another great artist, Cruikshank, whose versatile genius links his time with ours, when we meet Doyle, Leech, Tenniel, Du Maurier and Nast. To-day the leading countries of the world have highly coloured illustrated political papers, and even conservative Russia allows cartoons unless the cut touches upon Russian subjects, in which case it is erased.

In many ways the illustrative work of America is more interesting than that of any other country. In the days of Cruikshank and Doyle little was done in this country, but the rapidity of our artistic growth and quick sense of humour has won recognition the world over, and since the days of Nast, whose facile pencil put an end to Boss Tweed's career, the cartoonist has been an indispensable feature in American journalism. More than this, the illustrated newspaper has become an enormous factor in our lives. Just as the *Pall Mall* claims to have been the first illustrated daily in England, the New York *World* is entitled to the distinction of setting the fashion for up-to-date jour-



HOW THE ADJUSTABLE PLATFORM ORATOR WORKS THE COUNTRY.

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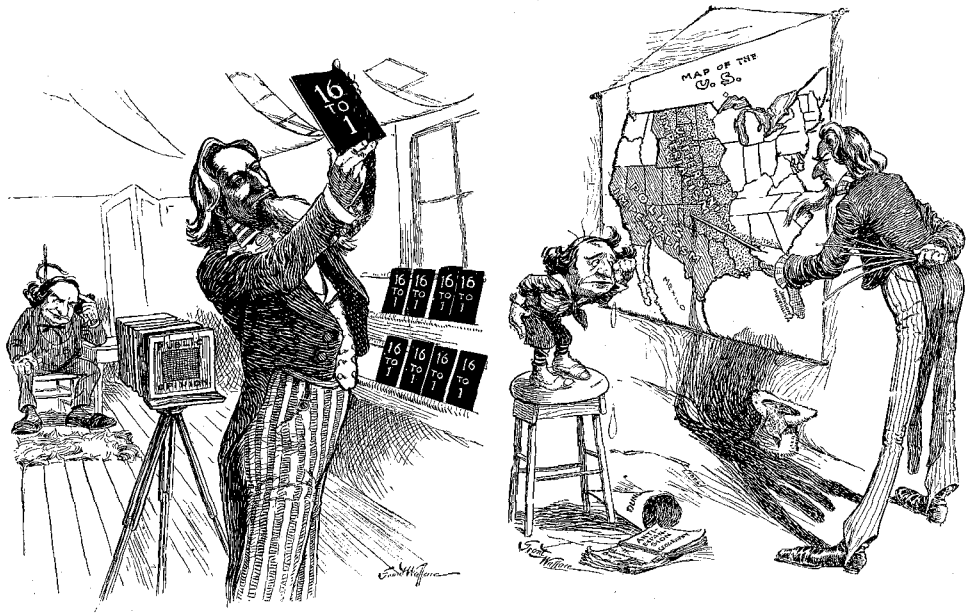

PHOTOGRAPHER: SORRY, WILLIE, BUT THE NEGATIVE WON'T SHOW ANYTHING ELSE.

nalism in our country. Previous to this, many papers used certain stock cuts which were prepared for any emergency, and served as headings for political and descriptive articles.

Who could have foreseen that the *World* would force the daily press to adopt the pictorial feature? Yet in a short time nearly every daily in New York and other large cities was illustrated, and country weeklies were supplied with pictures by various syndicates. It is true, many of these early attempts were crude, but they served to increase circulation, and when our newspapers began to maintain their own engraving plants, the success of the cartoon was assured. Fine printing machines began to develop, and in 1891 the New York *Herald* published the first Christmas edition with a coloured supplement. Though hampered by the haste required in finishing a production for a daily paper, we have accomplished enough to silence those critics who claim that pictures have no place in the dissemination of news. Clever examples of satirical art address themselves daily to millions, conveying meanings that no editorial can; and a cartoon is frequently looked at where the editorial is not read. During our late Spanish-American war the dignified attitude of our cartoons, which were more than ever in demand, their freedom from malice and coarseness, attracted the attention of other countries besides our own.

This popularity of printed pictures has created such a demand that illustration is now one of our recognised professions, and opportunities are many for the artist in black and white. The salary of the average newspaper artist is far higher than that of the reporter, and knowledge, enterprise and industry are the qualifications here as in the case of any successful newspaper man. The scale of salaries in cartoon work may range from the five dollars a week paid the beginners, who are willing to work for little in order to learn, to what the competent artist may demand. Taking twenty-five dollars as an average, it may be roughly stated that one New York cartoonist commands over two hundred dollars a week, and many leading newspaper artists draw more than one hundred dollars; but these are the golden exceptions. The size of the city, kind of work and hours, have much to do with the amount of the salary received; for the pictorial work on a daily newspaper includes such varied branches as portraits, news illustrations, decorative designs, maps, diagrams, fashion

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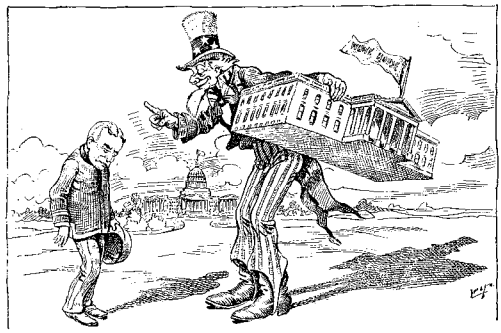
cuts, buildings and so forth, any of which he is supposed to be able to dash off at a moment's notice. To the illustrator gifted with industry and ability it affords a lucrative career. The idle or incompetent will earn a precarious livelihood.

An understanding of what constitutes "news" is so essential to the newspaper cartoonist that many of our best men in this line have started in as reporters and worked up to the artistic side. Apart from this quick perception of news the artist must know how to draw, with an understanding of how it will appear in print. The pen-and-ink sketch is not that which the readers see, and before it reaches their eyes it must run the gauntlet of various mechanical processes—the camera, the acid bath, the stereotype and the fast press. Each must be considered and allowance made for the effect on the final result. For these reasons we find men like Barrett, of the New York *Tribune,* conversant with the details of wood and photo-engraving, as well as knowing much of the details of newspaper work, from selling early editions to reporting, editing, and publishing.

Under present conditions, hampered by the fast press and soft paper, the cartoonist must often guess at the final appearance of his work, and he longs for the fast press that will print a clear black and white. The same principle, of course, underlies magazine work, but the magazine artist has more opportunity for creditable work, as he is not so rushed for time.

Many of the magazines, especially those of the larger circulation, are printed

THE LATEST ADDITION TO DISTINGUISHED FUGITIVES.



"BUT HOW DO I KNOW THAT YOU WON'T TRANSFER IT?"—DETROIT "EVENING NEWS."

months in advance of the actual appearance of the issue, whereas the time in which a daily paper is gotten out is inconceivably small. A photograph or a drawing is sometimes secured, reproduced, electrotyped, and a hundred or so thousand copies of a newspaper printed, bound and bundled inside of eight hours. Recently an artist was called upon to draw the death-bed scene of Gladstone with Mrs. Gladstone and the children in a pathetic group around the bed. As the time before the first edition went to press was so short (it was an afternoon paper) he simply secured the similar scene he had drawn of Bismarck's death, and with a few touches in the face of the dying man the scene was complete. This experience is not an unusual one. A newspaper artist, especially if he be on a so-called "yellow journal" is constantly called upon to draw things he has never seen and sometimes things no one has ever seen or ever will see, but this is often productive of excellent results. There are to-day American students in Paris who worked on daily papers here and will again enter the field when they have finished their studies on the other side. Bush, the well-known artist on the New York *World,* studied in Paris, and while drawing cartoons for the New York *Telegram* made the hits that brought him fame. Many of our successful magazine illustrators have worked for years in the newspaper field.

In newspaper caricature and especially in cartoon work, the artist must often force himself to make his point of view correspond with the policy of the paper.

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THE POWERS CELEBRATING THE FALL OF PEKIN.

Who Are the Warmest Babies in the Bunch? Chorus: "We are!" (Unpublished cartoon by R. B. Mayfield, New Orleans.)

If he does not succeed in this it is probable the managing editor will remind him. Sometimes when he has a funny picture to make in which his paper's candidate and his opponent's favourite both figure, the task is a difficult one, but a non-partisan paper is the hardest trial to a cartoonist's piece of mind. Many humourists can caricature a person in such a good-humoured way that the person is rather pleased to see himself as others see him. This is noticeable in John McCutcheon's work. He sees keenly a fault, but his work appeals in a broad-minded way to every one because he is not vindictive. Though one of the younger newspaper artists he is especially good in depicting action. In the last campaign he was one of the strongest men in cartoon work. Every thing has a humorous side if one looks for it, and the importance of cultivating this faculty cannot be overestimated. Lederer, of the Chicago *Chronicle,* appreciates this keenly, as does Nelan, of the New York *Herald,* who lost several lucrative positions before he began his career as a cartoonist because he insisted on drawing pictures in the wrong places.

All pictorial jokes come under the general head of caricature, though a funny picture should tell its story so clearly that reading matter is superfluous. Exaggerating the features of customs and phases of social life are specialties of the cartoonist, and it is difficult to state the definite point of separation between a cartoon and a caricature. As the cartoon aims to express an idea and to impress it on the reader's mind in a forcible manner, the expression of this idea is the whole purpose of the work, and little time is spent in accessories which might detract from the main purpose. It is this power to realise ideas and put them in good shape that is more essential to the cartoonist than good drawing. Frequently a cartoonist is in the rush of a political campaign, accidents, strikes, famous trials, all the sensations of the day. He must never lose his nerve, and often is obliged to make a careful drawing on the spot. To draw steadily with the rain pouring in torrents, with shouts of excitement ringing in the ears, and missiles flying around that may hit at any moment, is an art many cartoonists are called upon to exercise.

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THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.—MINNEAPOLIS "JOURNAL."

Not only are individuals, scenes, and incidents subjects for caricature, but certain types form a basic part of a cartoonist's stock-in-trade. Many of these are founded upon national traits or ideas. The United States is suggested either by a figure of Columbia or by Uncle Sam, whose patriotic costume is known to everybody. England is bluff old Johnny Bull, France is a polite gentleman with pointed beard and fashionable clothes, and other nations are represented by the typical costumes of the country. Every human being has some peculiarity of action and feature which is the stock-in-trade of the cartoonist. The dude is known by his extreme attire and general air of imbecility, the working man by his apron and rolled up sleeves, the golf player by his checked stockings and "caddy," the sport by his suit with loud markings; the Chinaman by his almond-shaped eyes and pig-tail, blouse and baggy trousers; the Italian organ grinder by his gold rings in his ears and monkey fastened to a string; all these are common types among cartoonists. Each artist, however, is interested in a different kind of subject and draws the things that most appeal to him.

Many of our leading cartoonists have remained with one paper for years, others are young men who have attained in a phenomenally short time justly deserved reputations for good work. Homer Davenport is one of the latter class. Born in a small town in Oregon, he has had few advantages, yet there are those who place him at the head of American cartoonists of to-day. This distinction, however, can be closely contested by other fine artists—Opper, for instance—whose years of experience enable him to make his pictures fairly talk from the printed

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"MR. HANNA HAS RETURNED."

page and who is considered by many to be the "funniest" cartoonist in New York. The claims of many New York cartoonists for exceptionally fine work can be fairly met by some Western men, as May, of the Detroit *Journal,* who has a strikingly simple style; *Bradley,* of the Chicago *Evening News,* whose unique way of putting an idea and strong perspective give his work distinction, and "Bart," of the Minneapolis *Journal,* whose cartoons are a well-ordered feast.

To enumerate all the good cartoonists who have won recognition in the past few years is not within the province of this article, but in connection with this one might mention Mahoney, of the Washington *Star;* Walker, whose signature of a black cat has become famous in the St. Louis *Republican;* Hedrick, of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat;* Berryman, of the Washington *Star;* Leipziger, of the Detroit *Evening News;* Mayfield, of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat;* Steele, of the Denver *Evening Post;* Lambdin, of the Denver *Times,* and Frank Holme, of Chicago *Daily News.* The Twin Cities are fortunate in possessing such cartoonists as Bartholomew, Bowman, Carter and Rehse, whose works have been so widely copied both at home and abroad as to deserve special mention. In the extreme West we find Grant Wallace, whose pictures enliven the pages of the San Francisco *Chronicle.* He is a man of progressive ideas, whose ability in other fields would command recognition.

Every year new men come to the front whose work merits approbation. Many men start in on a daily in a small city, attain a local reputation, and gradually work their way until better prospects arise, which they accept with a feeling of gratitude that their early endeavours were kindly treated and forgotten. The position of a successful newspaper draughtsman in these days is one which no fine worker need be ashamed of. There is no reason why the reader should not receive accurate information from the cartoonist's pencil. Whenever a newspaper cartoonist's idea falls flat, which sometimes happens to the best of them, it would be well for the public to consider that he is required to present an idea and a picture every day in the week, to depict current thoughts fresh to the day, and that he must acquire a lightning grasp of the situation, combined with devotion to tedious work.

There is a popular opinion that much time is wasted in doing newspaper work, but there is a fascination in the art that holds the man to this career when

ON TO PEKIN—UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

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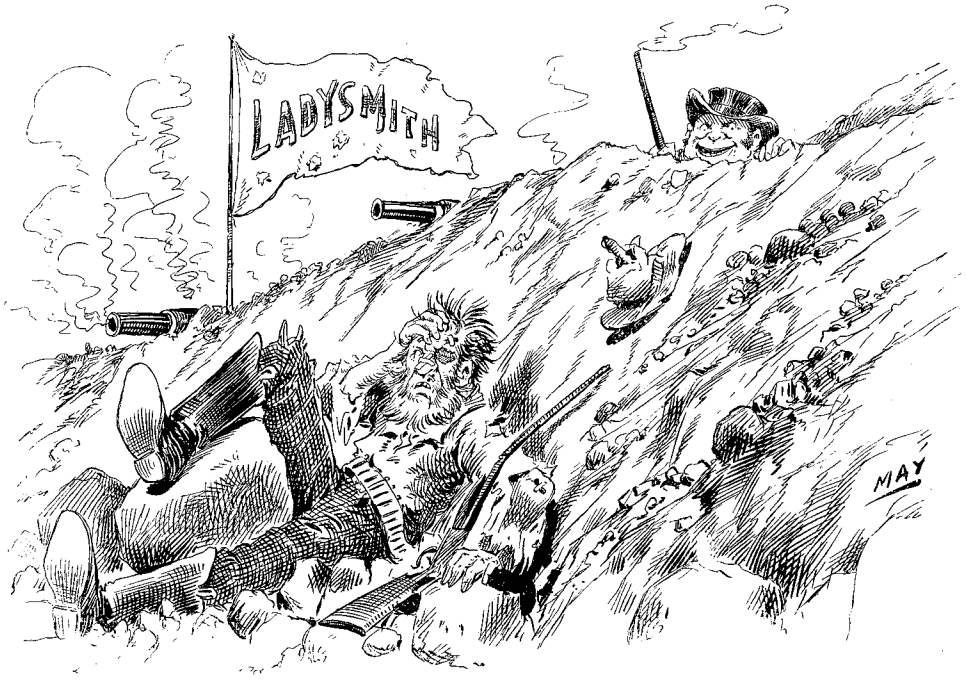

UP AGAINST THE BREASTWORKS.

TO THE RESCUE!

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once undertaken. Already schools have been opened for the study of the art of illustration that the cartoonist may become conversant with every detail of art and mechanism are essential to a good picture. No one who has observed journalism can fail to perceive that the cartoonist, though a comparatively modern figure in the ranks of newspaper workers, has become one of the most important and is destined to remain such. Making jokes for a living is serious business, and the cartoonist must ever be on the alert; for not only does the humour of nations differ in kind, but it passes through many stages of progression. Certain pictures appeal to certain types of people, for no two persons think alike on any question; but the basis of all cartoon methods —talent and work—constitute the corner stone of all art.

Katherine Louise Smith.

THE ANARCHISTS OF NEW YORK SHOT ALL OF THE EUROPEAN MONARCHS YESTERDAY AT LIBERTY PARK, LONG ISLAND.

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AN ART IN ITS INFANCY

This is an age of advertisement. Even within the last ten years a great advance (?) has been made in the art of advertising, though much still remains to be done. The mark (would it be more correct to say the trademark?) toward which the true advertiser presses is, of course, the sky advertisement, to which, though forbidden for the moment, he or his descendants will without doubt one day attain. That Pears or the Monkey Brand or Elliman or some of their enterprising compeers will eventually cover the entire dome of St. Paul's with pictorial placards may be taken for granted as merely a question of time. The Dean and Chapter of the next generation will probably find that sections of the inside of the dome, if illuminated by searchlights will let almost as well as the outside. Pulpit advertisement, we venture to prophesy, will prove the most remunerative of all.

Already every grocer's van which promenades our streets or penetrates to our secluded villages is a mass of flaring announcements all paid for by the advertisers. A new development, and one which in this season of agricultural depression might be put into practise immediately for the relief of the present distress, is that of advertising in somewhat the same manner on the carriages of our poorer nobility and landed gentry. The nobility, especially in its uppermost spirals, would command, of course, a higher price than the mere commoner, but the landau of the country squire would not be without its market value, while a baronet's carriage would rank next to that of an earl owing to the conviction of the public mind as to the high rank of a baronet, strenuously inculcated by the society novelist.

All this as far as our own experience goes has not yet been done, nor have doctor's broughams, as far as we know, though presenting a surface admirably suited to the purpose, been as yet utilised.

Landscape advertisement is also still in its youth. Snowdon, Ben Nevis, and many other eminences are practically unemployed. The pretty drives near most country towns are also frequently bald of any interest save that of nature, which omission is the more surprising, because in south of England watering-places the persons who drive most assiduously are generally invalids who possibly have not taken Dinneford's Magnesia, or Eno's Fruit Salt, or Homocea, which touches the spot, but who might do so to their lasting benefit if their attention were called to these panaceas, by seeing them nestling among the primroses in the steep banks of a Devonshire lane, or gleaming above high water mark along the rose red cliffs of Torquay.

But when fired by its splendid present we thus "dip into the future," the still more splendid future of the advertising art, the brain reels before the conception of the varied perfections to which it will undoubtedly attain; and the dazzled vision is fain to turn for relief in the opposite direction and endeavour to retrace this half-grown giant to his cot, and to discover by reference to old newspapers from what foundation the present imposing superstructure has sprung.

For the pictorial or rainbow-hued advertisement designed to catch the eye, of which we have been speaking, is, after all, but one feature of the art. The whole columns and sheets in the *Times* and *Morning Post,* and in all the magazines and illustrated papers—to say nothing of papers published solely with that object, such as the *Matrimonial News* and the *Exchange and Mart*—show how enormous has become the growth of advertisement of every description.

The task of retracing an art to its infancy is not in this case an easy one. It depends mainly upon the testimony of old newspapers. But who in these days keeps old newspapers? And in past generations who kept them? No one, we suppose, except the bore of the family. The person who nowadays writes to the *Morning Post* about a large gooseberry or a wide-waisted tree in Kensington Gardens, or the advisability of throwing out crumbs to "our feathered friends" in long frosts, by these acts lets off the steam which his ancestor spent in collecting newspapers and making long extracts from them.

But the difference between a newspaper bore of to-day and a newspaper bore of one hundred and fifty years ago is as great as that between a live and per-

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tinaceous fly and a fly in amber. We can "suffer gladly" a bore who lived long ago, because he died long ago. Nay, we can perhaps even bless his memory, for it may have been his portion in this life to preserve from destruction the valueless and uninteresting until it became in the course of years interesting once more. This theory, if true, presents an attractive solution of the hitherto unfathomed mystery of the existence of the bore, and gives him a place in the universal economy. But this is a digression.

Quite recently in the library of an old country house, we had the good fortune to light upon a bulky collection of old newspapers made by a member of our own family, who, from a feeling of grateful respect, may surely be likened to a fly in amber. These newspapers* date from the declaration of war between England and Spain in 1739, and cover a period of sixteen years—1739 to 1755. There is also a whole year (apparently complete) of the *St. James's Chronicle* or *British Evening Post* for 1764.

Between 1739 and 1755 the advertisements in most of them are few and printed so small and in such wavering lines as to be almost illegible. In 1755 there is a sudden marked increase in the number of advertisements, which increase is maintained.

The discovery of the primeval advertisement has not, of course, rewarded our research. For we have not access to the strata wherein we might at least dig for its remains. The earliest of any kind which we have been able to unearth occurs in a *Rider's Diary* for 1736, which possibly belonged to the newspaper collector. It is that of a dentist. We give it with its own spelling and punctuation.

"Artificial Teeth, set in so firm, as to eat with them, and so Exact, as not to be distinguish'd from natural; they are not to be taken out at night as is by some falsely suggested, but may be worn years together: yet are they so fitted, that they may be taken out and put in by the Person that wears them at Pleasure, and are an ornament to the Mouth, and greatly helpful to the Speech: Also Teeth clean'd and drawn by John Watts . . . Racquet Court, Fleet Street."

The earliest announcements in this collection of newspapers consist mainly of unfailing specifics for noisome "distempers." Week after week the same remedies meet the eye for "that Reigning disease Scurvy," for palsy, for leprosy, for scrofula, for all kinds of terrible ailments and skin diseases. Some of "these noble drops" we are informed "darting almost as quick as Lightning through the whole Human System," effect a complete cure in one or more doses. Others are recommended to Ladies as "exceeding pleasant either in Snuff or a handkerchief."

Asthma, which we had imagined was a comparatively modern disease (dating as some elder persons brought up on hand basins firmly believe from the introduction of baths into private families*) has many cures advertised, especially a certain Tobacco which relieves "Asthma and such terrible Wheesings," and "is prepared only up one pair of Stairs at the Sign of the Anodyne Necklace."

In the official record of deaths in one of these papers there are in one list no less than three ascribed to asthma. But possibly all diseases of the lungs were considered to be asthma in those days; as in our grandmothers' time bronchitis, congestion and inflammation of the lungs were alike called "a closing of the chest" which generally proved fatal. An old lady once told us that in her early youth she had seen a little cousin playing about with his brothers and sisters in an advanced stage of this "closing," which closed altogether a day or two afterward

*The London *Evening Post*, 1739-55; the *Daily Post*, 1741-45; *the Daily Gazetteer*, 1742; *Reading Mercury*, 1743; the *St. James Evening Post*, 1745; the *Whitehall Evening Post*, 1745-55; the *General Advertiser*, 1745-50; the *General Evening Post*, 1746-48; *the Essex Weekly Advertiser*, 1746; the *Westminster Journal*, 1754-55; the *Evening Advertiser*, 1754-55; the *Daily Advertiser*, 1755. These papers are in many cases incomplete and numbers are frequently missing. It appears as if some of them had been taken in for a year or so, then counter-ordered for another year and then taken in once more.

*We remember visiting some ten years ago at a country house which had not been altered since it had been refurnished in the height of the then fashion with all the latest improvements in 1745. The washhand stand with a mahogany top, resembling a fitted desk more than anything else, and having a cream jug in a saucer in the middle, still remains a root of bitterness in the memory.

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to the regret of the wealthy and affectionate parents, who felt that nothing could have been done.

Ladies at this date seem to have suffered much from "the vapours," for we find repeatedly advertised "The most noble smelling Bottle in the world . . . which Smelled to, momentarily fetches the most dismal fainting or swooning Fits, and makes chearful although never so sad." It is hardly necessary to add that this panacea may also "be taken inwardly."

Old patent medicines certainly had one advantage over their numerous descendants—namely, that they could almost invariably be applied externally as well as internally, no doubt with equal success.

An "incomparable tooth powder" asserts that it needs no recommendation, "its own virtues being sufficient; nor did we ever seek for a patient; for as they say Good Wine needs no Bush." As might be expected, however, a long panegyric follows this dignified preamble.

We hear in the years between 1739 and 1764 of many drugs "which prepare the body for the small pox," but not till 1764 do we arrive at a doctor's advertisement of inoculation.*

"Persons of either sex and children are inoculated, attended, and provided with everything necessary in neat and separate apartments . . . at Five Guineas apiece. The expense attending this operation when performed at home or in private lodgings has hitherto reduced persons of moderate circumstances to the disagreeable necessity of going into an hospital, or being deprived of this salutary Practice."

In a later advertisement on the same subject a doctor assures the public that many of his patients had actually quite recovered "in a month."

Miserably few and far between, according to present ideas, are the advertisements of ladies' dress. This, no doubt, is partly owing to the class of newspaper through which we have been looking. If some back numbers of the *Lady's Magazine* advertised in these papers could be procured, a quantity of dress announcements might, perhaps, be discovered. One catches the eye by its heading in large print,

"To accommodate the Ladies."

Alexander Middleton makes "all sorts of Stays, Jumps, and Slips with easy and agreeable Shape . . . all Tabby or Sattin at 1£ 11s. Half Tabby 1£ 6s."

A side light is thrown on this interesting subject by advertisements of theft, such as the following:

"Whereas a fresh colour'd Man in a Snuff colour'd Coat went up three pair of Stairs at the house of Mr Thom without asking any questions, and took from thence a pair of Stays Tabby before, Callemanco behind," and several other equally domestic articles for which a reward is offered.

Whenever an advertiser offers a reward for a lost or stolen article he always thoughtfully adds, "and no questions ask'd," whether it is in the case of "a little Shag dog," or a pointer having "one of his Short Ribs at the Right Side broke which Sticks out; his Tail about a handful and answers to the name of Puro," or a pet the loss of which might almost appear to be a blessing, "partly of the Cur kind and inclinable to be mangy," or even of "a large Silver tea kettle and lamp, the Top left behind." Whatever the article may be, the owner promises on its restoration to ask no questions.

Horse-stealing appears to have been much more frequent then than now if we may judge by the continual advertisements for very inferior animals, such as a Brown Mare with "a hole in her near Shoulder and a slit in her near ear." (Where was Miss Cobbe, or at least Miss Cobbe's great-aunt?) Or another with "his legs pretty hairy and thick;" or a "Grey Roan Mare seven years old next grass, a bob tail that's been nick'd and bends in the middle, the hair worn in the girth place almost to the skin."

One horse-stealer is described as having "a pale complexion, and a more than common rising upon a largish nose;" which graphic, if unflattering description, seems to have led to his conviction, for the advertisement does not appear again.

A very large number of book advertisements appear regularly, especially of

* In 1841 the Vaccination Act made the practice of inoculating with smallpox virus unlawful in England. In 1853 another act was passed with a view of rendering the practice of vaccination compulsory. This was further amended by the Act of 1867. That of 1871 adds one or two new provisions. See *Chambers's Encyclopædia.*

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the religious pamphlet description, such as "A sober appeal to a Turk or an Indian concerning the plain sense of Scripture relating to the Trinity."

The first advertisement of *Pamela* is quickly followed by a skit called "Anti-Pamela." As one looks down the list of new books one is struck by the very small percentage of novels or stories of any kind. Happy the novelist who lived in those days!

Prints from Hogarth's pictures are frequently advertised, sometimes in a manner happily obsolete now. "New print. Taste in High Life from an incomparable picture of Mr. Hogarth's—proving beyond contradiction that the present polite assemblies of Drums Routs etc. are Meer Exoticks; and the supporters of such a parcel of Insects."

Of children's books we have found but one mention—one mention in sixteen years—and of toys only one:

"The very finest Dutch toys as not to be imagin'd Unless a Lady with little Masters and Misses were to see them."

Only two advertisements of Almanacs have been discovered. That for 1741 "For Families. Quite different from any Almanack ever yet published since Almanacks first began," and another for 1748, "Containing those things throughout the year which all the common Almanacks ought to mention, yet none of them speak a word of." This advertiser is evidently culpably ignorant of *Rider's Diary*, which twelve years earlier, in 1736, offers masses of information and advice to the reader. In January he is advised not to use Physick, but to drink White Wine fasting "for the best Physick is warm Diet, warm Clothes, and a merry honest Wife." In February "Slimy Fish, Milk and the like, that do oppilate and stop the Liver and Veins . . . are to be eschewed as Enemies to Health," and so on. These invaluable hints for every month of the year as to the preservation of health are mixed with directions as to sowing and pruning and the treatment of live stock. At the end of the *Diary* is a "True and Plain Description of the High-Ways in England and Wales," a "Table of the Moveable Fairs," "The exact Dimensions of Great Britain, Ireland, the Isle of Anglesey, of Garnsey etc, Beer Measure, Ale Measure," "A Table of Kings," and "The Hour and Minute of High Water at London-Bridge every day," besides "A Computation of the most Remarkable passages of The Times from the Creation to this present year 1736," among which we notice with interest the building of the Temple at Jerusalem and that of the bridge from Fulham to Putney.

Directly the war begins, constant are the advertisements of officers for deserters from their regiments. Thomas Atkins, if we may judge by the description of his outward man when he was missing, was not such an imposing looking creature as his namesake of to-day. He was generally described as marked with the smallpox or "pock fretten," and frequently as having a stoop, and still more frequently as having a "west," or "sty," or "blemish" in his eye, or having "tender eyes." He almost always deserted in a "gristle" or "bob wig." Once indeed he is described as having "Slink Black hair," but this is an exception.

Side by side with the rewards for deserters appear numerous advertisements of the sale of Spanish, and later on of French boats, sloops, and register ships and their cargoes, many of them of the richest description captured in the East Indies. Commodores Barnett and Warren, while protecting our trade in 1744, took many richly laden prizes, some of which perhaps found their way into these narrow columns, with a wood-cut of a ship in full sail to draw attention to them—one of the few illustrated forms of advertisement we have been able to find.*

Advertisements for servants are of the greatest rarity. One of the very few is for "A Gardener that can on Occasion drive a Coach and look after horses." And another is that of a gardener seeking a place, who, besides gardening, "can also place Wheat Sheaves in Shocks in the Harvest Field."

There are, however, a considerable number of advertisements for servants and apprentices who have "eloped from their masters." One such, a certain William Swaine, is described as "red

*In 1746 the English took no less than 143 French and Spanish vessels, and in 1748 we seized 472 French and 98 Spanish vessels. English gains on the French prizes seem to have been considerably lessened by the fact that many of them were insured in England, which does not appear to have been the case with the Spanish ships.

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haired of a down look, his hands thick and very full of warts." He is strongly suspected of having assisted his elopement by laying his uncomfortable hands on a large sum of money, including "a three pound twelve shilling piece." What a monster of inconvenience such a coin must have been! At any rate in these days nothing worse has to be encountered than an execrable but comparatively harmless five-shilling piece, the value of which, when there is any question of change is, we must confess, a painful strain on the mathematical powers.

Another of these eloping apprentices who was "of a very deep red dull countenance" . . . "wore and carried away two coats and two Pair of Breeches," which, as his flight was in mid-winter, shows that he was not so dull as he looked. Yet another "wears his own black hair and a little deform'd in his legs."

Certainly apprentices in those days, at least those that ran away, seem to have been singularly ill-favoured, but possibly their masters saw them without illusion after their departure not empty-handed.

A few black servants are advertised for as having run away. The advertiser in one case evidently feels that the identification of a certain "negro man" is a subject to be approached with some delicacy, since "the colour of his Clothes is unknown, as he absconded in the night without his Clothes."

Many also are the advertisements of losses of money and property through footpads, whether it be "a lusty young fellow who wore his own hair" or "a pock fretten man in a pair of everlasting Breeches;" or on Wimbledon Common "a tall man in a blue Frock and a light Bob wig on a bay Horse with a Swish tail and look'd like a genteel galopping hunter."

It is noteworthy that the numerous persons who were robbed seem always to have had time to observe every feature of their assailant, and every detail of his apparel, from the lining of his waistcoat to the wearing of his hair, and from the "setting a good tail" of his horse to the other end of the animal, whether it were "rode with a Pelham bit."

Here is an advertisement for a warrant against a certain Jesse Boreham, suspected of having stolen from the Rev. Mr. John Mayonnet "a large silver saucepan, a parcel of Silver Pennys" and other necessaries of a clerical establishment. The said Boreham is "genteely made, but stooping in his gate, makes him appear round shoulder'd, his legs are long, and he has a remarkable Jirk in his Walk, his face rather pale than fresh colour'd with a dark Mark on one side of his Neck resembling Dirt."

Announcements of racing and cock-fighting recur regularly. Easter Monday seems to have been a favourite day for "a match of Cocks" at 10 guineas a battle. An advertisement for races on Bicton's Heath, near Shrewsbury, April, 1755, ends with "There will be assemblies each night at The Raven, and Cocking as usual."

Packs of hounds are occasionally advertised for sale "used to hunt both Fox and hare."

The number of "Sash'd houses" to let or to be sold is by far the largest item in the advertising columns. They always boast one or more dovecotes, well stock'd fish ponds, and occasionally "there is also a good pew in the Church belonging to it."

Of schools or seminaries there are but few mentions. Occasionally we come upon one such as that of Mrs. Young who takes young ladies "in a handsome sash'd House. . . . The young ladies to pay 12 pounds per year. The Entrance one guinea, and a new silver spoon."

As we turn over the yellow pages of the London *Evening Post* we cannot but regret that the *Morning Post* of to-day has not imitated it in one particular—namely, that of mentioning the fortune of the bride in the announcements of marriage. "Mr So and So to Miss So and So, a young lady of great merit and 1500£ fortune." This good old custom has, unfortunately, become obsolete.

The want of a *Matrimonial News* seems to have pressed heavily on the unmarried in the days of which we have been writing. There are several advertisements for wives which show how that courageous newspaper has met in our own day a long and deeply felt want of our ancestors. "A gentleman," we read, "nearer the age of 60 than Fifty" is on the lookout for a second wife "answerable to his years." He requires that she should be "of a Behaviour to do Dignity

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at the Table, and in the House of a man of fortune; of a chearful disposition, without any deformity in her Person: Her age implies, that no external Beauties are required *but* . . . she must be plump, not hagged and lean."

As we close these notes a report reaches us which shows that, even while these short pages were being written, another bound was being made in the direction of expansion on the part of the professional bounder—we mean advertiser.

We hear (not on authority, therefore possibly correctly) that the white cliffs of Albion are no longer to be left out in the cold as "spaces to let." Possibly before these lines find their way into print that landmark of English eyes and hearts will be transformed into a belt of advertisements which, we understand, will at night be writ in fire.

In the next war which the arrogance of other nations forces upon us, we can imagine as our hospital ships near our shores how the sorely wounded soldier will say to the comrade who supports him:

"I'm goin' fast, Bill. Is Lemco in sight yet?"

"No, old chap, it ain't."

"Have we passed Labby's Lip Salve?"

"Not yet."

While on the bridge the burly captain peers into the night and says, "Dash my starry topsails if we aren't out of our course."

"No, sir," says the attendant bo'sun, "that's Keating's Cough Lozenges a-showing up on our lee now."

Ah! happy island where the shout of the advertiser already re-echoes in our drawing-rooms, and will shortly greet the homing Briton from afar across the waves.

Mary Cholmondeley.

STREET MUSIC

O how the dance-tune trips it through the street,
Making steps rhythmic, blood the lustier beat!
Throwing a thought of love and holiday
Into the midst of Trade's most prosy way.

Look yonder: it is but an aged crone
Crouched in a corner, wrinkled and alone,
Half-dazed, who feeby grinds an organ small,
Craving scant pence and sun—and that is all.

As soon I'd think to hear a gargoyle sing,
A death-mask speak a lyric word of spring,
As yonder hag fill all the drowsy air
With music making Life alert and fair.

* * * * * * *

Yet hark, again the strain, the waltz-tune glad,
The sudden rapture, the abandon mad,
From a bleared woman, sick and old and sad!

Richard Burton.

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SEVEN BOOKS OF SOME IMPORTANCE

I.

The Blashfields' "Italian Cities."*

The only possible plea on which the average writer can speak of Italy is that of having lit on some unnoticed place, some unrecorded phase of art, some detail insignificant enough to have dropped out of the ever-growing catalogue of her treasures. For the privilege of adding one more foot-note to those glowing pages, the lover of Italy will wade patiently through much vague theorising and feeble rhetoric; but the author who comes forward with a book on the great land-marks—who boldly heads his chapters with immortal names—must expect to be measured by another standard. He who has anything to say about Rome, Florence or Siena must justify himself by saying it extraordinarily well.

This condition Mr. and Mrs. Blashfield have admirably fulfilled in their two volumes on *Italian Cities*. They have brought to their task, in addition to exact technical knowledge, that imaginative sensibility not often combined with it; and these qualities have been merged and mellowed, as it were, in a long familiarity with Italian life and speech. In these days of "superficial omniscience" few writers can show such an equipment, and those who have it do not always know how to use it. The command of a vivid and flexible prose has enabled the authors of *Italian Cities* to present their results in the most interesting book of Italian impressions that has appeared in English since Symonds's volumes. To the most superficial reader Mr. and Mrs. Blashfield's pages must be full of charm; and to one familiar with the aspect of Italy, and knowing something of its artistic and political past, they possess the varied suggestion which characterises the country itself. Perhaps, indeed, the most remarkable quality of the book is the skill with which various tastes are taken into account, with which the claims of erudition and emotion, of historic exactness and poetic fancy, are fused into a homogeneous "sensation" of Italy. To compare, for instance, the analogy drawn between Saint Francis and Epictetus, in the chapter on Assisi, with the charming little *genre* picture of a visit to the nuns of Cortona gives some idea of the flexibility of view that has enabled the authors to survey so many aspects of their subject. Equally striking in its way is the sombre record of the great siege of Siena, extracted with masterly conciseness from the pages of Brantôme and Monluc, while the curiously graphic picture of the Perugia of to-day is like some raised topographical map in its vivid and minute precision. It was to be expected that in their study of Italy the main interest of the authors should centre in her art. The impartiality with which they have traced the successive manifestations of this art may be observed from the opening pages on the Byzantine craftsmen to those in which Correggio, the painter's painter, is discussed with the same discriminating sympathy as the unknown artists who lined the tomb of Galla Placidia with mosaics "blue as the heart of a sapphire." Such catholicity of judgment has not always marked the English or American art-critic, and the present work doubtless owes something of its artistic balance to the technical competence of one of the authors. Some of the happiest of the reflections with which it abounds are drawn from this professional experience. The analysis of the early Sienese school of painting contains, for example, an admirably drawn contrast between the critical standpoint of artist and amateur. "The inarticulate work of art," the authors say, "appeals to the critic: he 'discovers' it, pleads for it, reveals it. Indeed, he soon ceases to see it objectively, and it often appeals to him only through the medium which his own fancy has created. Why has so much been written about Botticelli, so little about Donatello? Why is Simone Martini more stimulating to eloquence than Veronese? Because . . . the master-craftsmen need no apologists and offer no handle to facile criticism. . . . Finally, to analyse or define the enduring charm of a world-famous picture is a form of mental exercise; to rhapsodise over a

*Italian Cities. By E. and E. W. Blashfield. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 vols. $4.00.

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Sano di Pietro or a Matteo Giovanni . . . an inexpensive form of mental dissipation." Words of gold, which, omitting the specific reference to painting, might well be written up in every critic's laboratory.

Felicity in summing up a series of deductions or impressions is in fact characteristic of Mr. and Mrs. Blashfield's book. What, for instance, could be a better way of defining Mantegna's talent than to say that he resolved the almost impossible proposition of *achieving grandeur without simplicity?* Another telling phrase defines one of the least-understood exigencies of decorative painting: "When he [the decorative artist] can draw and paint every detail of his subject, then, and not till then, can he suppress judiciously; for a man may leave out intelligently only what he has entirely possessed." Equally effective, but with the quite different quality of metaphorical aptness, is the definition of the axioms of Epictetus as possessing "the noble nudity of antique marbles;" or the description of the mosaics of the Lower Empire, when the imagery of paganism was being remodelled for Christian use, and "as in these same mosaics the Magi bring gifts to the Mother of God, so each dethroned goddess pays tribute to the new Queen of Heaven."

To those who love the mere visible Italy, irrespective of her latent appeals to the imagination, the descriptive touches scattered through the book will have a special charm. None who know Mantua can fail to appreciate the delicately-pencilled vignette with which the chapter on that city opens; and how vividly is Siena called to sight in the passage beginning: "We have seen the city in many phases: under black clouds, with hailstones shining in stormy, struggling sunshine against the sculptures of the Fonte Gaia . . . and set like a town in a missal-border against a still, flat, blue background of sky"! The sureness of touch with which the writers have differentiated the outer aspect of the cities they depict, so that each stands forth in individual outline and colour, must convince even readers unacquainted with Italy that their descriptions are the result of personal impressions, and not of any preconceived literary or artistic ideal. The whole book, in fact, has this quality of spontaneous observation and reflection, of having, in the French phrase, been *felt* rather than filtered through other sensibilities.

"Here in Italy," our authors cry, "where the civilisations overlie one another, and where history is piled strata upon strata, we are perforce obliged to limit our impressions;" and so with an estimate of their book: it is impossible to trace the innumerable threads of suggestion branching off from every subject on which they touch. To have placed these threads in their readers' hands, to have started them afresh on the endless quest of knowledge and beauty, is to have fulfilled in a noble sense Montesquieu's definition of a great thought: "C'est lorsqu' on dit une chose qui en fait voir un grand nombre d' autres." As faithful lovers of Italy, this is doubtless the end the authors would most wish to have attained.

Edith Wharton.

II.

Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee."*

To read M. Maeterlinck's exquisitely poetical rendering of the life of the bee is to find a new delight in summer, a new interest in the myriad flowers sown broadcast over the warm bosom of nature, and an ever increasing wonder at the marvellously adjusted laws which govern even the smallest of her creatures. From being an intangible, indolently accepted part of the summer stir and joyousness, the drowsy hum of the bee seeking the quivering soul of the flower has gained a new meaning for us, and we find ourselves looking as eagerly for the truth and standing as thoughtfully before the baffling unknown as the author himself. In his inimitable way he speaks of the bees giving their honey and sweet-smelling wax to man.

But more precious still is their summoning him to the joy of the beautiful months; for events in which the bees take part happen only when skies are pure, at the winsome hours of the year when flowers keep holiday. They are the soul of the summer, the clock

* The Life of the Bee. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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whose dial records the moments of plenty; they are the untiring wing on which delicate perfumes float; the guide of the quivering light-ray, the song of the slumberous, languid air; and their flight is the token, the sure and melodious note, of all the myriad, fragile joys that are born in the heat and dwell in the sunshine. They teach us to tune our ear to the softest, most intimate whisper of these good, natural hours.

He goes on to explain the life of the bee in all its details, beginning with the awakening from the deep sleep of winter, when the warm rays of the sun murmur glad tidings of nectar lying limpid in the hearts of the first venturesome flowers, to the prudent forethought for the winter which results in the massacre of the idle, gluttonous males, who "comfort themselves in the hive as did Penelope's lovers in the house of Ulysses." He tells of the foundation of the hive, the building of the waxen city, the sacrifice of the individual for the prosperity of that city, and the habits and peculiarities of the tribe.

It comes to pass with the bees as with most things in this world; we remark some few of their habits; we say they do this, they work in such and such fashion, their queens are born thus, their workers are virgin, they swarm at a certain time. And then we imagine that we know them, and ask nothing more. We watch them hasten from flower to flower, we see the constant agitation within the hive; their life seems very simple to us, and abounded, like every other life, by the instinctive cares of reproduction and nourishment. But let the eye draw near and endeavour to see, and at once the least phenomenon of all becomes overpoweringly complex; we are confronted by the enigma of destiny, will, aim, means, causes; the incomprehensible organisation of the most significant act of life.

A swarm of bees has, heretofore, been to our careless eyes, we regret to say, merely a mass of tiny, reddish-brown creatures clustering around and protecting their queen as they leave the overcrowded hive to find a new dwelling. We have not realised that they are leaving the fruition of their labours for future generations to enjoy, nor the prodigious perils which attend their mighty adventure. But with our sight clarified by Maeterlinck's loving observations, the unwonted agitation of the scurrying bees which finally, one by one, enlarge the motionless mass hanging from some nearby limb, bears another aspect. We know that it is "the ecstasy of the perhaps unconscious sacrifice the god has ordained; it is the festival of honey, the triumph of the race, the victory of the future; the one day of joy, of forgetfulness and folly; the only Sunday known to the bees." Most marvellous of all is what the author terms the "spirit of the hive"—that feeling which permeates and pervades the entire colony, which apportions to each worker its share of the ceaseless labour, and which disposes pitilessly of the wealth and the happiness, the liberty and the life of all this winged people; and yet with discretion, as though governed itself by the sense of a great duty.

It is not like the special instinct that teaches the bird to construct its well-planned nest, and then seek other skies when the day for migration returns. Nor is it a kind of mechanical habit of the race, or blind craving for life that will fling the bees upon any wild hazard the moment an unforeseen event shall derange the accustomed order of phenomena. On the contrary, be the event never so masterful, the "spirit of the hive" still will follow it, step by step, like an alert and quick-witted slave, who is able to derive advantage even from his master's most dangerous orders.

The chapter on the Nuptial Flight is a very beautiful bit of lyrical description. It is a poem word-painted by a most amorous fancy, with the mysteries of nature held ever before our curious gaze.

Around the virgin queen and dwelling with her in the hive, are hundreds of exuberant males, forever drunk on honey, the sole reason for their existence being one act of love . . . when she lives in their midst the lovers about her know not what she is. They seek her in space, in the remote depths of the horizon, never suspecting that they have but this moment quitted her, have shared the same comb with her, have brushed against her, perhaps, in the eagerness of their departure. One might almost believe that those wonderful eyes of theirs, that cover their heads as though with a glittering helmet, do not recognise or desire her save when she soars in the blue.

In speaking of the voracious idleness of these lovers, every one of which re-

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quires the labour of five or six workers, he says:

But nature is always munificent when dealing with the privileges and prerogatives of love. She becomes miserly only when doling out the organs and instruments of labour. She is especially severe on what men have termed virtue, whereas she strews the path of the most uninteresting lovers with innumerable jewels and favours. "Unite and multiply; there is no other law, or aim, than love," would seem to be her constant cry on all sides; while she mutters to herself, perhaps, "and exist afterward if you can; that is no concern of mine." Do or desire what we may, we find everywhere on our road this morality which differs so much from our own . . . they are the agents of love, and the most enormous, most useless gifts are flung with both hands into the abyss of the future. Out of a thousand of them, one only, once in his life, will have to seek, in the depths of the azure, the presence of the royal virgin. Out of a thousand one only will have, for one instant, to follow in space the female who desires not to escape. That suffices. The partial power flings open her treasury, wildly, even deliriously.

Not the least interesting chapter is the last one on "The Progress of the Race," in which the author expresses his conviction of the intellect of the bee as opposed to the assertions of the entomologists, Messrs. Kirby and Spence, who believe the wonderful little creatures to be possessed of nothing more than an extraordinary instinct so unchanging that it precludes the idea of any capacity for reasoning. M. Maeterlinck puts forth the argument that the evolution of a species requires many centuries; that bees have existed for many thousands of years; that it is only for the last fifty or sixty years that they have been watched; and that, even if it could be proved that since that time no apparent change had occurred, it would not be right to assume that no change had taken place before we began our observations. He continues in a long lyrical pæan to the mother of all things:

Let it be enough that we note the persistent care with which nature preserves and fixes in the evolving race all that has been won from the hostile inertia of matter. She records each happy effort, and contrives we know not what special and benevolent laws to counteract the inevitable recoil. This progress, whose existence among the most intelligent species can scarcely be denied, has perhaps no aim beyond its initial impetus, and knows not whither it goes. But at least, in a world where nothing save a few facts of this kind indicates a precise will, it is significant enough that we should see certain creatures rising thus, slowly and continuously; and should the bees have revealed to us only this mysterious spiral of light in the overpowering darkness, that were enough to induce us not to regret the time we have given to their little gestures and humble habits, which seem so far away and are yet so nearly akin to our grand passions and arrogant destinies.

V. R.

III.

Gildersleeve's "Greek Syntax."*

"Familiarity with the current of a language makes the student susceptible to slight changes unnoticed by those who get their knowledge out of grammars, which generally present illustrations, not proofs, and seldom, if ever, show any sense of proportion. The total impression of style, if carefully watched, breaks itself up into a series of minor impressions, and statistic comes in to give an exact account of the source of feeling. It is in this way that we can speak of the æsthetics of syntax." These words, printed many years ago in the *American Journal of Philology* (III., 194), are from the pen of the same man of genius the first part of whose comprehensive *Syntax of Classical Greek* was issued just before the century closed. To an attentive reader the words contain an epitome of that method which for above a generation Professor Gildersleeve has followed. He, indeed, "obeys the voice at eve obeyed at prime;" but that voice, unlike the voice of Socrates—*his δαιμόνιον*—is not merely apotreptic, but protreptic: it has steadily impelled Professor Gildersleeve to set forth with keen

*Syntax of Classical Greek from Homer to Demosthenes. First Part. The Syntax of the Simple Sentence, Embracing the Doctrine of the Moods and Tenses. By Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve, with the co-operation of Charles William Emil Miller, of the Johns Hopkins University. New York: The American Book Company.

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and pungent diction, particularly in the journal that he founded and still edits, his feeling and perception of the subtleties of that most wonderful instrument of human thought, classical Greek.

In the book before us Professor Gildersleeve deals in 190 pages with the syntax of the simple sentence. The plan pursued in the arrangement of the material is, as he tells us in the preface, that followed in his Latin Grammar, first published in 1867—the parent book of the modern "Gildersleeve-Lodge." A notable feature in the *Syntax* is the large body of admirably selected and clearly arranged examples. The order of sequence in the examples—an order rigidly observed throughout the book—is retrospective, from Demosthenes back to Homer. Thus, the examples from the Attic orators—"the standard of conventional Greek"—are followed by those from Plato, from the historians, from the comedians, from the tragedians, from the lyric poets and, finally, from the epos. To the several authors in each series of examples separate paragraphs are assigned, and in the case of Homer the examples from *Odyssey* and *Iliad* are divided in the same way. Of course, one does not expect to find every link in the chain in every set of examples; but the collection is one of singular copiousness and completeness, and the excellent method of arrangement makes it very easy to use. We learn from the preface that much here is due to the scholarly skill and diligence of Professor Gildersleeve's pupil and collaborator, Professor Miller.

Of the 467 sections into which this first instalment of the *Syntax* is divided, §§ 137-467, which deal with the forms of the verbal predicate, voice, tense and mood, naturally excite the keenest interest. The earlier sections treat of nominative and vocative, of the forms of the subject, of the copula and of the concord of the predicate.

Professor Gildersleeve's views on the most vital matters of Greek syntax have been consistently and pretty fully developed and set forth in a long series of articles in the *American Journal of Philology,* and in his *Justin Martyr* and *Pindar.* Much of this matter is here brought together, with frequent references, in a concentrated and systematised form, and more of it will doubtless appear in the parts that are to follow. Those that are familiar with the master's work will seek in these pages not so much new views as his final enunciation of convictions already set forth elsewhere, and statistic will give, in still greater measure, "an exact account of the source of feeling." For it is characteristic of Professor Gildersleeve that his keen intuition and remarkable feeling for Greek expression enables him to leap chasms that afterward need bridging not only for others, but for himself. A striking instance of this is his treatment of εἰ with the future indicative. In 1876 he clearly enunciated, so far as usage goes, the very important distinction in future conditionals between εἰ with the future indicative and ἐάν with the subjunctive; yet, even in 1892, when, in the J. H. U. Circulars, No. 98, he triumphantly vindicated his view, it is only in a footnote that he mentions, and without expressing acceptance of it, what appears to be, or to involve, the explanation of the difference in usage between the two forms of condition.

The matter of the *Syntax* is in general of such high and uniform excellence as to make praise impertinent and selection of special excellences difficult. The present writer has been particularly struck by the treatment of the middle voice (§§ 145-156) and by the treatment of ἄν in general (§§ 423-467) and of the position of ἄν (§§ 459-466). It is inevitable that many very noteworthy bits of clear and concise doctrine should appear in smaller type: thus the matter about abstract and concrete (p. 21), about the use of the present (§§ 200, 201), about the perfect (§ 227), about the omission of ἄν with the optative (§ 450). Sly humour may lurk in a footnote, as in that about anticipation and expectation at p. 147—a note that evidently has its billet. The striking translations of many salient examples are deserving of attention and study, albeit a liking for Professor Gildersleeve's unique style is comparable with a liking for olives—not at once to be acquired by most διὰ τὴν ἰδιότητα τῆς ἡδονῆς.

But for all this excellence and completeness, no one who had gained a right to an opinion about Greek syntax would be likely to agree in all points with

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Professor Gildersleeve nor be likely not to note here and there what seemed to him omissions. The present writer misses a discussion of such introducing and identifying substantives of the first person as θεὰ Κύπρις in Eur. *Hipp.* 2. So too something might be said at § 130 of the frequent confusion of τίς and ποῖος: under § 159 nothing is said of the simple genitive of the agent: in § 191 the statement that "the Greek has no special form for the progressive present of English" seems strong in view of the common difference in formation between the present (present imperfect) and the so-called second aorist: such a use of the imperfect as is to be found in Xen. *Anab.* 1. 2, 22 καὶ εἶδε τὰς σκηνὰς οὗ οἱ Κίλικες ἐφύλαττον ("had been keeping watch") seems hardly covered by § 224: the treatment of the gnomic forms seems to waver, and the examples of the "gnomic perfect" (§ 257) are not all of the same class: the infinitive as the form of *oratio obliqua* for imperative, hortative subjunctive and pure optative alike might have been treated (cp. § 400): so too such present participles as ἰών = ἐλθών (cf. Soph. *O. T.* 460, 782). Under § 467 Aristoph. *Av.* 127 ποίαν τιν' οὖν ἥδιστ' ἂν οἰκοῖτ' ἂν πόλιν; is most fitly rendered: "What manner of city, then, should you like best to live in?"; but the verse figures earlier in the book (§ 436) as an example of the present optative with ἄν "used of what will be or what will prove to be," nor is the optative with ἄν anywhere differentiated according to its approximation to the senses expressed, respectively, by the optative of βούλομαι (ἐθέλω) with the infinitive (or ἡδέως ἄν with the optative) and the optative of δύναμαι with the infinitive. But what should fairly be said of such an example as the one cited or of Æsch. *Prom.* 978, where νοσοῖμ' ἄν is = ἡδέως ἂν νοσοίμι or βουλοίμην ἂν νοσεῖν?

Criticism of the arrangement of the *Syntax* is disarmed by the preface; but one may be forgiven for expressing regret that the tenses have not been treated according to Aken's scheme of "Verbum Imperfectum," "Verbum Perfectum" and "Verbum Aoristum" (only with the last first), with respective presents and preterites. That would have brought the so-called future indicative (really, it should seem, a desiderative: δρασείω a δράσω touched up) into closer fellowship with the other future forms of the verb. *Shall* and *will* are vital distinctions in English; should not their Greek kin be discriminated as far as may be, even if λύσω have not always the force of "I will loose" and μέλλω be of hazy meaning? Terminology is a dangerous thing to tamper with; but it may be that the dwindling band of youthful students of Greek would understand their verbs better if preterite aorist, present and preterite imperfect and present and preterite perfect were familiar names for the forms of the indicative. The imperfect forms were not always so curtly named in English as now, and "past imperfect" appears in § 306 of the *Syntax*. But this is ἔξω τοῦ δράματος.

In concluding this notice, far too brief for the subject, the writer would call attention to the admirable clearness with which the book is printed and the singular, almost flawless, accuracy of the Greek text.

Students of the classics will await with impatience the appearance of the other parts of Professor Gildersleeve's great work, in which he is so ably supported by Professor Miller, and will add to their *"Absit omen!"* at the sombre words of the preface a *"Serus in cælum redeas diuque lætus intersis populo Minervæ."*

Χαῖρε, πάτερ ὦ ξεῖνε· ἔπος δ' εἴπερ τι βέβακται
δεινόν, ἄφαρ τὸ φέροιεν ἀναρπάξασαι ἄελλαι.

Mortimer Lamson Earle.

IV.

Mr. Prowse's "Voysey."*

Voysey is a book which the enlightened reader will want to talk about at length. The experienced ones will recognise the realism of the story, and will give a little start at some of the things which Mr. Prowse has said, not because they are shocking, but because they are so intensely true. Then, again, they will want to discuss the things which are left unwritten, and to speculate as to the probability of the ending. But to the persons who have never known the real thing, and who do not take up a book until they have read a

* Voysey. By R. O. Prowse. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

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present-day advertisement of it, the story of *Voysey* will fail to offer even a passing interest.

Although the first part of the book drags along in a tantalising manner, and although there are a number of characters who have nothing to do with the story, the atmosphere is charged from the first with what is to be. One knows that the affair between Voysey and Mrs. Detmond "began from the beginning," and that the indescribable sex-attraction was in evidence at their first meeting. Voysey is a man who never could care very much. In the first place, he ranks personal comfort above everything else, and, in the second place, he is too self-conscious. He is always thinking of himself even in the greatest crisis of his life; of how things are going to affect him.

> Like other men, he had had his friendships with women, his intimacies even, harmless, sympathetic little affairs in the English manner: little affairs in which the dryness of mere conversation had been relieved by the consciousness of a personal interest, by the assumption, sometimes, that the interest might have become something more if the chances of life had been different; his friends, for the most part, had been clever women, and though clever women, too, may have their emotions, the intelligence imposes conditions that have a chastening effect upon the impulses. He had too much lucidity and too much passion to take such affairs for more than they were worth. He asked too much to be satisfied: he could do with little enough to be entertained.

He was afraid of the dark when he was a little boy, and he is afraid of anything that will make him worried or unhappy now that he is a man. And this sort of man can never love very deeply, because he is not willing to share in the suffering and the responsibility. Mrs. Detmond may be called almost commonplace. She is without distinction, cleverness, or culture, and yet she has a strong personality. In her stillness (and she is a woman who talks little) one feels an "intense sense of her being there." In her home life she appears a quiet, ladylike sort of person, and it is not until she is aroused by the one great passion of her life that the real woman is revealed. Her husband must have been a pretty baby. In the story he is an unsuspicious, grown-up boy, interested in the morning paper, the weather, and the making of money; the type of man who is classed as husband and nothing more. It so happens that Voysey and Arthur Detmond were at Oxford together, and it is, therefore, through the husband's invitation that Voysey first visits the Detmonds. At first Voysey and Mrs. Detmond content themselves with the conventionalities. But long before there is anything tangible, Voysey *fears*. He thinks of her when he is away from her and worries about possibilities. Just here is where the man differs from the woman. She courts danger, and when she loves there is no analysis and no fear. Of course all men are not like Voysey. There is always the exceptional man as well as the exceptional woman. However, in this story both man and woman are very much like the majority of men and women, and they do what the majority of men and women are tempted to do in the same circumstances. Voysey dines frequently with the Detmonds, spends a summer vacation with them, and is looked upon as a friend of the family. It is some time before the final surrender takes place, and it is Emily who brings it about.

> Her devotion was a revelation to him—a revelation of what the love of a woman may mean—of how a woman may be transformed by love. He had known nothing like the tenderness with which she enveloped him—a tenderness that was always on the watch to express itself: that never missed the chance of a welcome, a smile, a caress. There were fine inventions, fine inspirations, in her tenderness, she discovered a thousand small ways of enforcing it that he had never imagined in his prevision of love, a seduction he had never foreseen nor allowed for. The moment they were alone she was his—and making him intensely conscious of all that it meant to her to be his. In no one's life had he ever taken so large a place, there had been no one to whom his presence had ever meant half so much. It was only as their intimacy deepened and she began gradually to disarm his mistrust, it was only as, without cherishing any illusion as to the nature of her passion, he grew to a perception of how immense the transforming power of that passion really was, that he came to understand what love meant for her. He saw that it meant just everything. It had lighted up the heights and the depths for her;

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it had revealed deeper places than he had ever believed in; it was in the strength of such a love as this that a woman might rise to heights—even to heights touched with glory.

There are meetings at home, in the absence of the husband, when Voysey is always the cautious one; then there are clandestine meetings in London, where in imagination they become a part of the great city's darkest side:

And the city, with the offer of its boundless opportunity, was their accomplice, the city that is so deep in complicity with our nature, that takes nothing amiss in the affairs of life or in the affairs of love, that seems to wear an aspect of encouragement for every manifestation of human experience: the city was their accomplice, it covered them with its guilty and troubling dusk, it was as if its nightly illumination were designed in honour of the consummation of loves like theirs.

As must inevitably be the case in a love such as theirs, they would be on the heights one day and in the depths the next. To the woman such love needed no justification, but to the man the affair, with its complex responsibilities, needed much. After a misunderstanding Emily would say:

". . . When I am horrid to you it is only because—because it seems as if you didn't care. I can't bear it. When I think that, it is as if something—I don't know what—something sharp—were being driven into me—into my brain. I don't know what happens to me."

It is in these little touches that Mr. Prowse shows his intimate knowledge of men and women. He very rightly says that there were scarcely two days when the relations between Emily and Voysey could have been covered by just the same definition; and it is in the fine subtleties of his analysis that the book fascinates the reader. There comes a time when Voysey separates himself from Emily, thinking that by so doing he can be free. But his imagination, which is always at work, deprives him of the freedom which he has sought.

The brutality of their rupture appeared to him with a look that was scarcely more odious than stupid: what in the world was a man's experience worth if he couldn't manage better than this?—how could a man manage much worse than to make a woman suffer in this way? He had lost all idea that their separation had been designed in her interest as well as his own, to save her as well as himself; he seemed to have cast her off merely for his own escape; and, with the despair of her letters ringing in his ears, the act looked as infamous as that of the man who, when the ship goes down, beats a drowning woman from a boat.

After a time Emily comes to him, and as she makes the supreme and last sacrifice of giving up her child, one feels a genuine thrill. But Voysey and Emily never go away. She returns home to find Arthur lying desperately ill. He dies, surrounded by a wife who has never loved him and by a friend who has betrayed him. It is at his deathbed that Emily suffers a reaction. There is a long separation when Voysey travels and thinks.

He had had a very clear vision of what it would mean to go back: to go back to the villa and begin again, to renew the connection, continue the story, resume his professions, surrender to the old exactions, the old provocations, the old influences, to live again in that atmosphere so deeply tainted. The voice of the past, eloquent in dissuasion, proclaimed it was impossible to go back. And here, no doubt, he might have rested had he not, in sudden variance with the first, heard another voice that proclaimed it was almost equally impossible to go on. To go on without her, that is, to leave her behind; to cut her adrift; to put back snugly into port himself, and leave her at the mercy of the seas. Of such desertions he had always had a lively horror—they are the grossest form of betrayal. There is always about them the ignominy of flight, the egotism of the *sauve qui peut*. For even when such a union as theirs ends in no scandal of discovery, no obvious disaster, no visible triumph of a virtuous world, it still leaves a woman exposed —morally, physically exposed: leaves her with children of moral consequences a man should be man enough to father, moral needs he should help her to meet. In passion between men and women the chances are never even, the play can never be made fair: a woman has too much against her: a man may put down but a counter or two, when a woman plays for her soul. For this reason the account be-

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tween them is one that can never be closed, it is a page that can never be turned. No man can call himself generous who will give a woman a "past" and reject all her claim to his future. And between himself and Emily, more than in most such cases as theirs, the balance was horribly uneven; she had given him everything—her faith, her honour, her love, the courage of a tremendous risk, and in return what had he given her? . . . Ah, clearly it was his turn to give, it was his turn to pay. Not to honour such a claim was to put himself shamelessly on the list of the world's defaulters—a world eternally dishonest to women.

But it is all too late. Something snapped in Emily's brain at the time of her husband's death, and when Voysey returns to her the great passion lies dead.

Mr. Prowse leaves a vague impression at the last; the reader must puzzle it out for himself. What, for instance, had Mr. Holmes to do with Emily? As a study in the emotions, *Voysey* is an admirable piece of work, and Mr. Prowse should be ranked with such writers as George Gissing and Mrs. Dudeney, both of whom he resembles at times,—Gissing in the type of man who recalls the sorry hero of *In the Year of Jubilee,* and Mrs. Dudeney in the subtlety of the book's emotional psychology.

F. M. Mandeville.

V.

Matilde Serao's "Land of Cockayne."*

There is still ample room for discussion regarding the relative rank of Italy's three leading novelists, Verga, Fogazzaro and d'Annunzio; but common consent seems to have decreed that the fourth place belongs by inalienable right to Matilde Serao. It is hard to find a parallel in modern literature to the robust and yet essentially feminine talent of the author of *Paese di Cuccagna.* People with a fondness for making this sort of comparison have sometimes called her the George Sand of Italy; but, aside from the implied compliment, the phrase has little significance. In her literary training, in her views of life, in the entire theory and practice of her vocation, she has little in common with the author of *Consuelo* and *La Petite Fadette.* A far closer parallel could be found in Emilia Pardo Bazan, one of Spain's chief champions of Zola and of naturalism, who, as a critic, is the more vigorous writer of the two, but does not approach Serao in power as a novelist.

As compared with her contemporaries in Italy, Signora Serao lacks the originality of d'Annunzio, of Fogazzaro and even of Verga with whom she has always been in closest sympathy. Unlike them, she has not been ambitious to found new schools of fiction, but has been content to do what in her lay, with existing methods, to raise the standard of the Italian novel. In some ways she is the most eminently Italian of the four, the most essentially national, in a broad, representative way. D'Annunzio, with his devotion to art and to antiquity, with his involved symbolism and his poetic and carefully cadenced prose, speaks a language and moves in a medium quite above the heads of a large proportion of his countrymen; while Fogazzaro, circumscribed by the narrow limits of his *Little World of Yesterday,* and Verga, keeping close to the lives and the speech of the Sicilian peasantry, are too essentially local to be in any sense representative. Signora Serao, while admitting frankly that the local jealousies and sectional differences of Italy are still too strong to allow of a representative national novel, has nevertheless combined so skilfully in her own work an intensely local treatment with a cosmopolitan breadth of view, that her *Land of Cockayne,* her *Riccardo Joanna,* her *Conquest of Rome,* go a long way toward filling the requirements of the Great Italian Novel.

It is a rather curious comment on our vaunted cosmopolitan taste in literature that a writer of such power as Serao should have remained all these years practically unknown in this country. Some of her short stories have from time to time gained an ephemeral hearing in the pages of magazines of fiction, and one of her earlier novels, *Fantasia,* appeared in translation a few years ago without attracting any special notice. There are probably to-day a good many readers who owe a knowledge of her name to the cordial tribute paid her by d'Annunzio in the dedication of one of his earlier vol-

*The Land of Cockayne. By Matilde Serao. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.50.

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umes. To those who care for biographical details, it may be interesting to know that in private life Matilde Serao is known as the wife of Edouardo Scarfoglio, one of the leading journalists of Naples, and that she herself was born at Patras, Greece, in 1857, where her father, also a journalist, was living temporarily, having been one of the numerous group that suffered exile during the closing years of the Bourbon supremacy in Southern Italy. Her own experience in newspaper work began more than twenty-five years ago. Since that time she has been associated with the *Fanfulla* of Rome, the *Corriere* of Naples, and several other influential papers, and is now the editor of the *Mattino di Napoli,* of which her husband is proprietor.

In common with the majority of Italian novelists, Serao has drawn her inspiration largely from French literature. Balzac and Stendhal, Zola and Maupassant and the Goncourts were the models upon which she based her first efforts. The Rougon-Macquart series gave her the title of one volume and the theme of another. The failure of the Goncourts to do justice to the psychology of a young girl in *Chérie,* formed the inspiration of her *Romanzo della Fanciulla;* and *La Conquista di Roma,* in which a deputy from the south, of considerable local repute, comes to Rome, expecting to take the city by storm, suggests in more than one chapter a reminiscence of *Numa Roumestan.* In recent years Matilde Serao, in common with so many others, has suffered a reaction from naturalism and has interested herself more extensively with things of the spirit. Naturalism, materialism, scepticism, are in her opinion, convertible terms; and her slumbering faith in the Catholic Church having been lately reawakened by a visit to the Holy Land, she finds herself leaning more and more toward idealism, mysticism and that element of Christian pity which M. de Vogüé was the first to point out as the chief characteristic of the Russian novelists. Yet many of her later novels are modelled quite frankly upon Bourget, who was one of the earliest French critics to express his appreciation of her, and whom, in a lengthy preface to the French version of her latest volume, she hails with the title of Master. One of the most characteristic examples of this period which come to mind is a comparatively short story called *L'Indifferente,* a study in the perversities of feminine psychology which might have been written by Bourget himself. It is very simple in structure. It opens during a rendezvous in the hero's bachelor apartments. The heroine, a married woman, suddenly remembers that through unprecedented carelessness she has left her lover's note making the appointment—a note couched in terms which could not be misconstrued—lying open on her dressing table. With frantic haste she returns home only to learn beyond question that her husband has been in the room, that he has taken some object from the dressing-table, that unless blind he could not fail to see the compromising letter. In intense agitation she waits for the storm to burst, wondering dumbly what form it will take. Will his vengeance fall on her lover or herself, or on both together? Will he inflict summary vengeance or wait for the divorce court to take its slow course? And while she tortures herself with these doubts and questionings the hours go by, and lengthen into days, and yet the storm does not burst. Her husband's demeanour is unchanged, just as correct and glacial as in the past. And gradually the truth breaks in upon her, that her husband knows, and in spite of his knowledge is too indifferent to heed or interfere or even to care. The whole matter is too unimportant to call forth even a passing comment. And with this knowledge on her part there comes, through one of those curious perversities of a woman's heart, a gradual transfer of her own affection, the beginning of a deep and lasting and fruitless love for the man to whom her honour is of so little moment that he does not even in thought associate it with his own.

Such is the Serao of the later period. But at the time of writing *Paese di Cuccagna* she was fairly steeped in Zola and in naturalism. "An Italian *Assommoir*" Bourget has called this book, in which the intoxication of alcohol has been replaced by the intoxication of the lottery. It has been very generally recognised as the author's masterpiece, and deservedly so, for in many ways it is a very remarkable book. Seldom does an author succeed to this degree in putting into a single volume not merely the physiog-

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nomy, but the very heart and soul, so to speak, of an entire city. The nature of Naples itself, the climate, the life of the people, have all contributed to the dramatic effects of the story, for the book is full of sharp contrasts—on the one side the superficial brilliance and gayety of Italian nature, the magic spell of the blue sky and sparkling waters of the Mediterranean, the half-oriental lavishness of colour that gives a distinctive note to Neapolitan life; on the other, beneath the surface, the spreading horror of the craze for gambling, the passion for the *lotto*, stretching out, octopus-like, into every rank and grade of society, menacing the honour of the impoverished nobleman, the business credit of the bourgeois merchant, the weekly stipend of the humble little glove-cutter and mantilla-maker, the rare *centesimi* of the very beggars in the street. The picture that she has painted in these forceful pages, which, read in the right way, are quite as much an arraignment of the Italian government as they are a novel, is a motley picture, painted on a crowded canvas. To some extent Matilde Serao possesses Zola's gift of handling large masses of men, of giving you the effect of vast crowds, and making you feel that they have an entity of their own and are something more than a mere aggregate of individuals. Some of the scenes in this volume are admirable in this fashion, such scenes as the public drawing of the numbers in the weekly *lotto* Saturday afternoon; the christening party at Fragala's home; the street scenes during Carnival. Yet, unlike Zola, she cannot sustain these scenes long; she is in too great haste to fix her attention upon the details, as though she perpetually regarded life through the lenses of an opera-glass and was impatient to focus it upon some particular face or object. Yet, after all, her method is her own, and the details which she gives us are so significant, so representative, her eye is so keen and so impartial, that she has made Naples live before us in colours which will not fade, a brilliant, kaleidoscopic Naples on the surface, and beneath it another Naples of which the average tourist knows practically nothing, but which those who would understand the real life and purpose and incentive of the Neapolitan cannot afford to ignore.

It is difficult to analyse the underlying romance in *Paese di Cuccagna*. The love of the Doctor Amati for the frail, neurotic Bianca-Maria, the daughter of the sinister old Marchese Cavalcanti, is too closely entangled with the story of the *lotto* to be told here without retelling the entire book. It is a morbid, harrowing story at best, a painful object-lesson in the lengths to which superstition and greed can go, when a tender, sensitive human being is slowly and systematically tortured to death, though quite unwittingly, in order that the lucky numbers of the *lotto* may be revealed. Undoubtedly, a good many readers will find this book, or at least certain parts of it, unpleasant reading; nevertheless, they cannot fail to be conscious of its power, and to feel that the English version which has lately been given us is a distinct acquisition to our literature.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

VI.

Mr. Mabie's "Shakespeare."*

There is always something to say about Shakespeare. In spite of the fact that everything has been said and said many times, there is a certain authority in the latest word, even though the last word always leaves room for a later word. But any one who ventures to write about Shakespeare to-day must decide first of all what phase he will choose to write about, and what particular set of readers he will address. This Mr. Mabie has done clearly and consistently, and the first great merit of his book is that his audience is as constantly before his mind as is his subject. He intends that his book shall reach the intelligent, uncritical reader—not the wholly uninitiated nor the student—not those who want to learn nor those who know—but the people of leisure and means to whom half of Shakespeare's plays are reminiscences and the other half are names—people whose chief knowledge of Shakespeare and most genuine delight in him were gained from Augustin Daly.

The name of Shakespeare is such a one to conjure with that all one needs to make

*William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist and Man. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

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an interesting book is a sufficient knowledge of the subject and a sufficiently important personality in himself to enable him to have a point of view. It is a matter of course that Mr. Mabie has this general equipment; but, curiously enough, there was a distinct place for this book beyond that which is always open for any man of prominence to speak his mind about the most prominent of men. Since the last popular account and estimate of Shakespeare there have appeared several important contributions to Shakespearian scholarship—notably that of Georg Brandes—and at least one critical investigation of his life—that by Sidney Lee. The results of the researches of these men have been fully recognised by Mr. Mabie, and his book is largely an endeavour to sugar-coat his knowledge for the general reader. This leads us at once to the book's chief fault—that there is a great deal more sugar-coating than there is pill. Mr. Mabie is too terribly afraid of being dull. He should have known that with his engaging style, saying real things about Shakespeare would not have bored us. But Mr. Mabie tells all necessary facts under protest and in a half-apologetic tone; he tries to wedge in odds and ends of information in an incidental way—checking them off in his note-book as one by one he gets them into the text. Facts are stubborn things for Mr. Mabie; and it is with no small sense of satisfaction that he gets one imbedded in the middle of a mild and innocent-looking paragraph. Very often he counts upon the momentum gained by a good description to carry us over the little piece of information he has for us at the end.

The result of this impossible paragraphing is that the book seems more full than it really is of the technicalities and trivialities which persistently bob up as one is reading. Mr. Mabie knows what is important and what is not, and occasionally reminds us to distinguish between the vital and the non-essential; but he spends so much time talking about the things which are of almost no consequence at all, that the effect of his excellent advice is rather lost upon us. The first third of the book is largely preamble, which is all very delightful, but which leaves no definite impression; whereas the comments on the greater plays have a constant semblance of telling things without the reality; and while most if not all that is said is very fine, while there are pages of keen appreciation and sympathetic understanding, yet the lack of any real continuity, the lack of anything whatever new or of commanding interest, makes us feel that the subject was not as strongly conceived nor as deeply felt as it should be. The repetition even of important things comes to seem like padding. It is the latest, largest, broadest, most natural, most human and most dramatic view of Shakespeare that we have, but it is more comment than illumination; it is appreciation, but not revelation. There is too much environment to the amount of Shakespeare; there is too much landscape and probable influences and possible happenings; it is too much around and about him; it is too much under the trees—and elsewhere.

Still, an absolute condemnation would be more unjust than unqualified praise, for the book has much more of scope than of limitation. It gains on a second reading, for then one is not looking for the things which are not, but has more time to enjoy the many things which are. Mr. Mabie is in line with the old traditions, and also with the present-day tendency to humanise Shakespeare; he shows how essential it was for him to learn his trade like any other man; he traces his development step by step; he catches wonderfully well the spirit of the age to which Shakespeare so thoroughly belonged and by which he was so deeply influenced. He sets rather too much store by his lovableness and probable morality, but he is to be forgiven this for placing equal emphasis upon his sanity and his stage-craft. Mr. Mabie shows his own sanity in showing that of Shakespeare; but it is, perhaps, his chief service that he separates the dramatist from the poet. To Mr. Mabie it is as a poet that Shakespeare makes his first and last appeal; but he notes carefully the bearing of the theatre upon the plays which were written directly for it and were owned by it, so that even the great tragedies did not at first count as the author's private property nor even as literature at all; and the effect which this had on Shakespeare's self-consciousness as an artist is kept so constantly in mind that a great deal of unnecessary conjecturing and quibbling is saved us. Because of this general sanity

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and common-sense of the book, as well as some fine isolated paragraphs and pages, its defects and limitations must not be taken with too much severity. It is a good book, and no one need be ashamed to be caught reading it.

One of the most satisfying features is that it is the first general account of Shakespeare going fully into every little corner of popular interest, which does not mention the name of Bacon nor that of Ignatius Donnelly. The Baconian theory is no longer of sufficient importance to be refuted again, and Mr. Mabie dismisses it beautifully with merely the side comment, "If Burns and Lincoln were not so near us, the authorship of 'Tam o' Shanter' and the Gettysburg address would have been challenged on the ground of inadequate preparation for such masterpieces of expression."

In general, Mr. Mabie follows Mr. Dowden's division of Shakespeare's life into the periods of apprenticeship, comedies, tragedies, and romances; but he is particularly happy in his discussion of *Romeo and Juliet* and of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* which he puts between the time of apprenticeship and of actual dramatic accomplishment, and considers as marking the climax of Shakespeare's lyrical achievement. Yet in his treatment of this period Mr. Mabie gets himself into a curious inconsistency. The Sonnets, he says, can hardly have been written later than 1598. The five or six years from about 1596, which is assigned as the probable date for the appearance of *Romeo and Juliet,* for the writing of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and for the production of the *Merchant of Venice* till the approach of tragedy in 1601, Mr. Mabie thinks were the most fortunate and happy years of Shakespeare's life: "The rising tide of creative energy, his mounting fortunes, and the deep fascination of the spectacle of life evoked his humour and gave free play to the gayety of his nature and the buoyancy of a mind which played like lambent lightning over the whole surface of experience and knowledge." The year 1599 was the probable date for *The Merry Wives of Windsor, Much Ado About Nothing* and *As You Like It,* in the last of which "he was still in the sunlight, but the shadows were approaching." With these notes in mind it is interesting to compare what is, perhaps, the finest page of appreciative criticism in the whole book:

> While it is highly improbable that the Sonnets record in chronological order two deep and searching emotional experiences, the autobiographic note in them is unmistakable; it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that they express, if they do not literally report, a prolonged emotional experience culminating in a crisis which shook the very bases of his nature; which brought him in the beginning an intense and passionate joy, slowly dissolving into a great and bitter agony of spirit; and issuing at last, through the moralisation of a searching insight, in a larger and deeper harmony with the order of life. This experience, in which friendship and love contended for supremacy in his soul; in which he entered into a new and humiliating consciousness of weakness in his own spirit, and in which he knew, apparently for the first time, that bitterness of disenchantment and disillusion which, to a nature of such sensitiveness and emotional capacity as his, is the bitterest cup ever held to the lips, found him gay, lighthearted, buoyant, full of creative energy, and radiant with the charm and the dreams of youth; it left him saddened in spirit, burdened with the consciousness of weakness, face to face with those tragic collisions which seem at times to disclose the play of the irony of fate, but out of which, in agony and apparent defeat, the larger and more inclusive harmony of the individual with the divine and the human order of society is secured and disclosed.

In view of this admirable piece of criticism which Mr. Mabie had not written when he said that the Sonnets could not be later than 1598, it is interesting to compare the theory advanced in the earlier discussion of the Sonnets, that "the two unknown persons and the poet are the actors in a drama which may have been subjective in its origin, but which is definitely objective in its presentation." According to this earlier view, the Sonnets are a lyrical drama of several stages, told by the meditations of the poet and contemporary in origin with *Romeo and Juliet,* than which they are not more passionately tragic. The chapter devoted to the Sonnets is full of interest, and we would not have it any shorter, though it seems hardly a right proportion to devote twenty pages to them just because they make a good chapter heading, while three

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pages are given to *Othello* and one to *Richard III.*

The position, or rather positions, which Mr. Mabie takes regarding the Sonnets emphasise his lack of position regarding the great tragedies. He devotes more time to *Love's Labour's Lost* than to *Macbeth* and *King Lear* together. About these greatest plays he can say little else than Christian's *"Je t'aime,"* and, perhaps, it is only a *précieuse* who would ask for more. But in *Love's Labour's Lost,* where he can show the influence of Lily and accumulate evidences that "Euphues" was at court and in the air, he can breathe more freely. Shakespeare's first comedy was as deliberately a satire on the artificial way of speaking which he found about him as was the first great play of Molière; but his chief care was to cure himself. "Indeed, the comedy may be regarded as an attempt on the poet's part to free himself from artistic peril by giving his mind, on its dexterous side, full play." Though this conception is not wholly new, it is most ingeniously put. Mr. Mabie is better on this first authenticated play than on any other. More often he makes his comments with too little aid from his own original thought. The character of Falstaff compelled the writing of *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* but the character of the Falstaff in the *Merry Wives* justifies the old tradition that the play was written at Elizabeth's command. This is Shakespeare's only drama of contemporary life, and yet not only Falstaff, but Bardolph, Nym and Pistol lived two centuries before; and as for being contemporary in manner—why, every Shakespearian character is an Elizabethan—Hamlet and Brutus were both such men as Shakespeare saw about him every day.

In spite of all this there is a healthiness of tone throughout which more than compensates. Even where Mr. Mabie is straining his point, as where he makes the attack of Greene help to prove Shakespeare's very lovableness, his attitude is singularly just. The later chapters have many indications of being hastily written; the repetitions become more numerous and haphazard; and beautiful paragraphs degenerate into beautiful sentences. But these less careful chapters of the book are relieved by occasional bits of valuable criticism or salient comment, as, for instance: "Shakespeare's morality is the morality of fundamental law, not of provisional rules; his righteousness is the righteousness of sane, wholesome, ordered living, not of conventional good behaviour." Mr. Mabie comes out of the tragic period, not, of course, with the same cheerfulness and buoyancy with which he entered it, but with the serene and gracious smile of one who has seen the deepest, darkest things of life, and has come out again into the sunlight.

Henry David Gray.

VII.

Mrs. Meyer's "Robert Annys."*

Mrs. Meyer writes extremely well. Her style has vigour, movement, animation. Her pages are never hard to read. They are never dull. They often give us genuine delight by their felicity of expression and by a certain glow that she is able to infuse into her descriptive passages. She has feeling and imagination; and she has also a sensitive appreciation of the niceties of prose cadence—a rare thing in these days of slovenly writing. Finally, in sitting down to the composition of an historical novel—or at least a novel with an historical background—she has done so with an adequate knowledge of the period with which her story has to do. As to how far she has succeeded in her attempt, critical opinions are likely to differ, and for reasons which we shall endeavour to point out.

"The great uprising" mentioned on the title-page is the remarkable popular movement which took place in England toward the close of the fourteenth century—the movement of which Wat Tyler, John Ball and Jack Straw were the best-known leaders. Its immediate cause was the intense poverty of English artisans and labourers; its immediate purpose was the abolition of villeinage, of the oppressive capitation tax, and of restrictions put upon commerce and the free migration from place to place of persons in search of manual employment. As has so often happened in great popular outbreaks in England, the political and economic grievances were intensified by

*Robert Annys: Poor Priest. A Tale of the Great Uprising. By Annie Nathan Meyer. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

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religious feeling; and, at the period of which Mrs. Meyer writes, the teachings of Wyclif and the Lollards had bred discontent against the Church, and especially against those churchmen whose luxurious lives seemed to show an insolent indifference to the suffering of the very poor. Robert Annys, the titular hero of Mrs. Meyer's book, is one of the "russet priests" who cast in their lot with the peasantry, and who, in defiance of ecclesiastical authority, urged on the great uprising, not to despoil the rich nor to undermine the State, but to stir the conscience of the King that he might give his promise of redress.

The period is one that possesses great interest for the student of constitutional history; since the widespread agitation that marked it was one of those popular movements, which, historically, are linked together, so that in reality they represent a single unending effort through whose steady influence it is true that

> Freedom broadens slowly down
> From precedent to precedent.

Yet for the purposes of fiction we may doubt whether the Great Uprising was altogether a happy choice for a writer seeking for a subject. The story of it is not one that is widely known; nor when known does it greatly appeal to the sympathy of the general reader, as do other great uprisings—the Crusades, for example, the struggle between the Cavaliers and Roundheads, and the romantic heroism of the Scotch Jacobites in 1745. Richard Cœur de Lion and Charles I. and Rupert and Cromwell and the Pretender are all picturesque figures and suited to the pages of romance; but Wat Tyler and Jack Straw and John Ball? Hardly. The novel reader is always for the moment an aristocrat; and as he is not himself suffering from oppression while he lolls in his comfortable verandah chair, his sympathies go out much more freely to the stately noble and to the sumptuous abbot than to the worthy but squalid peasant. This is a part of the philosophy of novel-writing—to select your heroes and heroines from among those with whom your readers will most readily cast in their lot. We learn this in our earliest years. Mr. Bhaer is a very honest German teacher of languages; yet every young person is sorry that it was not Laurie who married Jo.

Still, the historical part of Mrs. Meyer's novel is only, as we said, a background for the very human figures that live and move and suffer before us as we read the pages—above all, Rose, the woman of passion; Matilda, the woman of affection; Robert Annys, the high-strung, imaginative man of temperament; and the splendid old churchman, Thomas of Ely, to us the most impressive personage in the book. Rose Westel is a fine conception imperfectly realised. She is flung at us too precipitately. We have to take too much on trust, and we wish that the author had filled in the outlines a little more fully, even had that necessitated the omission of some of the antiquarian detail—the enumeration of the Countess's bed-covers, curtains, tapestries, salt-cellers and gowns, and the pasties, jellies and forks of the Baron's banquet. To the person of insight, however, who can supply what is lacking to the study, Rose is very true to life—loving love and also loving power, thrilling responsive to passion whenever or by whomsoever it is manifested—by the great noble who kisses her, by the russet priest who burns at the sight of her, even by the stalwart forester who makes wild love to her against her will. She is sex incarnate, vital, compelling. As to Robert Annys we cannot feel the same interest in his struggle between love and quiet affection, as in his struggle between what he believes to be plain duty and the prompting of ambition. One particular episode repels us. His staunch friend, Richard Meryl loves Matilda Westel deeply and sincerely. He finds, however, that she has learnt to care for Robert Annys. Meryl tells his friend of this. Annys does not love the girl, and one would naturally suppose that he would go away and thus allow the hapless Meryl to have some chance of winning her. But no; not at all. He smugly condoles with Meryl, and finally concludes that, although he had never thought of the girl before, he will take her and become a wedded priest. Just listen to this:

> "Ah, well," sighed Annys, laying one hand tenderly on the young man's shoulder; "mayhap 'tis the Cross thou must bear for Christ's sake. For surely with such a woman by my side it will be given me to prove that a wedded

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priest need not be taken up with worldly matters and thoughts of the flesh. Indeed, I shall be perfected in the work of the Lord. With her help I shall be a more useful servant to my people, a kindlier comforter and a wiser adviser. Indeed, I promise thee that she will be to me as a direct gift from God."

And Meryl, instead of kicking his sanctimonious rival, says "with strong pain in his voice":

"Nay, it is worth all to have called thee friend. Sure there is a tie between man and man that may be stronger than that between man and maid."

Whereupon, like the Parisian populace in Mr. Norris's amusing novel, *Matrimony,* we feel like crying out *Va donc, p'tit Joseph!*

Mrs. Meyer manages her dialogue very well, giving it just enough of antique colour and in the main avoiding a pedantic archaism. Once in a while, perhaps, she is a little inconsistent in this respect. Thus "God do bote, for now is tyme" (p. 52), does not quite fit in with the more modern tone of what follows. Presumably "*Thude* sing cuccu" (p. 297) is a misprint; and so we hope is "onto" (p. 285). For however strongly this vulgarism may be defended in some linguistic emergencies, it is absolutely indefensible here. "She knew it was the moat onto which her mother . . . had flung herself." Now no one flings himself or herself "onto" a moat, but rather *into* it. Likewise "smallish" (p. 57) is not to be commended, in spite of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's fondness for this sort of adjectival diminutive. A probable anachronism is to be detected in Robert Annys's dream of how he might himself be Pope. "I heard the boom of the cannons of St. Angelo firing their grand salute." But were there any cannon in the castle of St. Angelo at this period?

We have heard *Robert Annys* spoken of as a book inimical to Catholicism; but we do not ourselves regard it in this light. To be sure, its descriptions of fat abbots, time-serving, heartless priests and crafty cardinals will not be pleasant reading to good Catholics, who may, perhaps, dispute its accuracy in these matters. But to us the single and most impressive figure of the great Bishop of Ely blots out any recollection of all the rest. He is the true representative of his faith, loyal alike to his Church and to his country; no less an English patriot, because he is so devout a Catholic; wise and gentle, far-seeing, liberal and patient, recognising the weaknesses of our common humanity, and willing to work with imperfect instruments toward the attainment of perfection. His speech to Robert Annys in that striking scene—the finest thing in the book—where the russet priest goes to him with defiance in his heart and ends by falling upon his knees before him—is a noble apologia for the Church, whose sons have numbered many such as he:

"The Church is a more intricate matter than any one Book or any one Rule. Why think you it was that the wolves of the North, as St. Jerome well called them, those wild tribes of Franks and Burgundians, of Vandals and Goths and Visigoths, savage as their onslaught was, yet paused in the face of Rome? Was it not because the churchmen at the critical time were no idle dreamers, but the greatest statesmen the world ever saw? Ah, my son, if temporal power meant a fall from the early Apostolic Church, do not forget that it was a fall brought about by the very greatness of its own servants. It was to the early Bishops that the world was forced to look for its rulers when the reins of government were slipping from the weak hands of all others.

* * * * * * *

No one more than I realises . . . the terrible greed of some of the powerful Churchmen, their criminal neglect of their charges; no one realises more that the people have wrongs that should be righted. But I am sure it is for the good of the people that these wrongs be righted from within the Church. The people have no better friend than the Church. It has been the one institution which has sought out the individual and asked of him only what service he could render it. In its bosom it has held the divine spark of the equality of man and kept it there and protected it while the world was not yet ready for it. It has nourished it until it will be a flame great enough to light the torch of Freedom."

Harry Thurston Peck.

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LITERARY LONDON

We are much the poorer for the death of Sir Walter Besant. He had been for years my nearest neighbour, and his friends watched with some misgiving the deterioration in his health. He suffered from a combination of gout and asthma, and he was a brave and persistent worker through all. His nature was optimistic and genial, though under the stress of labour and pain he would sometimes be depressed.

Sir Walter was a man whom those who did not know him might very easily misconceive. He was much involved in controversy, and he did not shine as a controversialist. For some reason which I never quite understood he had a prejudice against publishers which amounted to a perfect mania. It is true that you will not find in his published writings any definite assertion that all publishers are rogues, but that this was his private opinion there can be no doubt whatever, and he considered that the worst rogues were not the small fry among publishers, but the best known and most honoured houses. As a sample of his attitude toward publishers I may mention that in reckoning the profits of a book he would never allow that publishers had any right to charge for their business expenses. Their rent, their travelling and the like he maintained should not go into the account. His idea apparently was that the money required for these purposes came from some mysterious spring. When it was pointed out to him that a book which was not well travelled had a poor chance, and the traveller had to be paid for as well as advertising, he simply refused to give an answer. Another of his beliefs was that a publisher never lost any money by a book unless he was a madman or a fool. There was no risk in book publishing. It was an affair of profits all the time. Nor could he admit that under any circumstances an author should be indebted to a publisher, and few things more displeased him than when an author expressed friendly feeling toward the man whom Besant considered his natural enemy. I have no doubt he was sincere in all this, but it should be noted that he sold his own copyrights, and that though he often talked valiantly about authors publishing for themselves, no practical step in that direction was ever taken by him. Undoubtedly some publishers gave him a case; and as the book-buying public in this country increased, the authors received increased royalties, as was reasonable. Whether these royalties have not been raised to a pitch which is good neither for the publisher nor the author is another question.

When one came to know Sir Walter, he soon found out that he was one of the kindest hearted of men. Far from being a lover of controversy he positively shrank from it; and though he kept silent there can be no doubt that his sensitive nature was deeply wounded in his fights. I have never known any man who gave so much time and trouble to the service of others. Literary aspirants are not commonly much liked. They have often an absurd faith in their own powers, they are frequently very impracticable, and they are very seldom grateful. Sir Walter, who in ordinary life could hold his own and could even at times be irritable and haughty, was the most patient and forbearing of men in dealing with people who had no claim upon him. He would examine their manuscripts, he would try to help them in their disputes, he would go to endless pains in endeavouring to find situations for them. Even when they upbraided him he could not be provoked into anger. A monstrous instance of ingratitude would not make him the less willing to hear the next claimant on his attention. If he failed to give much real help it was because the thing was impossible. I believe his experience of the hardships of authors led him to his

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crusade against publishers. He fancied that if more money was given for books and articles things might be happier. In disputes between editors and contributors he took as a matter of course the side of the contributor. It was very hard for him to see that editors had any rights at all. He thought that in America editors sat in their offices all day and were accessible to every would-be contributor who chose to call. He also believed that for doing this they received large salaries, something like ten thousand dollars a year. It was impossible to make him think that the proportion of articles accepted from the outside in American periodicals is not larger than in British periodicals. A thorough Englishman, he had a most cordial feeling toward America; and one of his strongest desires was that the bond between England and America should constantly be strengthened. He took a leading part in the Anglo-American union, and was always inclined to look with favour on any American author and any American idea.

Sir Walter Besant's books reflected his genial and friendly nature. What place they may ultimately take in literature it is not for me to say. It should be remembered that they were much admired by Rudyard Kipling. Certainly Sir Walter had a great gift of narrative. He could select the salient points and colour them agreeably. This is shown by his books on London. How far he gave true impressions, how far his imagination played with his facts, I need not discuss. During recent years his popularity as a novelist somewhat flagged, though it showed distinct signs of revival before his death. He saw this, and devoted much of his time to the preparation of a great Survey of London, a gigantic work which he left unfinished. His interests were indeed very varied. He devoted much of his time for many years to the Palestine Exploration Fund, and he wrote a life of Edward Palmer which was quite a romance in its way. As a journalist also he was indefatigable. He contributed for years a weekly causerie to the *Queen*, and contributed frequently to the *Saturday Review* when it was under the editorship of his friend Walter Pollock.

Robert Buchanan, who died the day after Besant's death, was a man of a very different type. That he had great parts is certain. Perhaps, indeed, he had more genius than Besant, but his career was in many respects almost tragical. It cannot be denied that his sufferings and failures were largely due to himself. He was fond of talking about his early hardships in London, but as a matter of fact no young man ever came to London who had better chances at the beginning. Hepworth Dixon employed him on the *Athenæum*, R. H. Hutton of the *Spectator* took a fancy to his work, used it and praised it to the skies. G. H. Lewes was also among his admirers. Above all, he was taken up by Alexander Strachan, the publisher, then in the zenith of his fame as the most liberal publisher who ever appeared in London. It turned out that he was only too liberal. If Buchanan had been industrious and regular he could have earned a very handsome income. He was neither, and in after life he laid all the blame upon his employers, though at the time he effusively acknowledged the kindness of Strachan and others. It was under Strachan's auspices that he began to write fiction, and he had something like a success in his early stories. His later novels were of a very inferior type, and though they passed under his name they were not always written by himself. He came nearest to making money when he took to dramatic work, and some of his adaptations had considerable success. It is to be feared, however, that he did not always make good bargains. Nevertheless, for a time he lived in very good style. His later years were clouded. He took to publishing his worst writings from an office of his own, it may be said, but no good came of that. This was another step on the road to ruin. His closing days were forlorn enough, but to the end he kept staunch friends around him —a proof that there was something in his nature which the world did not know. To recall his many bitter controversies would be idle. So far as I know he had little but contempt for his contemporaries in authorship. At one period when he was very hard up he resolved to write his autobiography, and made some progress in planning and preparing it. I happened to see the scheme. If the book had been written as he designed, it would have involved its unfortunate publisher in endless actions for libel. A few chapters of it appeared in a Sunday paper, but these

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were carefully revised. Even as they stood they made an unpleasant impression. They were full of inaccuracies, to say nothing more. Buchanan's memory had largely failed him. On the whole, it cannot be said that his career was edifying, but he has left some good poems and some true friends.

No especially notable book has appeared this spring, though business, all things considered, has been fairly good. In August we shall have the new novel by Mr. Hall Caine, a novel splendidly advertised by the sensational lawsuit going on between the author and Messrs. Pearson, who have closed the publication of the story in their *Lady's Magazine* on the ground that it was unsuitable for publication. The advertisement guarantees an immense sale, and no more can be said at present. There is a very general feeling that the publication of second-class six-shilling novels has been very much overdone. In their anxiety to make a list, publishers have made advances to authors with only a moderate public, quite unjustifiable on commercial principles. I know one author whose books have an average circulation of between two thousand and three thousand. For his last book he had offered him an advance of £300 on royalties. This was declined, and another firm gave an advance of £500. The book has not got on, and its publication will mean a loss of about £400. I do not know how it is with you in the matter of advances, but I doubt whether any author really gains by receiving more than the advance on the sale he is sure of. If he earns more he will receive it. If he does not earn it the publisher suffers a loss on his book. He may go to another publisher, and another, but very soon the market is exhausted. We should be in a much healthier state if one-half the six-shilling novels being published at present were never written, or at least never published.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LITERARY PARIS

There is, perhaps, no official position of greater importance in the literary world than the office of *administrateur,* or manager of the Théâtre Français. The incumbent, like the manager of every subsidised theatre in Paris, is appointed by the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, and must always be a man of some prominence in literature or art. The present manager, Jules Claretie, is, as everybody knows, a member of the Académie Française, and this very month, in my account of French literary activity, I have to mention a volume published by him, a collection of patriotic short stories, *Le Sang Français.* Whether his administration has been one to be proud of was for quite a while one of the favourite topics for discussion in Parisian society. While Francisque Sarcey lived, Claretie had a staunch supporter in the celebrated critic, who had been an unflinching opponent of his predecessor Émile Perrin.

It was becoming evident, of late years, that Claretie no longer possessed, if he ever had had it, *l'oreille du public,* and predictions were rife eighteen months ago that his rule would not survive the Exposition of 1900. The fire which destroyed the theatre in April, 1900, for a while put an end to all talk of change of manager. Swapping horses while crossing the stream was out of the question. It was agreed that Claretie would be allowed to open the rebuilt house. Attacks against his management have now been started afresh owing to a rather startling incident, the withdrawal of a fully rehearsed play before its first performance. The play is the work of a young Belgian author, M. Wiener, who has adopted for

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his literary achievements the aristocratic signature of Francis de Croisset. *Chérubin* was received by the manager and his "Comité de Lecture" as a masterpiece. Its success with the public, so it was said, would be phenomenal. The parts were at once cast, rehearsals soon begun, and enthusiasm remained at the highest pitch, until the day of the *répétition générale,* or dress rehearsal, when the effect even upon the special public of such functions, which is ready to applaud anything original and is not apt to be easily shocked, was such that author, actors and manager all agreed the play could not be presented to the public. The title part is, of course, a male part assumed by a female actress, and what Mlle. Lara had to say under the garb of Chérubin was such that she fairly blushed in reciting her lines, and that the "tout Paris" of the day exclaimed: *"Non; cette fois c'est un peu trop raide!"*

And yet Claretie is not likely to go for some little time. A lucky star always comes to his rescue at critical junctures and provides him with some coming event which makes it unwise to make an immediate change. This time it is the Hugo Centennial, which, as I told you last month, is to be celebrated on February 26 of next year. Claretie is trying to outdo himself, whatever the expression may mean in this case, in the production of *Les Burgraves,* and will, very likely, be willing to go of his own accord after the celebration.

In connection with the Hugo Centennial it is interesting to know that Paris is to have a "Musée Victor Hugo." In the name of the Hugo heirs Paul Meurice recently wrote to the president of the Paris Municipal Council, offering to place at the disposal of the city the house on the Place des Vosges occupied by Hugo during the most brilliant part of his literary career—that is, between 1830 and his departure from France in 1851. The Musée Victor Hugo will be curious in that it will contain all the drawings and all the pen-and-ink sketches of the poet, and a great many drawings and paintings illustrative of his works. The heirs intend fully to fit it before it is officially presented to the city.

The inauguration is to take place on February 26, on the same day as the performance of *Les Burgraves.* Had he lived till then it is not unlikely that the poet of the occasion would have been Eugène Manuel, who had very felicitously acquitted himself of a similar task in Hugo's own presence on the eightieth birthday of the poet. But Manuel was laid at rest a few weeks ago. As a poet he had had his hour of popularity, if not of celebrity. His *Pages Intimes* and his *Poèmes Populaires* were among the most widely read books of verse twenty-five and thirty years ago, and one of his verse plays, *Les Ouvriers,* was performed several hundred times at the Théâtre Français. Two or three times Manuel came very near being elected to the French Academy; he always lacked one vote or two, and had to stay outside of the breastworks.

Another poet has also just passed, who, like Manuel, failed to realise his most cherished dream, Alexandre Parodi. His ambition was to get one great, unqualified dramatic success. Twice, first with *Ulm le Parricide,* and later with *Rome Vaincue,* the principal part of which was taken by Sarah Bernhardt, he came very near his goal. He just missed it by a little. There was something in his poetry which reminded one of his Italian origin. In spite of the nobleness of the inspiration and the strength of the situations, it failed to capture the general public.

The literary production of the month has been of a very varied character. Three works seem to me of a special value from a literary point of view. First, J. K. Huysmans's *Sainte Lydvine de Schiedam.* It is a history of a Dutch saint of the end of the fourteenth century, told with a good deal of fervour, and after a very thorough and sympathetic study of the historical and artistic surroundings of the heroine. It is certainly the best of the books which we owe to the author's conversion to religious ideas.

Next we have a book of entomology by Maurice Maeterlinck, *La Vie des Abeilles.* It is, of course, not the book which would have been written by a scientist, but it is not a superficial book either. Maeterlinck loves bees, and watched them in their daily life because he loves them, and he wrote of what he had seen in order to make others love them. He had to keep close to facts, and

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this acted as a check upon the tendency to vagueness which is one of the faults of the literary school of which he is a member.

The third book belongs to the domain of literary history, or criticism. It is *Le Mouvement Littéraire Contemporain,* by Georges Pellissier. The author demonstrated ten or fifteen years ago, when he published his *Mouvement Littéraire au XIXe Siècle* that he possessed the faculty of combining the various elements which constitute the literary activity of a period in a well composed picture. His new volume will happily supplement his former work, which has become almost classical.

The works of interest for the student of literary history are André le Breton's *Le Roman Français au XIXe Siècle,* the first volume of which, dealing with the nineteenth century predecessors of Balzac, has just been published; the second series, dealing with the seventeenth century, of Victor du Bled's *La Société Française du XVIe au XXe Siècle,* and R. Monlaur's *Angélique Arnauld* a remarkable sketch of the career of the celebrated Abbess of Port Royal, written from an orthodox Catholic standpoint, and therefore condemnatory of Jansenism. We may mention also M. de Chabreul's amusing book, *Gouverneur de Princes.* He writes about Madame de Genlis, who directed the education of Louis Philippe. The book, as I said, is amusing, but those who are well acquainted with the subject know that there is another side to the picture.

We have a number of books in history proper, the fifth volume of the well-known *Histoire du Second Empire,* of Pierre de la Gorce, an exhaustive volume on Dupleix, by Prosper Cultru, a no less exhaustive work on another of the heroes of French colonial history, Cavelier de la Salle, by Professor Chesnel, the first volume of a two-volume *Histoire des Relations de la Chine avec les Puissances Occidentales,* by Professor Henri Cordier, a decidedly authoritative book on this engrossing subject of the present hour, and finally a very bright sketch of one of the most picturesque figures in the political history of the last century, H. Léonardon's *Prim.*

The Napoleonic book of the month is *Madame Louis Bonaparte,* by C. d'Arjuzon, dealing with Hortense Beauharnais's married life up to the time of her husband's accession to the Dutch throne; and we have two interesting narratives of contemporary events in H. Lewoy de la Marche's *Souvenirs de la Guerre du Transvaal,* and Eugène Darcy's *La Défense de la Légation Française à Pékin.*

Before I come to the novels, which are, of course, numerous in this season, I wish to call attention to a fascinating record of real experiences, *Les Lettres d'une Mère: Episode de la Terreur,* published by M. Victor de Marolles, the great-grandson of the author of the letters.

Of course, the novels cannot be all named. The prolific Georges Ohnet gives us one of his pictures of contemporary life, *Le Brasseur d'Affaires;* we have a book by Henry Gréville, *Le Cœur de Louise,* a welcome sign that Madame Durand-Gréville is returning to better health. Léon Daudet for once shows real wit, in a burlesque of parliamentary life, the very title of which is what the French call "une trouvaille," *Le Pays des Parlementeurs.* Lovers of realistic pessimism will find what they want in Émile Pierret's *Un Ménage Moderne,* and those who prefer a sentimental story in Edouard Rod's *Mademoiselle Annette.* I shall simply mention as above the average Madame Camille Pert's *En Anarchie,* Jacques Naurouze's *Fils de Bourgeois,* Georges Lecomte's *Les Cartons Verts,* and *Un Lycée de Jennes Filles,* by the author of *Les Sévriennes,* mentioned by me about a year ago.

François Coppée has just collected in book form the poems written by him since his return to orthodoxy, and especially those which are connected with the political events of the last few years; the title of the book, moreover, is self-explanatory, *Dans la Prière et dans la Lutte.* Books on slang are usually quite expensive. I therefore call attention to a very cheap one, just published, *Dictionnaire de l'Argot et des Locutions Comiques,* by Raphaël de Noter.

Adolphe Cohn.

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JOHN FOSTER

By HAMILTON W. MABIE

XI.

In his later years he found a new source of companionship. Denied the gift of speech, by which men not only carry their thought outside their own personalities, by giving it ultimate form, but keep the record of their own experience, and thus continually reinforce the creative energy of personality, Foster might have led an existence only half realised in thought. From this half-life, which never passes out of subjective moods and feelings, and, like a subterranean stream, never runs clear in the light, he was saved by the discovery that if he could not give his thought full flow and volume, he could at least keep a record of it; a kind of tally of experience. In these years of searching observation, of deep reading, of quiet meditation, the world had gradually become clear to his imagination in its vast and infinitely diversified life. As a student he had lived in many ages, explored many countries, seen many cities, heard many languages, and penetrated many experiences; as a lover of Nature he had learned many secrets of woods and fields and changing skies; as a sensitive, responsive, meditative man he had come to know life deeply and with sanity of insight. What other men would have called a philosophy or general scheme of things was to him simply knowledge of life borne in from many sources, gained far more by the very commonplace process of living than by any unusual process of thinking, distilled by time out of the rich substance of experience. Slowly but steadily the great order of the world revealed itself to him, and he found his own place in it; as he touched it at many points in ever-deepening harmony of relationship his nature was fertilised; for whenever a man touches that order which is the hem of the garment of God vitality passes into him. Patiently and reverently waiting upon God, he was enriched and inspired with glimpses of truth, insights into life, visions of beauty. The cares of the world did not wait by his door when he passed out of his home into the wide domain of Nature; the tumult of the world did not drown the delicate melodies which float over sun-swept fields or are borne on summer airs through the unthronged paths of the woods; the work of the world did not exhaust and benumb the responsive power of his spirit when mysterious influences, rising like exhalations out of the pure deeps of his nature, touched him like chords of faint melody and set his spirit vibrating with the divine harmony at the heart of things. He was free; he was sane; he had silence, solitude, and the pure heart; and the world spoke to him; these are always the simple annals of the seers and poets.

This continual flowering of thought in his mind came at last to have a record; for he formed a habit of keeping a register of his thoughts. It was a skeleton report; a bare outline; for some defect in his nature kept him from any approach to free expression. He was content to make signs; to keep a few brief data; a running account of the things he saw, heard, felt, and thought. As he grew older this history of his spirit grew, not fuller, but more exact and definite; it was made up of slight but well-defined tracings of his course through the mysterious world of his journeying. If the little note-books in which this record was kept had fallen into the hands of an unimaginative man, they would have seemed but a confusion of abrupt and incomplete phrases; a man of insight, finding the key to their revelations, would have seen in them the stuff of which wonder-books are made; the star dust of great truths, the pollen of the imperishable flowering of imagination, the seeds of brave deeds; such gathering of treasure, in a word, as befalls the man who travels through a universe alight with the splendour of God and throbbing with His measureless life. It was the stuff of immortal life which found its way through Foster's rich but silent personality into this record of his life; it was the stuff, therefore, of which literature is made. For literature is not fashioned out of hand; its substance is secreted slowly and silently in the depths of the

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spirit out of all its passions, sorrows, toils, cares, and works, with flashing of stars sinking unawares into its heart, and great swelling harmonies bearing it onward in those infrequent ecstasies which sometimes lift it above itself. In simplicity and sincerity, with no thought of the reading of other eyes, as genuinely and quietly as he lived, John Foster kept the record of his soul. And when he died it lay in his desk with the much-worn books in which for years he had kept his accounts with the seedsman and storekeeper. And there, side by side, through the months when the old house was tenantless lay these two records of a man's history as the owner of a few acres and the possessor also of that sublime landscape which is the foreground of man's immortality.

XII.

April slowly drifted over the mountain skies into May, and May, touched with the first delicate bloom of the tender Northern summer, ripened into June, and life crept to the door of the old house where John Foster had always met it with a smile, and climbed to the windows, and budded and bloomed in the old garden, where a few familiar and friendly flowers had always lived on intimate terms with the silent man; but there was no response to the beauty which enfolded the deserted house. The hand of Nature was on the latch, but the door remained shut. If one who had known the love of the man for this radiant and fragrant world and the caressing gentleness of that world, had taken thought of the circumstances, it would have seemed as if Nature missed a familiar presence and were feeling for it with sensitive tendrils, and striving to recall it with voices that were musical murmurs on the fragrant breath of summer. The wide landscape softened, grew tender, stirred with the rising tide of life, and broke at last into verdure and bloom, all the hidden springs of vitality overflowing in green rivulets or rich masses of foliage; but the house remained silent and tenantless. Seed-time passed into harvest and the ancient miracle was wrought again; but in the unopened house, to which the sun found access only for a few slender beams, the record of Foster's life lay like a seed buried in the ground, beyond the reach of warmth and light.

In October, when the banners of the retreating hosts were flaming on the hills, the closed windows were suddenly opened and the door swung wide for a new tenant. The farmer folk were at their wits' ends to classify him, for his like had never been seen in that country before save in some gay company of summer sightseers. He was young; there was that air of being on easy terms with the world which can neither be counterfeited nor concealed; his figure, face, bearing, manner, and dress bore unmistakable testimony to largeness of opportunity and ripeness of taste. From the local point of view he was an idler; for he made no show of interest in the farm; and no one saw the trace of any kind of work on hands or face. He was simple, unaffected, and friendly; but he was even more detached from the life of the community than John Foster had been. Foster had never spoken out; he had never acquired the use of speech; the new tenant of the old house had had access to so many kinds of knowledge, had seen life in so many diverse aspects and in so many places that his individuality had been buried for the time under a mass of unassimilated learning and half-understood experiences. To Foster life had been niggardly in its gifts of outward experience; to Ralph Parkman life had been lavish; the one reached order, clearness, beauty by the unfolding of his own nature; the other was to attain these ultimate ends of living by a rich process of assimilation. To the one had been given the clear vision, the deep conviction, the inward harmony; to the other freedom, fluency, and beauty of expression. The one lacked words, the other lacked the inward unity of thought and knowledge which charges words with meaning and gives them wings for flight into the highest regions of expression.

There was a touch of genius in Ralph Parkman; that beautiful grace which seems to be the flower of ancestral toil; as if forgotten generations had worked, that presently, as out of a rich soil, one human soul might blossom spontaneously, radiantly, with the divine unconsciousness of the flowers of the field,

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And conditions had made it easy for the ardent young spirit to bask in the sun and pluck the fruits by the lifting of the hand which others gain by toil and self-denial and pain. While his fellows were besieging fortune with prayers and offerings and sacrifices she turned on him her indifferent glance, and straightway there was a smile on the face of fate; she ran before him, and the way blossomed with opportunity and pleasure. There was a vein of native vigour in him, or he would have been corrupted; for he was educated without discipline. He had troops of friends; he was the joy of the schools through which he passed with a contagious sweetness of disposition and charm of temperament, the prizes falling to him by force, apparently, of his own inward attraction. He loved study, art, travel; and he went free-footed and sure-footed through a world which set its choice food and wine before him wherever he choose to tarry. He was thirty years old when he opened the door of John Foster's bare little study, and he had awakened more hopes than gather about most men in the full course of a lifetime. He knew so much, had seen so many things, lived in so many cities, made so many friends, spoke so many languages, and was gifted with such superb vitality and such ease and grace that he seemed capable of all things, and had become a glorious promise.

His had been a golden youth, and now that it was passing from him, Ralph Parkman was becoming aware of the peril of his position. He had given a draft for an unlimited sum on the future; could he meet it when the day of payment came? Everything solicited him, but no voice had spoke to his spirit; he could turn his hand to many things, but no art had laid its deep compulsion on him; he had passed through many fields of knowledge, and his inward life had grown rich by acquisition, but there was no building power in his soul, no divine necessity striving in his heart for place and tool and speech. Many things spoke through him; but he remained silent. When this knowledge of the disparity between his material and his organising power became clear there was a tumult in his soul which marked the beginning of that crisis which shapes a man's character and determines his fortunes. He was filled with a passionate desire for silence and solitude; for the detachment and isolation in which he might find himself; for he discovered that though he knew hosts of people, he had never met himself face to face. He remembered the noble breadth of the landscape in the mountain region where John Foster lived; he made his way to the little village; he found an unoccupied house; with a faithful servant and a few books he lighted the fire on the old hearthstone and set himself to search his heart to the bottom, to understand his own spirit and to learn what tool life meant to put into his hand and what work he was to do.

The silence and loneliness of the country oppressed him at first, for he had never been alone before; but the splendour of the autumn touched his imagination as if some great presence, itself unseen, were putting on coronation robes. There were days of such ripeness and harmony of sky and earth and air that it seemed as if Nature were making her vast spaces splendid for the enthroning of some invisible spirit. In such a radiant calm, with such softness brooding over the fields, and such majesty sleeping on the hills, the stage seemed too noble for the setting of human life, with its few years and its pathetic uncertainties. Ralph's thoughts passed from himself to the beauty of the world, and he began to feel the inward peace which comes with that self-forgetfulness which is the beginning of self-knowledge. Emptied of all egotism, there was room in his spirit for Nature, and Nature brought her repose, her sanity, her deep unconsciousness. It is in such moods that the finer influences search and find us; it is in such moods, when we are not empty and passive, but harmonious with the highest and truest in thought and life, that the great inspirations breathe upon us and the invisible chords yield the music which appeals to us with the warmth and colour and passion of the human and the pure and thrilling intimations of the divine. It may have been a fancy, but in that mood of sensitiveness to the most subtle and delicate influences Ralph felt himself touched and quieted by the air of the house; as if within those bare walls there lingered some spiritual energy which had survived the passing of the

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mortal frame from which it issued. This may have been fanciful, but the impression was so persistent and definite that the solitary student sought out those who knew the earlier occupants of the house, and he was not slow to discover that among them all his concern was with the silent man who, within a brief half year, had sat before the same hearth and looked out of the same windows to the hills sweeping in a vast circle to the north and east. Not much was told him, but that little was enough; for the few and hard facts were significant, and there was more in the silence of those who were questioned than in the reports they gave. And Ralph's imagination was quickened as he recalled the vanished life, and reconstructed the image of the vanished personalty, by the interpretation of the house and garden. The air of the old house, mellowed by the long habit of a man of hidden genius; the simple furnishings, supplemented by the presence of a few books of the kind which illumine the place where they are gathered and reveal the affinities and interests of the spirit to which they have ministered, plied the imagination of the sensitive student who had fallen heir to this rich heritage of simple living and high thinking with subtle but searching hints of a mind to which, in its deep repose, the whole world of spiritual experience had ministered. Ralph had travelled far and sought truth at the ends of the earth; here had lived and died one to whom truth had come by force of those deep affinities by which the soul reaches out and draws to itself the things which are its own.

When the nights lengthened and the world was wrapped in the silence of those vast snowfalls which descend out of hidden skies with a hush that shuts man in with his deepest self by the blazing fire, the spirit of John Foster seemed to pervade the house, as if seeking every inlet into a consciousness akin to its own, and swift to comprehend what all others had been slow to understand. Ralph felt as if a pathetic appeal were being made from one who had found freedom of utterance after the long silence of a lifetime, but was not quite at rest for longing to speak in the language of those who thought him dumb when his whole nature was aglow with thought and his whole heart aflame with love.

XIII.

It was in mid-winter—the world afar off and his old life withdrawn and lying like a mist on the horizon—that Ralph came upon the records of Foster's spirit; the faint and disconnected tracings of his inarticulate experience. Broken and fragmentary as they were he swiftly deciphered them; for the key to their meaning was in his mind. He read the loose sheets with an interest which deepened into passionate sympathy and comprehension; he retraced Foster's long journey through the marvellous world which had gradually unfolded about him, noting the broadening outlook, the clarifying vision, the penetrating thought. As he read it seemed as if he were living again in his own experience this hidden life, reaching out in the silence of quiet years for the most far-reaching kinships with the movement of universal thought, and bringing itself into deep and final harmony with the spiritual order. As he penetrated into the secret history of this solitary human soul, sounding its perilous way without companionship across the deeps of life, the image of Foster became more distinct and real and the path he had taken more clear; until the living was not possessed by, but in possession of, the spirit of the dead. There was no subjugation of personality, no passive surrender to another will; there was complete sympathy and perfect comprehension.

In Parkman's rich but unrationalised experience the story told by Foster's notes was a torch held aloft in a dim treasure-house filled with things of priceless value brought together from the ends of the earth, but lying in confusion, without the illumination of order or light. Its effect upon his unripe intelligence was like the quickening of the sun at the hour when the earth is in a passion of fertility; it brought him to swift and clear maturity; he knew what was in his own spirit, he discerned the specific meaning of Nature and art and history for him, he comprehended his relations to the complex world about him, and he saw by a lightning flash of intelli-

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gence what he was to do and with what tools he was to work. This experience, for a man of his type, was not unusual; sensitive spirits, whose growth is completed by the extension of the imagination to the very limits of knowledge and experiences, are always coming into possession of themselves by the interpretation of other and more mature spirits; and acquaintance with creative minds registers our own self-development. The constant service of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and their fellows is the liberation which they accomplish in other minds.

That which was peculiar in Parkman's experience and gave it dramatic interest was the resurrection of a buried soul which it effected. Having discerned the spiritual vision, the intellectual richness of Foster's life, it became his first duty to share these lost treasures with a world which is never too opulent in these ultimate forms of wealth. Before he could uncover the springs of his own genius the disciple felt the searching necessity of setting forth the teaching of the master. It was a work of piety and of joy; there was in the doing of it the same tender and passionate delight which sometimes came to the copyist in the scriptorium of the monastery when, with rich embellishment of trailing vine and blossoming flower, he gave new form to some old scripture; adding nothing which was foreign to the text, but evoking its hidden truth in fair images and fragrant traceries which interpreted to the eye what the mind read in the bare lettering. In like manner, and with a kindred joy, Ralph Parkman wrought the miracle of resurrection on John Foster's detached and unripe thoughts; mere seeds of ideas, hard and bare and cold; and yet husbanding all the potentialities of life and beauty in them. Upon this rude text Parkman worked with the loving skill of a monastic scribe; and these dormant seeds, in the warm soil of his imagination, yielded their secret and imperishable vitality.

It was a little book which finally went forth in the early summer from the old house, but it was very deep and beautiful; like a quiet mountain pool, it was far from the dust and tumult of the highways, and there were images of stars in it. With the generosity of a fine spirit, the young man interpreted the life of the older man through the rich atmosphere of his own temperament and with the clear vision of his own genius; but there was nothing in the beautiful flowering and fruitage which the world received from his hand which was not potentially in the mind and heart of John Foster. The silent man had come to his own; for God had given him a voice. After the long silence of a lifetime he spoke in tones which vibrated and penetrated, not like great bells swung in unison in some high tower, but like dear, familiar bells set in old sacred places, whose sweet notes are half-audible music and half-inaudible faith and prayer and worship. At first there were few to listen, for the tones were low and the noise of the time was great; but in the end every man comes to his own, and John Foster found here and there one who heard and understood; and as the years went by the few became many, and the life sown in secret bore harvest in the wide field of the world.

And the two never parted company; for as the horizon began to kindle with Ralph Parkman's fame, there, set like a steady flame, in the dawn of a great new time, men saw the star of John Foster's pure and radiant spirit.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

Midsummer in the city. Hot it is, and stifling and inimical to all activity; and we are strictly in it. By rights we ought at this very moment to be in some far distant forest of the north, drinking in health and vigour at every breath, and putting mud on our mosquito bites; but it cannot be. The Junior Editor has gone away—he is really a most irresponsible person—and has left to us the task of getting out this number of the magazine all by ourselves. That is why, beneath our usual bland exterior, we are darkly cherishing a deep resentment. We had, indeed, intended to get even with him by writing some golf notes and leaving him to try and explain them next month to the maddened golfers who should read them; but, perhaps, this would be carrying the thing a little bit too far. So, on second thoughts, we shall stay our hand in the hope that his better nature will at last assert itself, and that even in his wanderings through scenes made sacred to him by the trail of Dumas *père*, the anfractuosities of his soul will now and then be riven by the travail of Remorse.

After all, it is not so bad. A little philosophy and a little imagination can do wonders. They can even render an editor's aestival surroundings suggestive of romantic Nature. Our office is warm, but not warmer than the average summer resort. Above our head, depending from a hook, the clustered galley-proofs form a dense foliage which is reflected in the cool depths of our inkstand where the dark ink spreads its unruffled surface like some lonely tarn in the heart of an impenetrable forest. Beyond, the electric fan caresses the summer air, and caresses it pretty hard. No wild-flowers bloom luxuriantly about us, but in one corner of the room a brilliant shirt-waist lends its vivid colour to the scene. Here, to be sure, there are no cliffs and crags to pierce the blue of heaven and bathe their rugged brows in summer sunlight; yet mighty masses of rejected poems rise in picturesque irregularity, displaying their bold outlines against a background of stained pine. No cattle here recline beneath umbrageous oaks; yet as our glance strays out into the anteroom, we can discern the form of Edmund, our youthful assistant, reposing in the grateful shadow of a tall bookcase. His head is comfortably resting upon a pile of theological works. His eyes are closed in slumber. His parted lips and the happy smile that flickers over his ingenuous face convince us that in his dreams he is at Coney Island. We miss the song of birds, for even birds on toast are out of season now, unless you can call a Philadelphia squab a bird; but from around the corner come the penetrating flute-like notes of a roving fishman, persuasive, soothing, rythmical. If there are no purling brooks, nevertheless we can hear from time to time the clink of ice in the recesses of the water-cooler; and a literary memory brings to our ear unceasingly the endless babble of Henry James's sacred fount. From below, softened by distance, rises in an insistent staccato the click of innumerable typewriting machines; and although they are not precisely the same thing, still we personally think them just as good as crickets. On the whole, then, as we said before, it is not half bad. It really isn't.

Somehow or other, though, either because of the warm weather or perhaps because of the drowsy feeling induced by our romantic surroundings, our mind is just a little indolent. In fact, it isn't up to much. That is why we are thankful that our correspondents' minds are apparently in the same condition. Our dearest foes are not sending us any letters at the present time, which is fortunate; for if Mr. Israel U. Sage, for example, were now to ask us one of his best questions, we should have to confess that we

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didn't know the answer. This would be contrary to one of our basal editorial principles, which is not to admit our ignorance of anything whatever oftener than once in six months. If we did, we should lose our grip upon the public. But Mr. Sage is away, and no one endeavours to molest us. Young ladies send us pleasant little notes commending the Letter-Box and asking us to keep it going. They write on the most expensive stationery, with monograms in blue and silver, and red and gold, and various other colour-schemes; and we are beginning to collect the monograms although we can not print the letters, as we shouldn't like to go around blushing all the time in modest perturbation. Such acrimony as our correspondents display is directed chiefly against our contributors; and although we do not generally publish letters of this sort we are going to do so now just for a change.

I.

The following letter, written from Meadville, Pennsylvania, we respectfully refer to Mr. John Uri Lloyd.

DEAR EDITORS: Won't you please ask Mr. Lloyd to explain why, in his latest serial, Joshua uses the illiterate language of the typical mountaineer, while his father and sister converse in excellent English?

A LOYAL SUBSCRIBER.

II.

The following letter, written from Titusville, Pennsylvania, is respectfully referred to Messrs. Chesterton and Hodder-Williams.

DEAR SIRS: In the very charming sketch of Watts as a portrait painter, published in the January BOOKMAN, the authors made a statement that has puzzled me many times. They say, in referring to the portrait of Robert Browning: "To have painted him as Norbert or Sordello would have been as insulting to him as to have painted him as Caliban upon Setebos or Mr. Sludge." This leads me to wonder what the authors think Setebos is. Perhaps, as the poem deals with Natural Theology on the Island, they suppose it is the Island of Setebos; or having read the first few lines, they think it is the name given to "the pits much mire." Truly an insulting position to put Mr. Browning in! However looked at, it presents a very funny picture of Mr. Browning perched upon something—maybe his hobby—called "Setebos." One is led to fear that the authors have no clearer conception of the meaning of the poem than had the Browning Club in "The Duet," who supposed it must refer to "Mr. and Mrs. Setebos and the little Seteboses."

M. J. H.

III.

A letter signed "Modesty" from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania:

The writer read with much pleasure your May issue, especially the Letter-Box reviews. One article in particular appealed to me, and that is the one referring to the lady who uses the pale blue paper, asking if fork rhymes with pork. Your answer was an excellent one; but if you will forgive me for stating that, although I agree with you, an exception is taken to the rule (all rules have them; therefore there are none, technically speaking), and that is the pork always goes with the fork, and *vice versa;* but the pork goes sometimes without the fork.

We have mulled over this for a long time and have finally come to the conclusion that it is a joke.

IV.

A lawyer in Atlanta, Georgia, has something to say about our remarks on the subject of General Funston's capture of Aguinaldo:

In THE BOOKMAN for May, on page 271, is stated: "It is to be deplored that we have no system of rewards which would bestow emolument and honour upon one who has performed a special and distinguished bit of service without doing so at the expense of others, etc."

True enough; but why should there be any reward at all? Such a system presupposes the absurd proposition that an officer is only required to come up to a certain average of skill and courage. Do we not, as did England at least once in her history, expect every man to do his duty? Are not "special and distinguished bits of service" included in the sphere of duty? If this point is well taken, there is nothing meritorious in their perfect performance, even when they are conceived and executed by the same person, as in the case of Funston.

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Yes: special and distinguished bits of service are undoubtedly included in the sphere of duty. The question is not whether a soldier who performs a brilliant piece of service is content to do it without any expectation of reward, but rather whether the rest of us ought to be content to let it go without reward. Every other profession gives to exceptional ability both honour and emolument; and why should the profession of arms, in which not merely reputation but life itself is at stake, be the one exception to the rule? The statesman receives high office; the lawyer, the physician, the artist and the author hope for material advantage in addition to the internal satisfaction which comes from fine achievement. Why should a soldier alone be told that the consciousness of duty well done is enough of a reward for him? Nelson, who said that England expected every man to do his duty, did his own because it *was* his duty, and with no thought of any compensation; yet when the nation which he served gave him a peerage, she recognised the fact that it was as much her duty to reward him as it was his duty to break for her the power of Napoleon.

V.

We have received the following interesting letter, which we publish in full, but upon which we prefer to make no comment except to say that we believe the writer of it is probably himself somewhat exceptional among his fellows, and that in speaking of the graduates of West Point and Annapolis as different from officers appointed from civil life or from the body of enlisted men, we did not refer wholly to general education or to ordinary social advantages, but to the special training and the special traditions of the service which the graduates of West Point and Annapolis alone possess.

Dear Sirs: Your article in The Bookman for April has come to my notice, and as an enlisted man of the Navy, one who came into it during the war, I take the liberty of addressing this communication to you. The point that touches me most tenderly is the remarks on the conditions of life among us. A very large proportion of the men in the Navy to-day are not the untaught sailorman, who has in reality become obsolete, but men who have educational, social and mechanical ability to appear as well before the people of the world in official or civilian attire as the men who graduate from West Point or Annapolis. I cannot understand why an education, paid for by our individual parents, and high social training under home influence should not place us as equals of the government wards, and great numbers of us are so placed. The environments under which we exist are no worse than those participated in ashore in our cities by the highest social classes, and of this I am perfectly familiar. Also that these same conditions are often aggravated by those officers whose duties it should be to alleviate. In all, as a man who came into this service for the purpose of observing conditions for actual reference, I think your article does American manhood a great injustice.

Very respectfully,
An Enlisted Man.

VI.

A gentleman out in Steele, North Dakota, has a taste at once for classical learning and for hypothetical questions. This is what he asks:

Might Catiline, had he been a master of oratory, have made a plausible defence for himself in the Roman Senate after the first invective of Cicero, so that the Roman Senate might have refused to act according to Cicero's desires against Catiline?

No doubt Catiline might have made a very plausible defence for himself; but it is hardly to be supposed that he could have made any serious impression upon the Roman Senate; because, you see, everything that he stood for was diametrically opposed to everything for which the Roman Senate stood; and hence in the long run the Senate was bound to act against him. It must be remembered, however, that the Senate did take no open steps against Catiline until he had voluntarily left the city and placed himself at the head of a hostile army. The object of Cicero's first oration was, indeed, not to goad the Senate to action, but so to alarm Catiline as to induce him to leave Rome; and in this it was quite successful.

VII.

A lady in East Oakland, California (a place where the avenues must be numer-

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ous, as she lives on Twenty-Fourth Avenue), who signs herself "Yours in great grief," gives us at once a tempting invitation and a cruel blow in the following sentences, which come to us inscribed in a neat hand upon a post-card:

We earnestly invite you to take a trip to California and learn how to spell San Joaquin, if that is what you mean by "San Joachim" in the May BOOKMAN. I always supposed THE BOOKMAN to be absolutely correct as to spelling; and it is dreadful to have one's idol so shattered.

We are strongly tempted to pretend that we didn't know how to spell San Joaquin so that we might have a plausible pretext for going out to East Oakland and seeking for information of a certain person in Twenty-Fourth Avenue. However, we must not garble the facts even for so great a reward. You see, the thing happened in this way: the writer of the article which had to do with San Joaquin spelled the name "San Joachim." We didn't observe this until the page-proofs came to us, and then we changed the spelling; but somehow or other the compositors (*O dura ilia typothetarum!*) thought that we were too fussy about a small thing like this, and so they made the change where they felt like it, and where they didn't feel like it they didn't make the change. However, we cannot regret the occurrence, since it has brought us so delightful a communication from the châtelaine of the Twenty-Fourth Avenue. Will she not please reconstruct her idol out of the shattered pieces and put it upon its pedestal once more?

VIII.

From a lady up in South Framingham, Massachusetts:

I can never get used to the inequality of your style. Sometimes you write with the greatest precision and regard for form, and even with something of the distinction about which you are so fond of speaking; and then, again, you write in such a way that it sounds as though you were talking to a lot of men out in a hunting-camp. Why do you do this?

It is a little way we have.

IX.

The following letter comes to us from an educator residing in the town of Dwight, Indian Territory. He asks two questions:

In Whittier's "Corn Song" he says:

> Let other lands, exulting, glean
> The apple from the pine.

Is this a misapprehension of Whittier's as to the manner in which the pineapple grows or is the plant upon which it grows called pine?

Can you give the authorship of these stanzas?

> Strike, as said the anvil to the hammer;
> Strike, and never let your iron cool.
> Up head, my boy, speak bravely, never stammer,
> For fear the world will set you down a fool.
>
> We have no time allowed for shilly-shally,
> But seventy years allotted to the best.
> Down with the rock, plough up the fruitful valley,
> Work out your purpose, leave to God the rest.

(1) The plant which bears the pineapple is sometimes spoken of as the pine; and in England the pineapple itself is frequently called the pine.

(2) We do not recall the authorship of the stanzas quoted.

X.

From a Connecticut lady:

DEAR SIRS: In Chronicle and Comment in the July number of THE BOOKMAN I find the statement that an educated man never pronounces "none" as though it were "nun." The pronunciation named is the only one given in the *Century Dictionary*, the *Standard Dictionary*, *Webster's International* and *Stormonth's English Dictionary*, unless I am very much mistaken. *Worcester* gives "nōn" with *Webster* as authority; but I fail to find it in *Webster*. Will you please tell me the correct pronunciation with authority for it?

With our typographical resources we cannot express the correct pronunciation phonetically, though Worcester's "nōn" comes nearest to it. The true quality of the o is something between that of the o in "stone" and that of the o in "gone." Perhaps we should not have said that no educated person ever pronounces the

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word as though it were written "nun." We should rather have said that no cultivated person does this; and it is the usage of cultivated men and women which constitutes the court of last appeal by which the judgments of the dictionaries must themselves be tried.

XI.

A correspondent who signs herself "Helena," asks us three questions:

(1) In reading *The Trail of the Sand-Hill Stag*, am I correct in supposition that Mr. Seton-Thompson is relating an incident in his own personal experience?

We do not know.

(2) Will you tell me who are the Roycrofters?

They are the persons in charge of the so-called Roycroft Press in East Aurora, New York.

(3) Can you recommend any work or commentary on Ben Jonson's writings which will aid me in finding out what he meant by that passage which prefaces Emerson's essay on "Manners"?

If you have access to a good library, we advise you to consult the annotated edition of Ben Jonson's works by Gifford—not the original edition but that of 1875, which contains additional notes by Cunningham. The passage to which you refer, however, does not seem to us particularly abstruse.

XII.

A letter written by a correspondent from Westhaven, Connecticut, raises a semi-ethical question of interest to authors:

DEAR SIRS: When you have editorial leisure will you please discourse a little upon the right of a publisher to annotate, even in pencil, the manuscript which he rejects? After ten years of writing I have just had my first experience of that sort—an experience which has made necessary the full retyping of the novel in question. My note of remonstrance brought back the comforting reply that this annotation was evidence of the "thurro reading" the book had received and that the publisher had been "in the habit of marking manuscripts that passed the preliminary readers during an experience longer than your whole life." Can you help to break up so unpleasing a habit?

We are afraid that nothing can be done to break up the habit in the case of this particular publisher, because it has become with him a second nature. There is no danger, however, that the habit will spread to other publishers, since it is too obviously unjust that in reading and rejecting a manuscript the publisher should so mutilate it as to cause the author both trouble and expense. But what can you expect of a man who would spell thorough "thurro"?

XIII.

We have the following letter from Duluth, Minnesota:

GENTLEMEN: I am a young man with a strong taste for architecture, and some day I hope to pursue my studies in foreign capitals. I should like very much to get some information in answer to the following questions: (1) What schools of architecture are there in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Rome? (2) What are the conditions of admission for an American in each of these institutions? (3) How long is the course in each, and what are the special advantages of each? (4) What would probably be my expenses in each of these schools, taking into account not only the fees and charges of the schools, but also the cost of living in each city where the school is located? Will you kindly answer these questions as fully as possible, as the information might prove very helpful to me in the future?

No: we think not. We are sorry to disappoint this young man; but we must be firm. The weather is too warm for answering that sort of a letter. But the young man in Duluth need not be anxious about his future. We don't know whether he has any innate architectural ability or not: but his nerve is such that he cannot fail to make a lasting mark in London or Paris or Berlin or Vienna or Rome—or, at any rate, in Duluth.

XIV.

The following letter is rather long, but we shall publish it in full because of what

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the writer says in the first sentence. It comes from San Francisco.

DEAR BOOKMAN: I have contributed twice to your magazine, and received scant acknowledgment on either occasion. This is the third and last call. Your controversy with an Englishman in the May Letter-Box has spurred me to speech, and I must unbosom myself.

To begin with, I wish to take exception to the Englishman's proposition that "intelligent criticism of one another is necessary." Take notice that I make a distinction between argument and criticism; but I aver that criticism of one another is never necessary at any time or place, and the more intelligent the criticism, the more it is out of order. The only sort of personality permissible, whether between individuals or nations, is the friendly banter which is enveloped in a sympathy thick enough to hide all the sharp corners. While the executive powers on both sides the water are friendly enough to poke fun at one another, the masses have not yet come to a right understanding, and any sort of banter before them is out of place. When your correspondent speaks of the Englishman as cosmopolitan he is right, for he speaks of the ideal Englishman; and it is only with ideals that we have to do in the world of art and letters.

It is *Punch's* caricature of the unusual American and the American understanding of the mediocre Englishman which prevent the two great nations from coming into perfect harmony; and nothing does more to sustain the popular prejudice than the cheap output of the "penny-a-liners" on both sides of the water. Whether from the dime novels of boyhood or the class text-books of the higher schools, the youth of America is insidiously filled with a prejudice against England—a prejudice which can be overcome only by years of travel and experience. The reattainment of the equilibrium must, under existing conditions, remain the privilege of the few, and the abolition from our public schools of all such text-books as tend to prejudice our youth, not only against England, but against any nation, is an end much to be desired, and as a matter of public safety is worthy an amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Dear BOOKMAN, I have loved your Letter-Box and always bemoaned its omission; but no person whose mind is concentrated upon one point is a fit subject for banter until he has regained a normal sense of perspective. Many persons never have anything resembling a normal sense of perspective, and most of your correspondents are very much in earnest. The more absurd your questioner and the more clever your reply, the more some heart must bleed; and I am reluctantly forced to admit that your Letter-Box is not an instrument of peace on earth and good-will among men.

Dear BOOKMAN, I trust that my comments are imbedded in a love deep enough to show how strongly I sympathise with the editor of your Letter-Box.

We do not care to argue with this gentleman about the English question. We wish, however, that we had a key to the meaning of the last paragraph but one. It seems to imply that a person without a normal sense of perspective and whose mind is concentrated upon one point is not a fit subject for banter. But he says that most of our correspondents, being very much in earnest, have not a normal sense of perspective, and therefore we should not answer them lest we make their hearts bleed. We don't think that we really make their hearts bleed. They are just as happy as we are. If the writer of this letter has any cause for grief we are very sorry. He has a loving, gentle, tender disposition, and any one can see with half an eye that he is a Clear White Soul.

XV.

A Philadelphia reader who signs himself "Rex Armorum," sends us the following letter which he thinks we will not print:

Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

On page 463 of the July number you say, speaking of the President of the United States attending the coronation of Edward VII., that "all true Americans would be glad to see their chosen ruler . . . taking his place as an equal among the emperors and kings," who (presumably), you think, will also attend at the ceremony. It is to laugh. Do you not know that reigning sovereigns *never* attend each other's coronations, but are represented by members of their families or special ambassadors? The obvious reason being that they, were they present, would naturally "come in" for some of the attention which, upon such an occasion, should be reserved entirely for the chief figure. The President of the United States, as chief of a great power, would, there-

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fore, be subject to this law of etiquette, in the same manner as the Kaiser or the Tsar.

The ignorance upon such subjects among educated people is deplorable. It is almost too much to expect, however, that you will correct the impression on your readers.

It is perfectly true, as our correspondent says, that reigning sovereigns do not attend in person the coronation of a brother king, and for the reason mentioned above. Nevertheless, they are present by proxy. The usual rule might well be disregarded by President McKinley. The relation of the United States to England is quite unique. Independent politically, our country is still a part of Greater Britain. Although not English subjects, we still are English in language, in law, in interest and in the traditions of our history. Were the President of the United States to stand beside King Edward at his crowning he would stand there not as an alien ruler, but as one who represented the universal brotherhood of the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the world—its power, its high hope and its unbroken unity. We may be sure that the President would receive a welcome such as Englishmen have never yet given to any one from oversea; and for the sake of its effect upon the future history of the two Anglo-Saxon empires, all precedents and protocols might well be smashed to atoms. It is not likely that the thing will happen: but were President McKinley to decide upon it and to do it he would show that he possesses at once the courage and the high imaginative qualities which make some statesmen's names immortal.

XVI.

A reader in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, writes:

Perhaps the correspondent who wrote you in the May number about the teeth in a cow's jaw had found some statement about it in a book, and meant to question it.

Well, suppose he had. That wouldn't make any difference to us. We said that we didn't know anything about cows, and we don't. Maybe our correspondent thought we were going to buy a cow-book and read up all about cows and about which jaw they keep their teeth in. But we're not. We shall never buy any cow-books, nor even borrow them. We have other things to do. If he wants to know all these facts, let him get a cow-book himself, or else buy a cow and study her thoughtfully. That is all that we are going to say about cows.

A BUTTERFLY

Baffled by wind and beaten by the sea,
  Drenched wings, dim record of a radiant hour,
  Wrought of the light, the dew, the waving flower,
Thy mellow, sun-swept spaces made thee free;
But beckoned by a wave of amethyst,
  When sunset's rose lay shaken on the shore,
  Its petals' fiery opaline blown o'er
The soft-lipped sands, which they had warmly kissed,
Thou—born of frailer blossom's fleeting breath,
  Taught of the sun to soar unto the steep,
  Didst flutter to the beauty of the deep,
And feed upon the white foam-flowers of death;
  No more for thee fair lesser fields lie ripe—
  Alas, the heart, thy human prototype!

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

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WARWICK OF THE KNOBS

A Story of Stringtown County

BY JOHN URI LLOYD

CHAPTER XI.

THAT JOHN MORGAN MIGHT LIVE. A WARWICK'S SACRIFICE.*

That morning Joshua returned in time for breakfast. He made no reference to the cause of his absence, or to where he had spent the night. The scratches on the hands and face of his sister could not be hidden, but no comment was made concerning them. Lionel had returned from his early walk, Warwick once more sat at the head of the table. The family circle was again complete. As of yore did stern Warwick open the morning meal with an offering of thanks to the Giver of all blessings; no evidence of discontent with his lot could be gathered from tone or word. Once again he was the expressionless ruler of the home where every thought was directed to the wearing of a crown in a future heaven, but where frivolity and amusement on the earth of the present were considered breeders of eternal frowns from Him who ruled both above and below. It is needless to state that few words were spoken, for every member of the party seemed possessed by thoughts sufficient to more than absorb his attention. In reserve they ate, and then dispersed.

As soon as a meeting could be secured after breakfast Mary sought her brother.

"Joshua, you were not at home last night."

"I told you thet I would be back this mornin'."

"Why did you leave so suddenly after father returned?"

"Sis, if yo'll keep a secret I'll tell you, but mum's the word now thet Pap's tooken the oath."

"I am to be trusted, Joshua, you know I am."

"Yisterday as I got to the end of the row of corn I was cutting next the thicket I heard a whis'le. It was the whis'le brother used to call me by when I was a little tot, Brother Samuel, who is with Morgan. You bet I was 'sprized, but I didn't let on. I jest answered back without turnin' my head and then I worked my way to the top of the ridge to see ef any one war watchin' me. You see, Sis I ain't too sure ov thet rock hunter from the North. But thar wan't no one in sight, so I jest worked back and then slipped over the fence into the thicket. Thar sat brother on a stump. He looked monstrous thin and his head was shaved like a baby's. I knew that it wan't no time fer words, and I jest said so. Then I asked what war to be done.

"'General Morgan has 'scaped from the Columbus penitentiary,' says he, 'an' I got away with him. We separated; he crossed the Ohio at Ludlow and I went down to Anderson's Ferry, fer it isn't safe fer so many to be together. I know the land and kept out of sight. The woods is thick and bushes close. I got here early this mornin' without a soul seein' me. Tell father thet I'll slip into my room to-night and, Joshua, bring me somethin' to eat. I'm as hungry as a bear.'

"I started off when he called me back. 'How's sister?' he asked. 'She's well and growin' mighty fast. You'll be proud of Sis, brother.' He drew his sleeve across his eyes an' I couldn't see no reason fer et, either. If he'd been a woman instead of a man I'd hev thought he war wantin' to cry."

"'Joshua,' he said, 'I wants ter see sister powerful much. I've been in a power of hot old times since I jined Morgan and hev suffered mightily and the end ain't yet. But I couldn't go back South without seein' sister ag'in, and thet's why I run this risk. Tell her

* In this and connected chapters the author has taken the novelist's privilege where history can speak, his object being to disconnect his characters from the persons who, some of them yet living, took part in assisting General John Morgan and Captain Hines through Boone (Stringtown) county. It may be well to say that the next door neighbour (then) of the author met John Morgan when he crossed the Ohio River at Ludlow, Kentucky, after his escape from the Columbus penitentiary, and delivered him in safety to friends near where this story is located. Here he was secreted, provided with arms and a horse, and a few nights afterward conducted through the knobs to the line between Boone and Gallatin counties, and then turned over to another trusted guide. The author has this record in every detail direct from the parties concerned, and in addition has photographic views of the points of interest, as well as photographs of the persons involved.

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thet I've got the little rebel flag she made me and give me the night I slipped away. I stuffed it into my cheek when the Yanks captured us; they thought it war terbacker.'

"I started off ag'in and he called me back. 'Bring me a gun and pistol and some cartridges, and don't fergit somethin' ter eat,' he said. Wall, Sis, he eat a pile and then felt better.

"'How's father?' he asked.

"'I don't know, fer he ain't home. The old devil in blue caught him Sunday and took him to jail; guess he'll be tooken ter Camp Chase to-night lessen he takes the oath.'

"'He'll never tooken thet oath,' says brother; 'thet's settled. Did yo' see Sis?' he asked.

"'No, she was not in the house.'

"'Tell her I'll be home to-night after midnight.'

"'What's new?'

"'Nuthin'. Half the young fellers are in the Yankee army and half are with the rebels. Half the old men are watchin' the Home Guards and the other half are laying quiet. We've got a boarder, a rock hunter from the North. He's in your room, too. He takes me fer a greeny and I guess I am one es he sees things, but we'll both wait till terbacker's in the barn before we counts the hands. He's got his eye on me an' I'm watchin' him.'

"'I'll be home at midnight,' says brother, 'after the rock hunter's asleep.'

"Then he slipped into the thicket and I went to work. When Pap came home last night I knew somethin' hed gone wrong. When he said he had tooken the oath I knowed the devil was to pay. Thet oath of Burbridge makes a man swear he'll drive his own kin away and report his own son.

"Thet's why I left the room so sudden. Ef Pap says he'll do et he will, an' ef he swore he would report his own boy he'd git on his horse and ride to the county seat without his breakfast to do et.

"I was in a fix. Brother hadn't told me where he intended to hide and I didn't know where to hunt. I looked everywhere, fer I wanted to tell him to keep away from home, but it wan't any use. Before midnight I got awful blue and went down to the thicket and waited. He didn't come. When I come back it was after twelve, but Pap was up readin'. I looked through the winder at him. Then I went to the thicket and whis'led and whis'led. No answer. I walked one place and another, but no brother showed up. I've been out all night, Sis. He didn't come back."

The girl's face turned yet paler; her voice trembled as she asked:

"Did you go to the Cliffs?"

"No, fer them's too far fer him to hev sneaked. He didn't need to go half a mile from here fer nobody was looking fer him."

The girl clasped her hands. "Joshua, Brother Samuel will never come again, never, never." She took him by the arm. "Come, let us find father."

Something in her voice smote the awkward boy to his heart. Together they went to the house, and then direct to the room of their father.

"Listen, father," said the agitated girl. "Listen to what I have to tell about my trip last night."

"About your trip last night," said Joshua, "I didn't know you made a trip."

"When you looked through the window after midnight I was gone."

"Who went with you, Sis? There wan't no one home but Pap, the old niggers and the rock hunter. Who went out with you after midnight?"

"Let me tell my story."

"Go on, daughter," said Warwick.

"We left the house together, the great General Morgan and I. It was cold and I drew my shawl close about me." The girl shivered at the recollection and then continued. "The long dead grass was wet and sopped my ankles, and drops of water scattered from the bushes over my head and trickled down my neck. Ugh, but I feel the cold drops yet." Again she shivered.

"The night birds sang loud; they seemed to try to give us away, so loud did they sing. I trembled at their voices. The moon shone dim through the tree-tops, too young was it to give much light. The hoot-owl cried from down in the Middlecreek ravines toward where we had to go; louder did he cry than ever I heard before. Surely, I thought, the Yankees will hear him hoot at us who this night come to his home in the wilds. There were other sounds and other voices too. Surely, father, creatures never seen by eye talk in the night at such a time as this. I thought of what you read out of the Bible. I saw the 'beasts full of eyes before and behind,' eyes were everywhere, beasts with faces like men and six wings, beasts full of eyes and with hundreds of feet and wings, beasts with faces like a calf, and others with faces like lions. Oh, father, but I saw all you read about in that horrible story in the Bible."

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"Child," interrupted Warwick, "this is blasphemy. Continue your story, leave the Word to me."

"On we went, down into the deep gulch where sunshine never comes, where moonlight finds no place. Like a bottomless pit was that dark hole, and yet into that gloomy gulch we went. I in front, beating down the briars that hung over the path which I followed by the touch of my foot. Up, out of the creek, up and on, until the moon again came from behind the hill and then——"

The girl stopped.

"And then what, daughter?"

"A man rose up before us, a man with a gun in hand. I saw it glitter in the moonlight, I saw its muzzle raised toward us. The man stood between the moon and ourselves; black as the night was he in the face of the moon. I did not know him then, but I know him now. And then——"

"What, girl?"

"I drew my pistol from beneath my shawl and fired it quick; fired it at the man who stood ready to shoot us down. This is what war brings to us, my father, to us who live here in Stringtown County, to shoot first or die first, my father. Would to God I had been the one to die."

"The story."

"We went on, for the man disappeared as if he had melted away, on and on, to where stand the cliffs, on to where shelves the great cliff. There I left the friend I had guided in safety, there I left him, promising to send Joshua to-day with food. Alone I came back through the night. Oh! the awful creatures, beasts, devils that rose up, that flew overhead, that crouched before and behind me. I ran through the briars, through the bushes, over the hills, the claws of the wild beasts touched my dress and tore it, the claws of the devils reached out for my face and arms and limbs, and scraped the skin until the blood came, but I got home at last, home, and, my father, your honour was saved, the name of Warwick, my father."

"And this is all you have to say?"

"No." Joshua spoke now. "No, Pap, I have this to say. In case the man my sister shot is Brother Samuel, he would not have been shot had you not tooken thet oath of Burbridge."

Warwick rose up. "Samuel? Why do you say Samuel?"

"Because together with General Morgan he has escaped from the Columbus penitentiary because in the back thicket yesterday he left me, promising to come last night to our house jest after midnight, because had you not tooken thet oath, *you* would have guided John Morgan, and my sister need not have tramped in the night, pistol in hand, to shoot down whoever stood in the path." The boy became eloquent as he spoke.

A look of anguish overspread the face of Warwick, to whom the climax of the line of argument came with all the force of a living fact.

"Samuel shot, and by his sister's hand, because of the oath I took to save the honour of Warwick. Samuel, my boy, my boy! Woe is me, sorrow and grief are my lot; rough is the path my feet were foreordained to walk. Yet must I not fail in faith because of trials of the flesh. Oh, my children, know ye not that sorrow must come into the life of man? Does not the Good Book teach, 'I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and that Thou in faithfulness hath afflicted me?'"

Then, in spite of his religious zeal he strode back and forth, the pent-up emotions seemed near overcoming him. Suddenly the father turned to his children.

"Away to the cliff. The man may not be dead; he may not be Samuel. Follow me, my children. Oath or no oath, if it be my son Samuel, to this home shall he come, alive or dead."

He shook his clenched fist above his head, the knuckle of the gigantic man struck the ceiling.

"Even though Burbridge hang me to a limb the next day, oath or no oath, I'll care for my son who came into my life before I was forced to take the cursed oath."

CHAPTER XII.

THE "HARD-SHELL" DOCTRINE. A LETTER FROM LIONEL.

My Dear Charley: The ominous signs about which I told you in my last letter have materialised. These people begin to concern me more than I could have believed possible. They are a study, an enigma, a living puzzle. I am treated kindly, courteously, given every attention, and yet I now realise that I am held at arm's length. Things before my eyes are but half seen; the other half I know nothing about, nor can my questions bring an answer.

Old man Warwick works and prays and preaches, quotes Scripture and sings psalms, but I half believe he does some things he does not pray about audibly, and it is evident the others too are concerned in matters that are covered from me. It seems like a novel story, in which a plot is so carefully guarded as to exasperate instead of satisfying the reader.

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But before vacation is over I'll get—oh, well, I'll write it then.

Last week things were dreadfully mixed here. One of Warwick's sons was found dead in the hills. He was shot through the heart. The strange part of it is that no effort was made to discover the murderer.

"Joshua," I said, "do you not suspect any person?"

"Ef I do, I don't talk. These ain't times to talk."

Not another word could I draw from him.

Oh, yes. I forgot to say that this son was a rebel soldier, one of Morgan's cavalrymen, who recently escaped from Columbus penitentiary. His father preached the funeral sermon, and as far as I could determine preached him to the devil. The daughter sorrows deeply. She made no outcry, no demonstration, but she seemed dazed, and has not been herself since.

"Miss Warwick," I said yesterday, "your brother was a soldier. Those who go into the war risk their lives. Is it wise to grieve unreasonably even for one as dear as a brother?"

She turned her eyes upon me in a way I cannot find words to express.

"He did not die on the field of battle. Would to God it had been so. Did you know all——" then she stopped.

"But Miss Warwick, *you* are not to blame, because——"

"Hush!" she interrupted, "do not speak to me of things I know better than do you, nor is it wise for you to mix in affairs that do not concern you. Happy are you people of the North who see no war, whose brothers march forth in open day, whose sisters need not listen in the night for a brother's tap on the door, and listen in vain, as I have done."

"But, Miss Warwick, *you* are not to blame, ful part in the war. Our loved ones go out to fight and suffer and die."

"To you of the North war is something afar; to us, war is at our doors night and day. God only knows what will come next."

Charley, the more I see of this girl the more convinced I am that she should see something of the world. It is a shame to hide a creature like this in these woods among these hills. Isn't it strange a pretty woman is bewitching when she smiles, captivating when she laughs, and charming when, without smile or laugh she looks you in the eye. But when the teardrop touches her cheek words can not define the fascination, and I'll not attempt it.

Charley, this girl of Warwick's is a mountain flower, be she in the sunshine or the shadow. But you know my failing and—Oh, well, it isn't likely she and I will ever get closer than across the table.

LIONEL.

P. S.—If God made man and is all-seeing and all-powerful, He knows what man's every action will be. If he knows this and permits him to do things He does not like, and damns him eternally for doing what, in infinite wisdom, He could have prevented, who is to blame? Eh?

Come another way. If God made man and knew all things to come for all time, He knew just what every man would do. If He knew this and does not prevent his doing things He disapproves of, man does these things by God's consent and hence is not responsible. See?

Or again. "If God made man and knew all things and planned all things in the beginning He laid down what must be done, and hence man can only do what God foreordained he should do." This last is Warwick's text every Sunday and his creed the week through, and if the occasion ever requires I'll pull it on him. See?

L.

MY DEAR LIONEL: Your letter came safely and I reply hastily. I haven't much sympathy for your rebel friends. No punishment is too great for people who own slaves, who traffic in human flesh, and who fight to disrupt the Union. The quicker they are subjugated the better, and the more of them found with bullet holes through their hearts the nearer we are to the suppression of the rebellion.

But one thing I must caution you about. As you say, I know your failing, and I know, too, that a pretty face charms you, but it is only for a season. You have taught that fact to more than one artless creature in the factory your father owns. Sorrow enough has been supped by those unfortunate girls to make you change your methods. I care nothing for your rebel beauty, but I do not approve of your argument, nor the manner in which you use Mr. Warwick's dogma to argue your conscience down. If you are not careful you will forget where you are, and will give old man Warwick good reason to chop off your head, as you recently wrote me he might do to the person who abused his confidence. You are in Stringtown County, Kentucky, for the purpose of studying fossils, not to decoy girls. This is plain talk, but I am out of patience with you and feel called upon to give it. Take my advice. Keep your eyes on the stones and not on the teardrop.

CHARLEY.

CHAPTER XIII.

"ONCE MORE THE SHADOWS FLICKERED."

For a time over that home on the knob the days passed as pass the days of a calm that sometimes follows one storm period and precedes another. Lionel studied his rocks and collected specimens, Joshua cut and hung his tobacco, and his father, as usual, both preached and worked. The girl became gradually more reconciled to the death of her brother, and Warwick seemed to take less to heart the odium that rested on his name because of that humiliating oath. But the Home Guards still rode over the hill roads and beat the bushes by their sides; many were the residents of Stringtown County who slept more frequently out of doors than in the house. But Warwick gave these things no further concern, nor was he again disturbed by the Home Guards. Seemingly the trials of this man of God were

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at an end. And that Warwick thought so too was evidenced by his selection of the morning and evening Scriptural verses.

Had the old man, however, studied his Bible less and thought more of earthly than of spiritual things, he would have apprehended the change that came over the daughter, who now seemed not to shun the visitor from the North. He would have seen that she was becoming increasingly interested in the fossil stones and in the mammoth bones, and that she often walked to the road to bid the naturalist goodby in the morning and that in the evening, too, she often met him on his return.

But if Warwick did not observe these changes Joshua was more perceptive, for one day the uncouth boy said to his father:

"'Pears to me thet Sis is behavin' different ov late."

"I see nothing out of the way. She goes to church Sunday, she attends to affairs of the home week days, she asks to go to no parties or picnics or other places where the devil lurks, she does not sulk and has no grievance."

Joshua looked at his father and spoke hesitatingly, as if undecided just how far he could venture.

"Ef you will raise your eyes from the text once in a while you'll catch a glimpse of things you can't read in print."

"I read the Bible. Nothing that occurs to-day can add to or take from the value of the Word. *It is of your sister you speak.* Listen to the Psalmist's promise." The man placed his finger on the passage that chanced then to be before his eyes and read aloud:

"God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved. God shall help her and that right early."

"I take it, Pap, thet the feller what did that writin' died too long ago to tell you 'bout things thet consarn us here in Stringtown County to-day. There's no use in tryin' ter strip and hand terbacker when et ain't in case, but when et comes in case et kin be worked mighty easy. 'Pears to me thet things are gettin' monstrous soft hereabouts, and ef you ain't keerful the terbacker in the barn'll not be the only thing in case when Christmas comes. You say sister'll be helped 'right early.' Well, it 'pears so to me."

"Go to your work, Joshua. If you would study your Bible more and think less of worldly matters it would be better. Go to your work, sir."

As the days passed the words of Joshua concerning the girl's "softening" seemed to be destined for fulfilment. The girl did soften. Her eyes spoke the fact that her concern for the guest had deepened into something more than a friendly interest; her conversation with Lionel was not now altogether on the subject of the fossil stones and prehistoric bones of Stringtown County.

Artful Lionel, a young man of society, he was not long in perceiving the change that came to this girl who never even attended one of the neighbouring picnics, who had pleaded vainly to be allowed to join a party of frolicking young people bound for a day's outing at Big Bone Springs, who, whenever such desires were expressed, had been told to read her Bible and shun the wiles of the devil. Beneath the very eye of the father who, when at home, sat with eye intent on his book or mind wrapped up in his sermon, Lionel told this girl about other scenes, and pictured to her the pleasures that came to girls that were not forced to forego the joys of life, joys that should come to all who pass from childhood into womanhood. Not a word did he say against the father's religion or rules, too shrewd was he to do this.

The bright side, the flowery side, the side that enraptures the mind of the unwary, was held before her in glowing colours. *She* was left to contrast her own lot with that of other girls; *she* was led to contrast the methods of her father and that of other fathers. But while the artless girl of the solitudes of nature and the artful man of the world were thus moving nearer to each other unobserved by the man whose duty led him to search the Scriptures and neglect his daughter, the clown of a brother was less religious and less blind.

One day he abruptly left the tobacco barn and turned his steps toward the localities where Lionel spent his time in search of specimens, toward the spot where that morning from a knob Joshua had seen him breaking stones. Unexpected was that meeting to Lionel, at least.

"That you, Joshua?"

"Yes, an' I'm here fer bus'ness. I hain't goin' ter beat 'round the bush, neither. You come here to study rocks vacation time, you say?"

"Yes, Joshua, that's my business."

"School begun two months ago. When does vacation end?" The words were direct. Lionel saw the boy had more to say.

"Go on, Joshua."

"I don't intend to ask nuthin' wrong. But you ain't studyin' rocks like you did at first.

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You ain't of our people and never will be. Thet's what I come to say."

"True, Joshua. I am not related to you, but that need not disturb either of us."

"Ef you stay here much longer there may be trouble thet you don't expect. It may not be perlite, but it is bus'ness fer me to say thet vacation times are over and I don't mean any wrong when I says it."

"You think, Joshua, I had better return to college?"

"Exactly."

"Well, I have arranged to leave next week. Can you take my collection of specimens to Covington?"

"I'll haul it the day you pick out, and the quicker the better."

"Next week, Tuesday, Joshua, will suit me," was the reply.

"Thank yo', sir. Don't tell Pap 'bout our talk. I don't mean no harm er not ter be perlite, but we Stringtown County people treats the stranger fair, and I jest thought et war 'bout time fer vacation ter end."

The following Sunday Warwick left home for a few days' absence, attending an association in the beech woods on the Stringtown Pike.* The Tuesday thereafter Joshua loaded Lionel's geological specimens and started to Covington with them early in the morning. But the roads out of the knobs are rough, the Gunpowder and Big Bone hills are steep, the load was heavy, slow was the gait of the horses that hauled that lumber wagon down the pike and back again; late at night it was when Joshua returned. He unhitched his team, turned them into the back pasture and quietly slipped into his room so as not to disturb the sleepers.

Next morning when he appeared the breakfast table was spread for but one person, the old black woman was in waiting. The heart of the boy that Lionel called a "gump" sank, a foreboding sensation came over him.

"Where's sister?"

The old woman turned in surprise.

"Yo' know she went to the 'sociation."

"When?"

"Yisterdy morn'n."

"Who went with her?"

"Marse Lionel."

"How did they go?"

"In the buggy."

For a moment the listener sat in silence; then he muttered: "Pap's book war right when it said she would be helped 'right early.'"

Not another word did the lone boy say. In silence he stoically ate his breakfast. If his mind was active no facial expression indicated the fact. Indeed, he seemed actually unconcerned about the news that to him so unexpectedly told of his sister's elopement.

Before breakfast was over the old negress announced that a man was coming toward the house from off the creek road, "a man in blue," she added. Joshua started up at once. That final sentence produced in him an unpleasant sensation. He stepped to the door. About half way up the hill a Federal soldier was leisurely riding. His horse seemed spiritless, the rider indifferent to surroundings. No gun did he carry, no revolver was to be seen, nor yet a sabre. That he was not a Home Guard was evident.

For a moment Joshua reflected as to his proper course. Should he go out of the back door and into the thicket, or stay and meet the intruder? But a moment did he consider this subject, then he advanced to the front gate and when the visitor approached stood ready to receive the message, whatever it might be.

"Does Preacher Warwick live here?"

"Yes, sir."

"May I see him?"

"He's not at home."

The man reflected.

"When will he return?"

"I can't say." Joshua did not ask the cavalryman to alight. He did not care for his company.

"I have a message for Mr. Warwick."

"Ef yo'll tell me I'll tell Pap."

"You are his son?"

"Yes."

"It concerns him. I am to deliver it to your father. Can you not tell me when you expect him home?"

"He's gone to the 'sociation. It lets out today. He'll be home to-night."

"I shall wait, for I must speak with Mr. Warwick."

"Breakfast's jest ready and you're welcome to stay. I hope you hev brought good news."

The traveller alighted and Joshua led his horse to the stable and then finished the sentence. "But ef you hev good news, et's mo'ne any blue-coat ever yit brought to any Warwick."

The soldier ate his breakfast, drew a pipe, made himself comfortable and waited for

* Baptist associations were not held this time of year. The author has ventured to take a liberty with the season in this instance.

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Warwick, waited until the sun went down, until Joshua came in from the barn, until the evening meal was on the table. Not until then came Warwick.

After supper the three men sat together in the common sitting-room. If Warwick had observed the absence of either his daughter or the naturalist he made no reference to the fact; dimly burned the lamp; once more the shadows flickered.

CHAPTER XIV.

"TELL MY FATHER THAT I STOOD AS A WARWICK SHOULD, AND DIED AS SHOULD A WARWICK DIE."

"Mr. Warwick, you had a son in the Confederate Army, had you not?"

"I had two sons in the service of the Confederacy. One lies now in the graveyard on the hill, the other still serves the South."

"One lies in the graveyard on the hill? Which hill?"

"The knob beside Old Gunpowder, sir. Six weeks ago we buried him."

"We do not refer to the same son, Mr. Warwick. The man I knew lies not in your graveyard on Gunpowder Hill." Then he changed the subject, gazing at the floor. "Let me tell my story, Mr. Warwick."

"Back and forth the blue and grey scouts had seesawed, back when the rebels pressed hard and out again when the North was strongest, back and forth until the rebels were reinforced, until their cavalry outnumbered the Federals, until John Morgan cut in behind the Northern infantry, until the Federal General Morgan retreated from Cumberland Gap, until Bragg forced Buell far into Kentucky. Back and yet back did the Northern forces fall, fighting their way, burying their dead, carrying their slightly wounded, leaving others to the care of farmers, and others still where they fell; until General Heath drove in the pickets beneath the guns of old Fort Mitchell on the height back of Covington. But at last the tide turned; the feint on Cincinnati by General Heath's six thousand men was a thing of the past; the battles of Perryville and the vacillating methods of General Bragg left him broken in strength."

Abruptly the speaker turned his eyes on Warwick.

"Your sons Ezra and Samuel joined the rebels during that Kirby Smith raid, Mr. Warwick. When the Confederates left the State of Kentucky that fall of 1862 your boys were under Morgan's command."

"You speak correctly, sir. Then it was they entered the service of the Confederacy."

"The next June, last June, they came again to Kentucky. The great raid into Ohio was inaugurated. You know the rest. John Morgan became a prisoner. Success was with the Union arms. But between September, 1862, and June, 1863, occurred an incident that yet stands before my open eyes as if it were engraved in bronze. When I shut my eyes the scene is not less vivid."

The man shuddered and pressed his hand to his forehead.

"Why do you say the 'Confederates' and the 'Federals'? Why do you not say the Confederates and ourselves?" asked Warwick. The speaker dropped his eyes again and continued, but not in reply to Warwick's question.

"The men who fight battles, who charge and shoot, and cut and shout and swear and kill and die, be they dressed in blue or in grey, be they as were we, clad in rags and shoeless and hungry, are men, and respect each the other, be he clad in grey or in blue. Worn out were we, long had been our march up from the South into this land of Kentucky."

"Down from the North you mean, sir; those who wear the blue come not from the South." Warwick touched the sleeve of his guest.

But the speaker continued. "That was a valiant fight, Mr. Warwick. The enemy was before us, the enemy was behind, to the right and to the left, on every cross-road, every pike, on every hill and in every valley were the men we fought. The break of morning brought to our ears the crack of muskets; they sounded, too, at broke of day, and every hour betwixt the rise and setting of the sun came the bullet from the gun of the invaders of our homes."

Then Warwick interrupted. "Sir, the homes of those who live north of the Ohio River are not invaded."

"Nor did I say they were. Be patient."

"We fought and prayed, and swore and bled and died. Lines of muskets were before us, throats of cannon were behind us, troops of cavalry, regiments, brigades, divisions of infantry were east and west and north and south of us. We arose from the ground in the morning to meet a line of steel from which flowed tongues of flame, over which floated clouds of smoke, from out which came sheets of lead and iron balls. The earth was furrowed about us, but horse did not draw the plough; the trees were cut above us, but hand did not trim the limbs that fell upon our heads. The devil

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held the plough that turned the dirt beneath us; the devil held the scythe that cut bush and tree above us, that crushed our frames like paper, tore off our limbs and let out our heart's blood. The devil, I say, stood behind that line of blue which, hidden in smoke, cut us down; helpless, we had now neither powder, nor ball, nor food, nor——"

Now Warwick rose up. He placed his hands one on either shoulder of the speaker, and pressing hard thereon looked him in the eye.

"Why do you say the devil stood behind that line of *blue,* you who wear the blue?"

"Because then I wore the grey, because to meet you, Mr. Warwick to say what I have said and tell you more that yet I must say, led me to wear this suit of blue. I fought beside your son Ezra, the boy who lies not in the graveyard in the hills of Gunpowder Creek."

"Tell me of my boy."

"Flesh and blood could not forever stand the storm of lead and iron that closed us in and mowed us down; we who had neither food nor cover, medicine nor wherewith to fight back, we whose bayonets were not long enough to reach the men who stood behind those lines of living steel, much less to reach those great-mouthed cannon, that, from afar, dropped bombs and balls wherever the men who stood behind them willed they should. I fought beside your son, Ezra Warwick. Fought until our last charge of powder was burned, until surrounded we stood in silence while that sheet of flame mowed us down like birds in a trap."

"Tell me all you have to say about my son."

"A brave man was that son, Mr. Warwick, an honour to the name. When our last charge of powder was burned he turned to me and said: 'Comrade, should you get out alive, tell my father, Preacher Warwick of the Knobs, that I stood as a Warwick should, and died as should a Warwick die.'"

"Then he was one who fell?"

"Would to God, Mr. Warwick, I could say yes, would that he had fallen then."

"Go on. Tell me what you have to say. Sad indeed must be the message that has led one who fought beneath the three red bars to wear that coat of blue." Hoarsely did Warwick speak these words.

"Are you strong enough to hear the ending of my story?"

"Speak. 'The Lord is the strength of my life. Of whom shall I be afraid'?"

"Wounded men were about us, men who laid for hours and watched the blood drip, drip, drip; and men, too, who felt the bullet's touch and saw the crimson stream spurt and felt the life current slip out as flows water from a pail. These last were the happier, for here death came quickest. And finally, when came the silence that told the enemy we had no powder, the wounded about us outnumbered the dead two to one, and the dead twice outnumbered those untouched by lead or iron ball." And again the speaker pressed his hands to his forehead.

"And my boy was one who watched his blood drip, drip? You said he was not killed?"

"He was not touched by ball at all. His life seemed charmed. Unscathed he came from out that hellish hole, he, myself and a few others. When the last ball was spent and the enemy closed in to where we who were left stood upright among the dead and wounded, when came the final Federal charge and the foe burst upon the horrid scene, I saw strong men in blue cover their eyes and turn their heads away. It was an awful sight, Warwick, even to those who know war. I saw next kindly hands outstretched to us who lived; as if we had been brothers was the clasp of the hands I felt grasp mine. Who could have thought that these same hands had made the carnage at our feet? But such is war, such war as this where men fight and bleed and die for principle, and yet bear no enmity against him who does the same for the other cause. Brave men were our captors, and we had shown that we too, were brave, we who now were prisoners of war."

"But what of my boy. You tantalise me, man. These things need not be told. We can read of battle charges in every print that comes to hand. Tell me of my son Ezra."

"Be patient, Mr. Warwick."

"Is this a time for patience? Say the word you bring and end the tale."

"This then is the word, the word I bear you. The brave army that had crushed our band moved on toward the South; back were we sent until our prison in Kentucky was reached. Here, by order of one whose name I need not speak, we were one morning drawn up and told that because of some bushwhackers' deeds of which we knew nothing, before the day had set, a like number of Confederate prisoners must die. God! but we could not believe the words were earnest. Not long, however, were we left in doubt. The edict had gone forth and that, too, by order of a son of Kentucky. And when we asked

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for justice, for the rights due a soldier, we were told that for every man the cowardly bushwhacker shot, one of us must be sacrificed."

"The tyrant——"

"Do not speak his name. Let me go on to the end, the bitter end. Our names were written on slips and put into a hat, and a comrade of the men who were to die was forced to draw the lot, forced, I say, to draw the papers out and hear the names one by one read off, and see the man each paper named let out until the full quota were drawn and all stood upright to die."

"And my son?"

"He was blessed as contrasted with the man who speaks to-night."

Intently did Warwick gaze into the eye of his guest. Slow and deliberate were his words. "What did my son do that he should be called blessed? What had you done to merit such words of shame?"

"Warwick, it was I who drew the papers from out the hat. I it was who drew the slip that bore the name of my comrade, Ezra Warwick. My name, too, was in that hat. God! but I would that it could have touched my fingers first."

Not a muscle of Warwick's face moved. Deliberately did he speak.

"And my son Ezra stood in that line?"

"Yes."

"Is there more to tell?"

"No. I have fulfilled the promise made your boy. By the help of a generous Federal colonel who loaned me this suit of blue and placed this horse at my command and paroled me on my honour to return, am I here to tell the father of my comrade that which I have said. With the morrow I must start back again. These blue clothes must be exchanged and once again the prisoner's grey rags put on."

Warwick, strong as was his faith, could not bear this stroke unmoved. His mind reverted, first, to the oath he had that summer taken, the oath of Burbridge; next, to the son who, near the path of Middlecreek, fell by the bullet of his sister because of that same oath. Now the other son was gone, shot down, a helpless prisoner. Back and forth in his chair the strong man swayed, then he turned a pitiful, helpless gaze on Joshua, who sat in the shadows.

"My son, my first born son is no more. God chasteneth me, His servant, near to the extent of human endurance. My God, my God, why afflicteth Thou me so sorely? My son, my son!"

There was no reply.

Appealingly Warwick spoke again. "Joshua, ask your sister to come to her father. I would feel her light hand upon my brow, I would have my daughter's arms about my neck. Ask your sister to come and comfort her father, Joshua, my son."

The boy made no movement.

"Your sister, boy. I am very lonely."

"Pap," said Joshua, and he moved over and took both his father's hands, "Pap, I must be your comfort now. Sister's gone away forever."

(To be continued.)

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HERE AND THERE

I.

To be Read by Englishmen.

Not many weeks ago, a number of gentlemen who are members of the New York Chamber of Commerce visited London in their representative capacity. During their stay they were very hospitably entertained by Englishmen of every rank and station; they were invited to innumerable social functions; and they were received by the King himself at Windsor Castle. All these things were quite as they should have been, and in themselves they would do something to maintain and strengthen that friendly feeling between the two peoples, which for many reasons is to be desired. Among the printed comments, however, which have appeared in England with regard to this visit there are two which deserve some special notice. A remark which was made by the *Spectator* is very brief. That periodical mentions the alleged fact that the American visitors were much interested in the British crown jewels "as being something that could not possibly be bought for money." The *Saturday Review* published a long article with regard to the visiting Americans. From this article we extract the following very interesting passage; and in doing so we have italicised its most characteristic sentences:

One can take an interest in these American representatives which the summer flight from transatlantic shores does not usually or easily excite. There is nothing ennobling in the sight of an American "doing" Westminster Abbey or edifying in his criticism of the tenth picture gallery he has traversed in one day. But get him on trade, and it is impossible not to feel, we can hardly say veneration, but certainly respect, blent with something even of awe. One looks with keen curiosity on the American trader to see what manner of man he is that could produce an economic result that has shocked and made to grumble the whole civilised world. *You feel, too, that there you have the Great Republic pure and simple; that is its reality; that is what it cares about; there it is itself. Dismiss culture and tone, freedom, equality and all such figments, and get down to a hard-cash transaction and you see the American at his best. There, in fact, he becomes very great; and it is absolutely absurd to take him in any other way.* The production of wealth is the one thing to which the American people has really given its mind; and circumstances being at the same time entirely favourable, it has succeeded to its own huge admiration and the world's absolute dismay. No other nation has succeeded to the same extent in the same time, but no other nation has so entirely given itself over to the making of wealth as the whole duty of a people. Never has there been a people in which the discrepancy between their performance as traders and their achievements in every other capacity has been so great. In that respect the United States are a portent. They have grown in a manner quite peculiar to themselves. To the ancients it would have seemed a monstrous growth, to the Greeks hideous, to the Romans ignoble. For you have in America the strange phenomenon of the best minds and the best characters systematically over a long period renouncing what the world had always regarded as the higher things; State affairs, arms, art and "contemplation" (*Θεωρία*) and passionately pursuing the things men had hitherto looked on as necessities which most were not so fortunate as to be able to avoid, but which all would escape from if they had the opportunity; necessities not in themselves degrading, yet obstacles to the highest or, at any rate, the pleasantest things. That has not been the American view: their philosophy of life reverses the old order.

Both the casual remark of the *Spectator* and the elaborately studied piece of insolence in the *Saturday Review* indicate a distinct and definite conception of the typical American. According to this conception he is not and cannot be a gentleman. He has no fineness of feeling, no perception of the graces of life, no æsthetic sense, no understanding and love of what is noble and elevating and beautiful. His soul is the soul of a trader. His intellectual faculties are trained and sharpened for the getting of gain alone. He is interesting and worthy of attention only because he has developed an almost monstrous capacity for money-making. In this he is supreme; but in all else he is beneath contempt—ignorant of art, of literature, and of everything that ornaments and beautifies the life of those who have attained to the highest form of civilised existence.

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Now, before considering this criticism from the point of view of its ultimate significance, we desire to remark as dispassionately as possible that this British opinion of the representatives of the New York Chamber of Commerce is wholly and even absurdly incorrect. These representatives were by no means "traders" in any sense of the word, and least of all in the peculiarly offensive sense which that word conveys when used by Englishmen. Let us take, for example, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who was one of these Americans, and who in a way may be regarded as a type of his associates. Mr. Morgan is a gentleman in the full English acceptance of that term—a university man, a scholar. At Göttingen he so distinguished himself by his original work in pure mathematics as to attract the special notice of the university authorities. He is a cultivated amateur of art and a munificent patron of it. He has been for years an enthusiastic collector of rare books, of pictures, and of interesting prints. He is, in short, an accomplished, cultivated man of the world. If, in addition to this, he is also able by fertility of resource, by a genius for bold combinations, and by an unerring foresight, to wield such power in the financial world as to excite the wonder and perhaps the dread of his stodgy, unimaginative English rivals, this fact does not make of him a sordid trader, but it merely represents one phase of a brilliant intellect which is quite as manifest in other and far different spheres.

This notion of theirs, from which Englishmen would like to extract some comfort in the midst of their chagrin—the notion that Americans, although they have outstripped them in so many utilitarian pursuits are, nevertheless, almost barbaric in other ways, and are inferior in art and in liberal culture—is a notion which Englishmen would have some trouble in establishing by any record of existing facts. Take, for example, art itself. At the present time the three English-sounding names which are best known and most honoured by the art critics of London are the names of three American painters—Whistler, Abbey and Sargent. Take, again, the field of classical study and research, where utilitarianism has no hold whatever, and where the average Englishman would say off-hand that Americans do not count. A fine old Oxford Tory, with his early training in Greek iambics and Latin elegiacs, who still writes *coena* and *sylva* and believes in Donaldson and the Greek-play bishops, feels, no doubt, a fine contempt when he hears any allusion made to so inconceivable a thing as American classical scholarship. Just as the typical Englishman has never heard of Perry's victory or of the battle of New Orleans, so he manages to remain unconscious of the fact that the standard Greek lexicon officially adopted by the two great English universities bears upon its title-page the name of an American scholar, and that the standard Latin lexicon which is also officially adopted by the same universities is entirely the work of two Americans. Still less is he likely to be aware that the Latin lexicon which preceded this in the favour of English classical scholars was also the work of an American, Dr. Andrews. He may, perhaps, however, be excused if he does not know this latter fact; since the book in question was piratically appropriated and its authorship disguised by an Englishman, the late Sir William Smith. In view of these and other circumstances which it would be tedious to recount, we venture to suggest that when Englishmen lament the inroads of American competition they should be honest in their lamentation and set forth the whole sad story. They should deplore not only the fact that Americans are sending cutlery to Sheffield and cotton goods to Manchester, that they are buying up British steamship lines and shifting the financial centre of gravity from London to New York, but that they are also painting the pictures which Englishmen admire, and writing the books which Englishmen read, and setting forth the results of higher scholarship which Englishmen must study.

Coming back to the comments of the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*, we wish to say that we take them very seriously, and that we think them most instructive. They are not the idle utterances of irresponsible scribblers. They are written by men of education and influence, to be read by those who belong in England to the governing class. The

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Spectator has always been friendly to the United States. The *Saturday Review* has always been unfriendly. Yet the two quotations which we have given serve to show that practically it makes but little difference whether an Englishman be friendly or the contrary; for in either case his attitude toward an American is one that cannot fail to give offence, because it arises from an assumption that Americans are, after all, a queer, odd, ignorant and vulgar set of persons to be patronised if you are amiable or to be sneered at if you are malicious. Indeed, the single line which we have quoted from the *Spectator* represents precisely the same mental attitude as the long paragraph of studied insult which we have copied from the *Saturday Review*. Englishmen at certain crises are much given to waking up and wondering why it is that foreigners do not like them. We commend to them a careful consideration in all its bearings of this little episode of the visiting Americans. You may invite a stranger to a score of dinners. You may put your carriage at his disposal. You may show him through your picture gallery and your conservatories. You may try to make him feel in every way that he is a welcome, and, indeed, an honoured guest. But if, toward the end of it all, and just as he is leaving, you let him overhear some half-sarcastic, half-contemptuous remark about him which you make in a stage whisper to your family, he will bear away with him a very meagre recollection of the dinners and the carriage and the ostentatious ceremonial of his entertainment, and he will remember best the mocking words that have killed his gratitude. It is a pity,—such a pity. Americans love England, and there are a thousand causes why they would like to do their share of the world's work in harmonious co-operation with Englishmen. If they do not, it will be for the reason that Englishmen themselves have made it utterly impossible.

II.

A Word With Mr. Lummis.

Mr. Charles F. Lummis is a gentleman who edits a very readable magazine which is published in Los Angeles, California, and which is entitled *The Land of Sunshine*. Mr. Lummis is what he would himself call the "self-constituted" defender of Mrs. Stanford and Dr. Jordan, and of the other persons out in the Stanford University, who have converted that institution into the sort of place where the results of scholarly research and investigation must be made to tally with the opinions of a wealthy old lady and the owners of the San Francisco street-car system. In his capacity of Defender of the Rich, Mr. Lummis has been having the time of his life, and has written some very amusing things, both in his own magazine and in other magazines; though perhaps if he had written less he would have been read more. His particular line of defence is not one that commends itself to intellectual honesty; for he has tried to make the whole controversy appear to be a sectional affair. Like Mr. Bryan in 1896, he wants to set the East against the West, and to make Californians believe that criticism of Stanford University springs entirely from the natural malevolence, pettiness and jealousy of the Eastern mind. Mr. Lummis knows better than this; but, as the case which he undertook to defend was a rather difficult one, this particular line was perhaps as immediately effective as any other. He thinks that the East is a rather provincial sort of place, and he develops this idea at portentous length; yet it seems to us that the most marked provincialism in sight is to be found in his continual harping upon "East" and "West," as though locality had anything whatever to do with the question. There are plenty of Californians who are thoroughly disgusted at the intellectual castration of the Stanford University. There are, unfortunately, a great many persons in the East who are crude enough to conceive of a university as a place in which it is quite proper to hire professors to suppress their honest convictions or even to teach the things which they believe to be untrue. Hence there is in reality no East and West about it at all.

Apart from all this, there is a particular reason why Mr. Lummis may be read for entertainment but must not be read for instruction. He would like to have us think that he is much more competent to discuss this question than we are, because he is on the spot, as it were, and knows

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the people and looks at the whole affair from near by, while we behold it from a distance. But this is precisely why he cannot be impartial, and why we can. Moreover (and this is the vital point), we understand that Mr. Lummis has accepted official favours from President Jordan and from the other authorities of the Stanford University. That fact must prevent every one from taking seriously anything that he writes or says upon the subject; for it transforms him metaphorically into a hired advocate instead of an unbiased judge, and it makes his statement of the case an *ex parte* statement, his argument mere special pleading, and his final dictum a foregone conclusion.

H. T. P.

A CHRONICLE OF OUR OWN TIMES

JUNE 10—JULY 10.

I.

COLONIAL AFFAIRS.

The Colonial Outlook.

Whatever might be thought of the theoretic correctness of Republican policy in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, it seemed evident during the month that the purposes of the Administration in those lands were being fulfilled with startling rapidity and without hindrance of the slightest moment from any quarter. In the Philippines a civil government with elastic autonomous qualities was proclaimed in redemption of the President's repeated promise. The Cubans accepted the Platt Amendment with hardly a visible stir of hostility; only the Conservatives seemed strongly against it, and they, it was said, because they had hoped to bring about Cuba's annexation. Finally Porto Rican finances, which had long vexed the Government, were announced to have been placed, through the tact and ability of the President's appointees, upon a sound and permanent basis.

Civil Government in the Philippines.

In accordance with the Spooner bill, passed by Congress on March 1, vesting the President with plenary power to establish civil institutions in the Philippines, the government of the Archipelago was formally, if tentatively, and not quite actually, transferred on *July 4* from General Arthur MacArthur, the military governor, to Judge William H. Taft, president of the Philippine Commission. Out of twenty-seven provinces, said Judge Taft in his inauguration speech, organised under the provincial act passed by the Commission in January, five provinces were still in a state of insurrection and would remain under military sway; sixteen other provinces the Commission had lacked time to organise, and four more were not yet ready for organisation. The governing power of each organised province would be vested in three officers, acting individually and as a committee. Of these officers, the Governor would, after February, 1902, be elected by the Councilors of the Municipalities constituting the province, while the Treasurer and Supervisor would continue to be chosen under civil-service regulations by Judge Taft and his associates. Thus the balance of effective authority in each province would remain in American hands, the Treasurer exercising general control over the finances of the province and constituent municipalities and the Supervisor having sole charge of all highways and public works. Above the provincial governments, and exercising a varying degree of control over them, as occasion required, would be the final central authority, wielded by Judge Taft, and a cabinet composed of the four remaining members of the Philippine Commission. But as it was the aim of the Administration to grant autonomy in the islands so far as possible, natives would, other things being equal, be chosen for civil-service positions in preference to Americans, and on September 1 Judge Taft's Cabinet would be increased by the addition of three native members. The one thing necessary, in the opinion of Judge Taft, to place the Archipelago in the way of peace and prosperity, was the passage by Congress of a law permitting the granting

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of mining franchises and the sale of public lands, so that American and foreign capital would enter the islands. In commenting upon the institution of Civil Government in the Philippines, the native Chief Justice said: "It means the realisation of the fondest dreams of Filipino patriots and students. My people have at last seen that America could not in the very nature of things come here to enslave them; they have seen their mistake, and the lesson is well learned."

Cuban Relations.

On *June 12* the question of the relations which Cuba should bear to the United States was quietly settled. This question, widely discussed in the two years previous, had become acute when, on March 1, the Government's fiat was given out in the shape of the much-commended and much-condemned Platt Amendment. The Convention then balked, the Administration remained politely insistent, and the Press mixed fact and fancy in striking editorial combinations. The matter ended by the Convention's passing, by a vote of 16 to 11, the following resolution: "The Constitutional Convention, proceeding in conformity with the order of the Military Governor of the Island, . . . has determined to add, and does add, to the Constitution of the Republic," the Platt Amendment without any change or qualification whatever. By the terms of the Platt Amendment the President was authorised, but not directed, upon its acceptance by the Cubans, to withdraw the United States forces from the Island. Since, however, the Convention had not as yet drawn up an electoral law, under which elections could be held and an island administration installed, it appeared that the Executive would for some months continue to direct Cuban affairs.

Porto Rican Politics.

Reports from Porto Rico appeared to indicate returned general good-will throughout the Island and the cessation of any distinctive party opposition to the government. In 1900 the Federal party endorsed Mr. Bryan's Kansas City platform and logically, if unwisely, combatted Governor Allen's policies and methods of insular administration. The two representatives of the Federal party on the Executive Council resigned in a pet on September 6, because they could not get the island divided into election districts to suit them. In October the Federal leaders instructed their followers to register their resentment by refusing to vote; and as a result, the House of Delegates, which met on December 3 and passed excellent laws, was solidly republican. The Federals then suffered a change of heart; and at a mass-meeting on *June 16*, attended by delegates from every district of the Island, deposed Munoz Rivera as party leader and elected in his stead Francisco Acuna. On *June 17* the Convention sent a committee to Governor Allen to say that the Federals would in the future co-operate with the Administration in all measures advancing Porto Rican interests; they were convinced of the Governor's good intentions; deprecated a continuance of family bickerings, and would like to come in for their share of the governing power.

Free Trade in Porto Rico.

It was somewhat in the nature of a climax, disconcerting to anti-imperialists, that within six weeks after the Supreme Court had held that Porto Rican imports could be lawfully taxed, the Islanders, in conformity with the terms of the Foraker Act of Congress, demanded of the President to remove the import taxes and to declare free trade between the two countries. In his annual message of December 3, 1900, Governor Allen had urged upon the Porto Rican Legislature the necessity of devising and setting into immediate operation a tax law that would produce sufficient funds to meet the needs of the insular government. For the congressional act which provided that tariffs collected on exports and imports between the United States and Porto Rico should be used solely for the benefit of Porto Rico, provided also that those tariffs should cease not later than March 1, 1902, and earlier if Porto Rico was able before that time to pay her own bills. In accordance with the Governor's recommendation, a tax bill, drawn up by Jacob S. Hollander, Treasurer of the Island, was passed by the Legislature and became a law on January 31, 1901. This bill repealed the old Spanish income tax, the taxes or licenses on occupations, the taxes on the consumption of articles and also the Spanish method of collecting taxes, by which the rich had been

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allowed to escape at the expense of the poor. The Hollander law prescribed instead a tax on real and personal property, not to excel one per cent. for both municipal and insular purposes, excise taxes and a graduated income tax. Collections were to be made through the insular, and not through the municipal authorities, and persuasion and influence were to be abandoned as factors in estimating assessable values. Under the operation of this tax, which was strenuously opposed by the well-to-do Spaniards, who had most successfully evaded the old-time tax, ample insular revenues were collected; and, therefore, on *June 17* the heads of departments in Porto Rico determined to call a special session of the Legislature to ask for free trade between Porto Rico and the United States. The Legislature, which met for that purpose on *July 4*, especially requested the President to proclaim free trade between the two countries on July 25, because that day had, by an act of the Porto Rican Legislature, approved January 31, been made a special legal holiday "to commemorate the anniversary of the first landing of American troops in Porto Rico."

II.

MR. QUAY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

A statement of political events in Pennsylvania during the past two years may be of interest, not only because the events have dramatic value in themselves, but also because they are in lively opposition to the scheme of popular representative government which is said to have once obtained in Pennsylvania, as it still does in other States.

On April 20, 1899, the Legislature of Pennsylvania, after a deadlock, extending from January 3, adjourned without electing to the United States Senate a successor to Matthew S. Quay, whose term of office had expired. On the following day, April 21, Mr. Quay, at a public trial succeeding much popular agitation, was adjudged not guilty, or, as some said, not caught, upon the charge of having turned to his private use public funds on deposit at the People's Bank of Philadelphia. On the same day Governor Stone dubbed Mr. Quay Senator, saying that he was authorised to do so by the United States Constitution, since a vacancy had *happened* during a recess of the Legislature, and notwithstanding that the Constitution of Pennsylvania directed the Executive to reconvene the Legislature if a vacancy in the Senatorial representation *happened* during the Legislature's recess. In the face of Mr. Quay's popularity and the well-directed industry of his friends, the United States Senate on April 24, 1900, declared Mr. Quay unseated, thus sustaining a long-established precedent, and one to which Mr. Quay himself had previously, and under altered conditions, lent the weight of his name. As it was known that Mr. Quay still cherished senatorial ambition, an active campaign was at once begun under the leadership of Mr. John Wanamaker and Mr. P. A. B. Widener, controller of many traction interests of Philadelphia, to elect a Legislature pledged to Mr. Quay's defeat; and such a Legislature was elected. On January 15, 1901, however, this Legislature elected Mr. Quay Senator for the term ending March 4, 1905, seven representatives who had promised over their signatures to vote against Mr. Quay voting for him. While but few avowed that the "reform party" against Mr. Quay had been actuated by altogether disinterested motives, it was not much denied, on the other hand, that Mr. Quay had practised corruption on an imposing scale.

On January 17 Mr. Quay, stormed at with flowers and applause, took his seat in the Senate, and, through the agency of the State Legislature at Harrisburg, proceeded to apportion among his followers the spoils accruing from the two years' war. On February 28 the Legislature enacted a law, subsequently declared constitutional by the State courts, destroying local government in Allegheny, Scranton and Pittsburg, and placing the appointing of the recorders or mayors of those cities, and through them of the minor officials, in the sole discretion of Governor Stone acting for Mr. Quay. On May 29 bills were introduced in the State Senate, giving to rapid-transit companies, upon the approval of the local authorities concerned, the right to construct and operate, without franchise compensation to city, county or State, railways on, above, or below the earth,

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along the course of any street or streets not already preoccupied in all cities of the commonwealth. These bills were passed by automatic machinery through committees, Senate and House; and the Governor, not desiring to be behindhand in the dispatch of the public business, signed them on June 7, in the night. While the bills were being "considered" a curious apathy regarding their passage was manifested by established traction interests already operating in Philadelphia and Harrisburg. As these established companies would naturally have been the first to resent the entrance of new companies in their districts, the conjecture was freely hazarded that some sort of a subdivision of spoils had been agreed upon.

To complete the work of the Legislature, so far as Philadelphia was concerned, the ring of that city then convened. On *June 12* fourteen rapid-transit ordinances were "ripped" through the common and select councils, giving to Representative Robert H. Foerderer and others, the right to build some one hundred and twenty miles of track in Philadelphia. The offer of Mr. Albert L. Johnson to give three-cent fares and free transfers was hooted down by the Councils, as were also various proposed amendments providing for municipal oversight of the roads, municipal profit-sharing and the regulation of fares. On the following day, while the bills were awaiting the signature of Mayor Ashbridge, John Wanamaker offered to pay the city $2,500,000 cash down for the privileges and franchises granted under the ordinances. This amount, said Mr. Wanamaker, was far below the actual value of the franchises, but might still be useful to the city if it was resolved to toss away its vested rights. Mayor Ashbridge, however, would not recognise the offer, and he signed the bills on *June 13*, and, like Governor Stone, he signed them in the night. On *June 21* Mr. Wanamaker renewed his proposal to the city; but though as an inducement to Robert H. Foerderer and others to permit the city to accept it, he proffered them $500,000 additional for their personal use, the offer was rejected. In commenting upon the whole transaction, the *Journal of Commerce*, usually a staid paper, said that it showed the most profound disregard of the public interests "to be found in the gloomy record of municipal mismanagement in the United States." In law it was doubtful whether the deal would stand. For not only had the city broken, it was affirmed, a valid contract with existing street railroads, but the bills accomplishing this had been given practically no public hearing, either in the Legislature or in the Councils. In other words, property had simply been snatched from private owners and even more from the public, to whom rightfully belonged all franchise values "without just compensation" and without "due process of law." A battle was therefore promised in the Federal courts; for, as *Life* remarked, in Pennsylvania courts fighting Quay would hardly pay. "When a man owns a State it is hard to beat him at law on his own property."

As a result of the handsome rewards given by Mr. Quay and his friends to themselves and their retainers, another movement was organised against them on *June 27*, when at a mass-meeting held in Philadelphia arrangements were made for nominating an independent county ticket. At this time the Hon. Charles Emory Smith, speaking, it was inferred, for the Administration, announced in a scathing letter his opposition to the Philadelphia and Harrisburg machines. The outcome of the independent movement remained problematic. For exposure of the ways of Messrs. Matthew S. Quay, Senator; William A. Stone, Governor; John P. Elkin, Attorney-General, and Samuel H. Ashbridge, Mayor of Philadelphia, seems not at all to disconcert those gentlemen. In fact, as pointed out by a writer in the *Independent*, one of the most noteworthy aspects of Pennsylvania's condition is the unequalled boldness and ferocity of the published attacks upon the Quay party and their utter lack of effect. They have no effect, and yet the men who have been assailed by statement and cartoon "to the utmost limits of the libel law, if not beyond its exculpating clauses, have never dared display resentment formally and legally."

"All events," said Turgot, "are merely symptomatic." The control of the City Hall of Philadelphia, passed on *July 1*, in accordance with an act of the Legislature, from the Public Buildings Commission to the City Administration. The

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cost of building the City Hall was originally estimated at $3,000,000, and there has been so far expended upon it $24,313,455.43.

III.

OTHER STATE AFFAIRS.

The Connecticut Constitution.

On *June 13* the Connecticut Legislature passed a bill providing for the submission to the Electors in October of the question of calling a convention to revise the State Constitution. This time-worn instrument prescribes that every town, however small, shall be represented by one member in the House, and that no town or city, however large, shall be represented by more than two members. Consequently, Connecticut has been for many years under the rural rule of the minority. "One-fifth of the people elect two-thirds of the House, while twelve cities, containing a majority of the people, elect less than one-tenth of it." A modest amendment to the Constitution, proposed by the Republican machine, giving to cities a few additional representatives only, was promptly voted down by the village dwellers; but they agreed to a revision of the Constitution on condition that each town, large or small, should be entitled to but one delegate to the Convention. It appears, however, that the country people forgot that the revised Constitution would have to be submitted for ratification, not to the towns, but to the voters of the State as a whole. So, if the minority has the initiative in the matter, the majority has the referendum.

Republican Convention in Ohio.

The Republican State Convention of Ohio met on *June 24* "under the joint control of Senators Foraker and Hanna." Partly to take the edge from Democratic insistence upon State issues and partly because Ohio was the President's State, the platform adopted on *June 25* was largely devoted to a high-strung recital of the deeds of the Administration. The people of Cuba ran the Saga, are to be "congratulated;" Porto Rico is "flourishing," Hawaii's progress is "most marvellous," "a wicked insurrection" in the Philippines has been snuffed out, protection has "received its most signal triumph," and all these "beneficent results" have flowed like a tide from the well of Republican principles. But although the State Republicans viewed the national policy with "supreme satisfaction" and "implicit trust," one plank was inserted in the State platform which was at sharp variance with that policy as generally understood. This plank denounced Negro disenfranchisement in the South as criminal, called for congressional representation of the States based on the "actual voting population" and demanded such legislation as would "secure the strict enforcement of Constitutional measures guaranteeing to every citizen the right of franchise without distinction as to race, colour or previous condition of servitude." If this plank was merely intended, as some said, to cajole the Negro vote of the State and to render ridiculous the Democratic dictum of "the consent of the governed," then it was practically insignificant; but, on the other hand, conjecture was made that the plank indicated a desire of the Administration really to revive the race problem in this particular and to bring forward again the Force Bill in some modified form.

The Democratic Convention.

The proceedings of the Democratic State Convention of Ohio, which met on *July 10*, were even more significant than those of the Republican Convention in outlining the probable trend of party opinion throughout the country. In the *Commoner* of two weeks previous Mr. Bryan, in speaking of the proposal to reorganise the Democracy by dropping out silver and the Editor of the *Commoner,* directed his adherents not to allow any man to be placed upon a committee, precinct, county, State or national, unless he was a believer in the Kansas City platform. Yet the platform adopted by the first important Convention held since the elections, and in a State more naturally inclined toward silver than Eastern or Southern States, made no mention of silver or of the national Democratic platforms of 1896 and 1900, and a resolution offered to the convention "to reaffirm the Kansas City platform and express renewed confidence in William J. Bryan received only six votes in a body com-

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posed of 950 delegates." While the platform condemned the policy of the Republican party, care was taken to avoid sheer denunciation, and the conservative Democratic position on imperialism and trusts was given as follows: "The Democratic party opposes any extension of the national boundaries not meant to carry speedily to all inhabitants full equal rights with ourselves." The Democrats also "express their hostility to the monopolisation of industry with its tendency, on the one hand, to crush out individual enterprise and, on the other, to promote a Socialistic spirit among the people." By the last clause alone the Ohio Convention is sharply distinguished from many of the Democratic conventions held within the last four years.

IV.

THE ASSOCIATIONS BILL.

The passage of the Associations Bill by the French Chamber of Deputies on *June 28,* marked an important incident in the war waged for centuries in Europe against monastic principles and the interference, overt or hidden, of the Catholic orders in matters of state. The immediate occasion of the Associations Bill was the attack made on the ministry early in 1900 by *La Croix,* the organ of the Assumptionist monks. Retributive measures were then taken by the Government, but they were deemed insufficient; and in an important speech at Toulouse, October 28, 1900, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the Premier, intimated that he would present an anti-monastic bill to the Parliament convening in January, 1901, and would make it the supreme issue of his ministry. The religious orders, said M. Waldeck-Rousseau, were worth in landed property held in mortmain, and excluding personalty, 1,069,000,000 francs. This wealth gave them very great power, the more so, as they conserved their ready cash by not paying taxes. The schools of the orders brought up their pupils as children of the Church alone, perverted history and withheld facts to accomplish their ends, and bred up within the state a faction trained in disloyalty to the Republic. Finally the orders schemed directly against the existing government, though pensioned by the state and receiving its bounty.

The bill introduced by M. Waldeck-Rousseau to curb the orders passed the Chamber of Deputies on *March 27* by a vote of 303 to 220. It was then referred to the Senate, which amended and passed it on *June 22* by the majority of 173 against 99, and it was finally repassed by the Deputies, as amended, by a vote of 313 to 249.

An "association," according to this bill, is created by the agreement of two or more persons to work together for a common end other than that of pecuniary profit. Such associations, by which are primarily meant religious organisations, are in general legalised; but they are to be declared null and void if their spirit is contrary to the laws, to the constitution, to public order, to morality, or, if they entail renunciation by their members of natural and individual rights. Moreover, there may not be formed, nor continued where already formed, without the express authorisation of the government, any association, either (1) between French subjects and foreigners, or (2) between Frenchmen and Frenchmen when the directorate is located abroad or entrusted to foreigners. By these provisions, aimed at orders like the Jesuits, the Dominicans, the Carmelites and the Capuchins, the ministry asserted the right of France to maintain her independence and repulse covert denationalisation of her citizens. Other provisions of the bill directed that members of an association might withdraw from it at will, and notwithstanding any contrary rules of the association; that the contracts, statutes and by-laws of associations should be made public by their founders on demand of the proper authority; and that when the state dissolved an association, specific bequests formerly made to that association were to be repaid to the donors or their heirs, and that at the same time compensation was also to be made to impoverished members or those who had by their labours "contributed to the acquisition of the common riches of the order."

While this bill was politically a defeat for the Monarchists, with whom the Catholic orders are somewhat allied, it was in a larger sense a protest against the international policy of the leaders of

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Catholicism. That policy, as has been frequently avowed, is to regain for the Pope full temporal power in Italy and as wide temporal influence as may be elsewhere, and especially in the so-called Catholic countries of Europe. But of all the Catholic countries, France is the richest and most powerful in herself and shelters the greatest number of Catholic subjects. In France also the Catholic organisation is so complete as almost to constitute a state within a state, while, owing to the position of France in world politics, Catholic prestige there is of the utmost strategic value. Hence the special significance of the Associations Bill.

V.

OTHER FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Lord Salisbury on the War.

In a speech on *June 26*, Lord Salisbury, who had frequently expressed his distrust of the "friendliness" of any nation toward Great Britain, summed up with cold precision the reasons which lent to the outcome of the Boer War an importance indefinitely greater than simply the control of South Africa. As the Boers, he said, had drawn from the Majuba campaign of 1881 the conclusion in 1899 that sufficient resistance on their part would result in a second withdrawal of British arms, so if England were defeated in the present war she would virtually give notice to the world that an ultimatum might be presented to her by one or more of the nations desiring her territory. England's claims to force and prowess would in that case no longer carry weight, because the nations would know that Great Britain was powerless to defend herself. And, therefore, the South African trouble was not a question of "petty controversies" and "domestic politics," but a "great war" in which retreat would expose every quarter of the dominions of England to the enterprise of her many enemies.

England's Navy.

On the same day that Lord Salisbury warned England of her foes, the Navy League issued a memorandum tending to prove that England's naval supremacy was slipping from her. The League reiterated their statement of October 20, 1900, showing that (1) the naval programmes of late years had been insufficient for England's safety, that (2) these insufficient programmes had been only partially carried out, and that (3) the relative naval strength of Great Britain was being steadily diminished by increase in the naval construction of other nations. "No more dramatic contrast exists," said the League, "than that presented by the actual conditions of the main fighting fleet of Britain and the belief held by the public at large as to their sufficiency and efficiency." "In the Mediterranean, where the battle for empire will probably be fought out," there is a deficiency in all classes of vessels, and a complete absence of fleet auxiliaries of all kinds. So far as the *personnel* of the navy is concerned, "the spirit of duty and sacrifice reigns from the top to the bottom of the service." "The defects of the navy are due solely to civilian neglect ashore." And of these defects the chief, according to the *Spectator's* resumé of the League's report, is that "the Lords of the Admiralty are overworked, overwhelmed with detail, have no time to think, and that there is no department corresponding to the German General Staff, where the quality of prevision is exercised at leisure and while England is at peace."

Of Minor Note.

The Queen Regent opened the Spanish Cortes for the last time on *June 11*, as the regency terminates in 1902. In her speech from the throne the Queen said that the Government would especially devote itself to cultivating good relations with the Spanish-American countries, with whom negotiations for the conclusion of commercial treaties were already in progress. Army and navy reorganisation bills would be introduced, and also a bill for the complete conversion of the Cuban and Philippine debt into perpetual four per cent. bonds.

The Chinese indemnity question dragged on wearily during the month. It was reported "practically" settled, settled except as to "details," "about" settled, "about to be" settled, everything but settled. Some stir was made in English circles by the announcement that Russia was about to reopen negotiations with China concerning Manchuria, and Eng-

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land did not appear pleased with Russia's alleged statement that there could now be no objection to such negotiations, since the indemnity question was "practically" settled and the other Powers satisfied in the Chinese matter.

VI.

TRADE MOVEMENTS.

Long Island and the Pennsylvania.

When, in May, 1900, the Long Island Railway was bought by the Pennsylvania, much curiosity was expressed as to what the astute directorate of the trunk line could have had in mind in purchasing such an out-of-the-world property as the Long Island. This curiosity was partly satisfied on *June 23*, 1901, when the Brooklyn *Eagle* published an authorised statement showing various plans of the Pennsylvania with regard to its new acquisition. Stated briefly, these plans were to utilise the tracks and franchises of the Long Island Railroad in Brooklyn, to establish, by means of connecting extensions, unbroken traffic from New England and the North, via the New York, New Haven & Hartford and the New York Central, to the South and West via the Pennsylvania. The main system of connections was to be as follows: From Greenville, on the New Jersey shore, where the Pennsylvania was erecting wharves and warehouses and making a terminal for its main system, a car ferry, some three miles in length, was to run to Bay Ridge on the Long Island shore. From there passengers and freight would be taken through Brooklyn over the lines of the Long Island, and by means of connecting lines and bridges over Ward's and Randall's Islands in the East River, be switched directly to the tracks of the Central and New Haven roads. Brooklyn would thus be made an important passenger and freight centre in a trunk line service extending from the far East and North to the West and South. A subsidiary plan for developing the traffic of Long Island proper, involved the tunnelling of the East River in the neighbourhood of Thirty-Fourth Street, Manhattan, while the Rapid Transit Commission had already announced that a tunnel to be built to Brooklyn from the south end of New York would connect with Long Island tracks. These tunnels and the additional East River bridges planned or under construction by the city authorities would, it was thought, be of value in developing the real estate of Long Island.

Of Minor Mention.

The desire of large corporations to become so far as possible completely independent of each other was again illustrated on *June 11*, when it was stated that the Pennsylvania Railroad had acquired control of the Pennsylvania Steel Company, which has an annual output of 700,000 tons of steel. By this acquisition the Pennsylvania will be able to get all its own rails without going to the United States Steel Corporation, and will thus be unaffected by any raise in price made by the latter.

On *June 20* announcement was made that Mr. J. C. Stubbs, vice-president of the Southern Pacific, had been appointed traffic manager of the Southern Pacific, the Union Pacific, the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company and the Oregon Short Line, all controlled by Mr. E. H. Harriman. The purpose of this striking innovation in railway management was to divorce the traffic interests of the roads from their other affairs, and to so regulate rates and direct transportion that each road might obtain a maximum advantage at the least expense.

Mansfield Allan.

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NOVEL NOTES

OLD BOWEN'S LEGACY. By Edwin Asa Dix. New York: The Century Company. $1.50.

In this book, his second novel descriptive of Vermont scenes and people, Mr. Dix has drawn a Vermont farmer typical no more, perhaps, of that than of any other New England State, though he does live in Felton, the little Vermont village which is the scene of both stories.

The type is that of a man who shuts the world—its sympathy as well as its diversions—out of his home, and keeps himself and his family well down to hard, grinding, unremitting toil. The toil is a necessity, for Garrett Coe is the possessor of an unproductive farm, whose utmost yield will barely meet the needs of his household. And it is resultant from this plodding existence, rather than from inherent ill-nature, that the man grows into a morose, fretting, fault-finding husband, making his equally hard-working wife the target for his ill-humour, and reducing his family to a chronic state of misery. The wife, half-unconscious of the imposition, plods on, by the mere force of habit, uncomplainingly and almost uncomprehendingly, until one day when the husband goes a step too far. Then the worm turns—and with such vehemence as to hurl itself clean out of the path—after which it goes off on its own hook—though not *as bait*—drawing its progeny after it.

Deserted by his family and too stubborn to protest, Garrett Coe persuades himself that nothing could better suit his taste than to live alone. He pushes his neighbours still farther from his doors, admits no living thing into his home, stolidly works his unresponsive farm, does for himself in household ways, and becomes, in course of time, a fairly good specimen of a hermit. But it takes very good staying qualities to make a successful recluse—else there would be more of them among hard-pressed people whose impulse it is to shun the world. The events of the story go to show how this one over-estimated his worst self and undervalued the good in him. The time arrives when he welcomes his family back to his gloomy hearthstone, and even throws wide his doors to his friends. The beauty of inconsistency becomes clearly apparent to the reader when Garrett Coe begins to show signs of weakening, and finally "caves" before the appalling silence and desolation of his home.

The baleful effects of unremitting toil is the lesson of the book, and to these the hard-working farmer and his wife are, undisputably, peculiarly subject. Theirs are monotonous days, and plodding along with the necessary work, they are apt to forget the play. That some of them forget also to drink in the beauty of the scenes amid which their labour lies, and to throw open their minds and homes to the sunshine all about them, is their worst and most mystifying fault.

Garrett Coe lacks humour, and so does the book. Like its hero, the story keeps well to business, and rarely relaxes its features into a smile. Even Deacon Bradbury has, in these pages, forgotten his jokes, and presents only the noble and, hence, undiverting side of his character. There are households, no doubt, and Mr. Dix has chosen one here, totally devoid of humour. A facetious spirit is often of more use in arresting the flow of sharp words and consequent disaster than the earnest and well-meaning soul governed by the loftiest principles.

The chronicler of New England life ought not to leave out the attic salt which is its native seasoning. *Clara Bellinger Green.*

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THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, July 1, 1901.

Notwithstanding a period of extremely hot weather at the close of the month, giving occasion for complaints of light business, sales as a whole kept up remarkably well, comparing favourably with those of a year ago. Publications in fiction of the last few months occupied a prominent place, showing the tendency to light reading during the heated period. *The Crisis* was easily the leading seller for the month, and is having a remarkable popularity that bids fair to continue throughout the year. *Tarry Thou Till I Come, Graustark* and *The Puppet Crown* are other titles responding readily to liberal advertising.

June publications were somewhat limited as to numbers. In the field of fiction *Jack Raymond,* by Mrs. Voynich, whose Gadfly sold so largely, *Katherine Day,* by Anna Fuller, and *The Kidnapped Millionaires,* by F. U. Adams, were among the most prominent. Miscellaneous publications for the month were nearly all issued with net prices. What the effect upon sales will be in view of this yet remains in the nature of a problem. Out-of-door literature was represented by *Our Ferns in their Haunts,* by W. V. Clute, and *The Second Book of Birds,* by Olive T. Miller.

Nature books continue to be about the only noticeable feature in summer sales outside of the almost universal demand for fiction. *A Journey to Nature, Our Native Trees* and *With the Wild Flowers* are among the leading titles in this department of literature.

European guide-books are still sought for. Grant Allen's *Historical Guides* are having a limited sale, but *Baedeker's* and *The Satchel Guide to Europe* remain the standards. In a lesser degree summer-resort guides for the United States are now salable.

Of the few miscellaneous books at all prominent in the sales, *A Sailor's Log* easily takes precedence, and is now in greater demand than ever.

The announcement of the early publication of a new work by Irving Bacheller, author of *Eben Holden,* to be entitled *Dri and I,* has already resulted in advance orders to such an extent as will warrant a large first edition.

While business is comparatively light in the matter of sales during the summer months, there is, on the other hand, much activity in the way of preparation for the coming fall and holiday trade. Text-book orders are already being placed and compare favourably with those of previous years. The present month is notable for the "book fair" held in Chicago, where the Western dealers have an opportunity to place their orders. Later in the season the same lines, only more complete, will be shown in New York and vicinity. The outlook in every respect continues to be bright for a good year.

Much interest is shown from month to month in the "most popular books" reports of THE BOOKMAN, and it is curious to note the wide divergence in the different sections of the country and yet to see how the averaged result will almost always correspond with the reports of the two large centres, New York and Chicago. The list for the month just past follows:

The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.
Tarry Thou Till I Come. By George Croly. $1.40 net.
Graustark. By G. B. McCutcheon. $1.50.
The Puppet Crown. By Harold MacGrath. $1.50.
The Helmet of Navarre. By Bertha Runkle. $1.50.
Truth Dexter. By S. McCall. $1.50.
A Sailor's Log. By Admiral R. D. Evans. $2.00.
The Visits of Elizabeth. By Elinor Glyn. $1.50.
The Inn of the Silver Moon. By H. K. Viele. $1.50.
Alice of Old Vincennes. By Maurice Thompson. $1.50.
The Riddle of the Universe. By E. Haeckel. $1.50.
Like Another Helen. By George Horton. $1.50.
The Octopus. By Frank Norris. $1.50.
In Search of Mademoiselle. By George Gibbs. $1.50.
The Aristocrats. By Helen Pole. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, July 1, 1901.

The demand last month for all kinds of books was surprisingly active for this time of the year, and the record of the month shows that the amount of business transacted exceeded considerably the average of the last few years for the same period. Nor is this satisfactory result to be ascribed to sporadic increase in certain branches of the business alone, but is spread very evenly over the whole field of bookselling operations. This condition of business not only speaks well of the healthy state of things at present, but augurs well for the future.

The most prominent feature of the month was the astonishing popularity of *The Crisis.* The number sold of this work last month has probably never been exceeded by any copyright novel before in a single month. The wide circulation of the work, too, has awakened considerable interest in *Richard Carvel,* which is now taking quite a spurt.

The Helmet of Navarre, Alice of Old Vincennes and *Eben Holden* are still among the most prominent books of the day, and others which deserve notice on account of exceedingly good sales are *Graustark, The Puppet Crown* and *Like Another Helen. Tarry Thou Till I Come* made a large gain in popularity, and is now well up among the leaders, while the local demand for *The House of DeMailly* was very good indeed.

As a rule, poetry is not much in demand during the summer months; but a new volume of verse by Ernest McGaffey, entitled *Sonnets to a Wife,* is in especially good request in this city, and may possibly have a wider popularity.

Despite the recent hot weather, which usually militates considerably against solid reading,

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books of a somewhat heavy character went very well. In this class *A Sailor's Log,* by Admiral Robley D. Evans, was very prominent, as was likewise *The Tribulations of a Princess,* by the author of *The Martyrdom of an Empress; The Last Years of the Nineteenth Century,* by Mrs. E. W. Latimer; *The Life of Thomas H. Huxley,* by his son; *Up from Slavery,* by Booker T. Washington; *The Love Letters of Victor Hugo,* and *China and the Allies,* by A. H. S. Landor.

The annual exhibit in this city of advance samples of books scheduled for autumn publication is beginning as this report is being written. It is evident that the season's product will be a heavy one, exceeding probably that of any previous year. Great care, however, appears to have been spent by each publisher upon his selection, and the full list of announcements is, speaking generally, of a high quality. Stimulated, however, by the phenomenal success of popular fiction, nearly every concern is striving to obtain a novel that will sell a hundred thousand or so and rank among the best-selling books. Expectations in this direction are, therefore, very numerous; and as but few books attain this distinction, there are likely to be many disappointments.

The books which led the demand last month rank in the following order:

The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.
The Helmet of Navarre. By Bertha Runkle. $1.50.
Eben Holden. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
Alice of Old Vincennes. By Maurice Thompson. $1.50.
Tarry Thou Till I Come. By George Croly. $1.40 net.
Graustark. By George B. McCutcheon. $1.50.
The Puppet Crown. By Harold MacGrath. $1.50.
Like Another Helen. By George Horton. $1.50.
The House of De Mailly. By Margaret H. Potter. $1.50.
Heirs of Yesterday. By Emma Wolfe. $1.25.
Jack Raymond. By E. L. Voynich. $1.50.
To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
Penelope's Irish Experiences. By Kate D. Wiggin. $1.25.
Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.
The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

London, May 18 to June 20, 1901.

A very brisk demand was experienced during the earlier part of the month, but a tendency to slacken ensued, and during the latter portion the sales have not been so well maintained. There has, however, been little cause for complaint, and, taking into consideration the period of the year, a fair amount of business has been transacted.

Fiction has fluctuated somewhat, and the output of 6s. novels has been more limited, but the demand for the already popular works has at times been very brisk.

With the death of Sir Walter Besant and Robert Buchanan came a slightly increased sale in several of their best-known works, more especially in the case of the former author, but in neither case has the demand been very large.

Mr. McCarthy's *Five Years in Ireland* still continues to be in constant request, and the interest in *Five Years of My Life,* by Captain Dreyfus, appears in no way to have diminished.

There have been several interesting and well-illustrated books in connection with gardening placed upon the market, but undoubtedly the most successful has been *Gardening for Beginners,* by E. T. Cook.

Epistolary literature has continued to maintain a very considerable amount of popularity. *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters, Another Englishwoman's Love-Letters, The Visits of Elizabeth,* and *The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth* have all circulated extensively.

The beautifully-produced *Record of the Reign of Queen Victoria,* issued by the *Illustrated London News* Office, has attained a great success, and the "V.R.I." Life, by the Marquis of Lorne, has sold as freely as ever.

There is usually little change in the sales of the magazines at this period of the year, and although there is such an amount of keen competition, and the competitors are so numerous, the older favourites continue to maintain their own.

The following is a list of the books which have been in most demand during the past month:

The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Jack Raymond. By E. L. Voynich. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)
Penelope's Irish Experiences. By K. D. Wiggin. 6s. (Gay and Bird.)
The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. By H. Harland. 6s. (Lane.)
Her Majesty's Minister. By W. Le Queux. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Understudies. By M. E. Wilkins. 6s. (Harper.)
White Cottage. By Zack. 6s. (Constable.)
An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. 5s. net. (J. Murray.)
Another Englishwoman's Love-Letters. By Barry Pain. 1s. and 2s. (Unwin.)
The Visits of Elizabeth. By E. Glyn. 6s. (Duckworth.)
Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth. 1s. and 2s. (Unwin.)
The Good Red Earth. By Eden Phillpotts. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)
Five Years in Ireland. By M. J. F. McCarthy. 7s. 6d. (Simpkin.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

June 10 to July 10.

NEW YORK.

Abbey Press.

Dolinda and the Twins. Dora Harvey Munyon, A. M.

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At the Temple Gates. Stewart Doubleday.
Half-Hour Stories. Dora Harvey Munyon.
Prince of the East. James W. Harkins, Jr.
A Conspiracy of Yesterday. Mical Ui Niall.
A Prairie Flower. Alice Pierson.
Christian Science and Kindred Superstitions. C. F. Winbigler.
Health and Hygiene for the Household. J. J. Nutt.
The Heroine of Santiago. Antoinette Sheppard.
A Daughter of the Prophets. Curtis Van Dyke.
A Perilous Path. Kate Davis.
Octavia the Octoroon. J. F. Lee.
A Musical Reformation. John A. Cone.
The Great Bread Trust. W. H. Wright.
Poetical Works of Louis M. Elshemus.
A Woman's Revenge. Law Muir.
Conchita's Angels. Agnes C. Pritchard.
Viola Livingstone. Mary E. Payne.
Our Near Neighbour the Mosquito. A. B. Rich.
An Odd Jewel. Warren M. Macleod.
The Queen of Appalachia. Joe H. Borders.
Did She Fail? Anna Fielding.
A Feather's Weight. Amarala Martin.
A Pacific Coast Vacation. Mrs. J. E. Morris.
The Travels of a Water Drop. Mrs. James Edwin Morris.
A Candle-Light and Other Poems. Louis Smirnow.
Tom Huston's Transformation. M. B. Love.

Appleton.
From the Unsounded Sea. Nellie K. Blissett.
The Great War Trek. James Barnes.
Mills of God. E. M. Lane.
Familiar Trees and Their Leaves. F. S. Mathews.
The Seal of Silence. Arthur R. Conder.

American Book Company.
The Story Reader. A. E. Logie and C. H. Uecke.
The Discovery of the Northwest. James Baldwin.
A Primary History of the United States. J. B. McMaster.
Stories of Ancient Peoples. E. J. Arnold.

Buckles and Company.
Two Cousins and a Castle. Mrs. H. L. Cameron.

Cassell and Company.
Royal Academy Pictures. 1901.

Crowell and Company.
The Story of Old Falmouth. James Otis.

Dodd, Mead and Company.
Cinderella. S. R. Crockett.

Doubleday, Page and Company.
The Furniture of Our Forefathers. Part III. Esther Singleton.
Nature Biographies. Clarence Moores Weed.
Elder Boise. Everett Tomlinson.

Funk and Wagnalls Company.
The Jewish Encyclopædia. Vol. I. I. Singer.

Harper and Brothers.
Ten Singing Lessons. Mathilde Marchesi.
Heart and Soul. Henrietta D. Skinner.
Westerfelt. Will N. Harben.
The Land of Cockayne. Matilde Serao.
Sir John and the American Girl. Lilian Bell.

Kenedy, P. J.
An Original Girl. Christine Faber.

Knickerbocker Press.
The Influence of Plautus on the Comedies of Ben Jonson. Eleanor P. Lumley.

Lane.
They That Took the Sword. N. Stephenson.

Leonard Scott Publication Company.
The Character of Queen Victoria.

Longmans, Green and Company.
Selected Works of Huldreich Zwingli. S. M. Jackson.

Macmillan.
A Search for an Infidel. J. L. Jones.
Frédéric Mistral. C. A. Downer.
A Dictionary of Architecture and Building. R. Sturgis. Vol. II.
Life in Poetry: Law in Taste. W. J. Courthope.
Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. Vol. I. G. Brandes.

Neely, F. T.
The Ides of March. F. W. Pickard.
Edgar Allan Poe. John A. Joyce.

New York Labour News Company.
Tenth National Convention of the Socialist Labour Party. Reported by F. Keinard.

Ogilvie Publishing Company.
When We Were Twenty-One. H. V. Esmond.

Privately Printed.
Amicitia Amorque. W. A. Bradley and Hans Zinsser.

Putnam's Sons.
Quality Corner. C. L. Antrobus.
Katherine Day. Anna Fuller.
International Handbooks to the New Testament. O. Cone, D.D.
The Spanish Settlements. W. Lowery.

Scribners.
The Confederate States of America. J. C. Schwab.
The Great Epic of India. E. W. Hopkins.

Silver, Burdett and Company.
Marcus Whitman. W. A. Mowry.
Highways and Byways of Music. Hugh A. Clarke.
Seven Great American Poets. Beatrice Hart.

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Stokes.
Ensign Knightley. A. E. Mason.
Mousme. Clive Holland.
The Moderns. George Trimble Davidson.
The Lord of the Sea. M. P. Shiel.
Our Ferns in Their Haunts. W. N. Clute.

Young and Company.
John Gildart. M. E. Henry Ruffin.

AUGUSTA, ME.

Press of Kennebec Journal.
Tales of Bowdoin. Told by Bowdoin Men.

BOSTON.

Ginn and Company.
The First Steps in Geometry.
Fifty Letters of Cicero. J. H. Dillard.

Heath and Company.
A History of the United States. A. C. Thomas.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company.
Content in a Garden. Candace Wheeler.
The Second Book of Birds. O. T. Miller.

Lothrop Publishing Company.
The Kidnapped Millionaires. F. U. Adams.
A Princess of the Hills. Mrs. B. Harrison.

Page and Company.
The Corsair King. Maurus Jokai.

Small, Maynard and Company.
The Grapes of Wrath. Mary Harriott Norris.
Ralph Waldo Emerson. Frank B. Sanborn.
Anting-Anting Stories. Sargent Kayme.

West Company.
New Modes of Thought. C. T. Stovkwell.

BRYN MAWR, PA.

Handbook of British, Continental and Canadian Universities. I. Maddison.

CHICAGO.

Conkey Company.
Every-Day Thoughts in Prose and Verse. E. W. Wilcox.

Irving, Nancy B.
Who Lies? Emil Blum and S. B. Alexander.

Open Court Publishing Company.
The Chief's Daughter. Paul Carus.

Shepard.
The Rubaiyat of Mirza-Mem'n.

Stone and Company.
Ezra Caine. Joseph Sharts.
Euphrosyne and Her Golden Book. E. Lawson.

DENVER, COLO.

Tandy, Wheeler and Company.
A Little Book of Tribune Verse. Eugene Field.

DETROIT, MICH.

International Publishing Company.
Murmurings from Rugged Waters. James P. Broomfield.

FITZGERALD, N. C.

Moelling and Company.
St. Peter's Soliloquy.

GERMANTOWN, PA.

Swedenborg Publishing Association.
A Little Lower Than the Angels. C. Lathbury.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Methuen and Company.
Peace or War in South Africa. A. M. S. Methuen.

Murray.
The Military Life of Field Marshal George First Marquess Townsend. Lieut.-Colonel C. Townshend.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Tuttle, Morehouse and Taylor Company.
The Downing Legends. J. W. De Forest.

PHILADELPHIA.

Coates and Company.
A Summer Hymnal. J. T. Moore.

Fisher and Company.
And the Wilderness Blossomed. Almon Dexter.

PARIS, FRANCE.

Librairie Hachette et Cie.
Le Mouvement Littéraire. Georges Pellissier.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Elder and Shepard.
The Flight of Helen. And Other Poems. Warren Cheney.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Reedy, William Marion.
Sonnets to a Wife. Ernest McGaffey.

TORONTO, CANADA.

Morang and Company.
The Porter of Bagdad. Archibald MacMechan.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Government Printing Office.
First Annual Report of the Public Schools of the Island of Cuba for September, October, November and December, 1901. Vol. I.

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SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between June 1, 1901, and July 1, 1901.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Story of Sarah. Forsslund. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. The Aristocrats. Pole. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Penelope's Irish Experiences. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40 net.
3. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
4. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Turn of the Road. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. Jack Raymond. Voynich. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. Lovers of the Woods. Boardman. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. The Lion's Brood. Osborne. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Jack Raymond. Voynich. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.20.
2. Carolina Cavalier. Eggleston. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.20.
3. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.20.
4. Nature's Garden. Blanchen. (Doubleday, McClure & Co.) $3.00 net.
5. Bird Portraits. Thompson. (Ginn & Co.) $1.20.
6. A State Secret. Croker. (Buckles.) 40 cents.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
4. Sea Beach at Ebb Tide. Arnold. (Century Co.) $2.40 net.
5. Five Years of My Life. Dreyfus. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50 net.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
3. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Joselyn Cheshire. Kennedy. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Observations of Henry. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
6. Second Book of Birds. Miller. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
5. Sir Christopher Goodwin. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. Penelope's Irish Experiences. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40 net.
6. Heirs of Yesterday. Wolff. (McClurg.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. A Dream of Empire. Venable. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. They That Took the Sword. Stephenson. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. In Search of Mademoiselle. Gibbs. (Coates.) $1.50.
6. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Potter and the Clay. Peterson. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.

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6. Days Like These. Townsend. (Harper.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Encyclopædia of Etiquette. Holt. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $2.00.
6. The Potter and the Clay. Peterson. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Juletty. McElroy. (Crowell.) $1.50.
5. Like Another Helen. Horton. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. A King's Pawn. Drummond. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50
5. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Mistress Nell. Hazelton. (Scribner.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Daughter of New France. Crowley. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Story of Sarah. Forsslund. (Brentano.) $1.50.
5. Like Another Helen. Horton. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Potter and the Clay. Peterson. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
5. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
6. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Octopus. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. When Blades Are Out and Love's A-field. Brady. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Octopus. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Etidorhpa. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Valencia's Garden. Crowninshield. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Sir Christopher. Goodwin. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. Every Inch a King. Sawyer. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Joselyn Cheshire. Kennedy. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Copp-Clark Co.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.
2. Ralph Marlowe. Naylor. (Briggs.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.
3. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Morang.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.
4. Joselyn Cheshire. Kennedy. (Gage.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.50.
5. Your Uncle Lew. Sherlock. (McLeod & Allen. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Briggs.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.50. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Briggs.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Penelope's Irish Experiences. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

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4. Journey to Nature. Mowbray. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50 net.
5. Miss Pritchard's Wedding Trip. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Arrows of the Almighty. Johnson. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Turn of the Road. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Penelope's Irish Experiences. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Jack Raymond. Voynich. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
3. In Search of Mademoiselle. Gibbs. (Coates.) $1.00.
4. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Tower of Wye. Babcock. (Coates.) $1.00.
6. Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper.) $2.25.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
3. Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper.) $2.25 net.
4. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. Jack Raymond. Voynich. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40 net.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Miss Pritchard's Wedding Trip. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
6. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Pidgin. (Clark.) $1.50.
3. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Marcus Whitman. Mowry. (Silver, Burdett.) $1.50.
6. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Roderick Campbell. McIlwraith. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Sir Christopher. Goodwin. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. Uncle Terry. Munn. (Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
5. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40 net.
3. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Penelope's Irish Experiences. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
6. Sir Christopher. Goodwin. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Richard Yea-and-Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Crisis. Churchill, (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Richard Yea-and-Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. For the Blue and Gold. Lichtenstein. (Robertson.) $1.50 net.
4. The Heritage of Unrest. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Crucial Instances. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Jack Raymond. Voynich. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. Valencia's Garden. Crowninshield. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Crucial Instances. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40.
3. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.

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4. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Uncle Terry. Munn. (Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
6. The Octopus. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Uncle Terry. Munn. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
3. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, O.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
5. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Ralph Marlowe. Naylor. (Saalfield Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Copp-Clark Co.) Paper, 75 cents.
2. Graustark. McCutcheon. (McLeod & Allen.) Paper, 75 cents.
3. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Copp-Clark Co.) Paper, 75 cents.
4. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Morang.) Paper, 75 cents.
5. Sirius. Fowler. (Gage.) Paper, 75 cents.
6. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Briggs.) Paper, 75 cents.

TUCSON, ARI.

1. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Lysbeth. Haggard. $1.50.
6. Religion of Democracy. Ferguson. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.00.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. In Search of Mademoiselle. Gibbs. (Coates.) $1.50.
4. By the Waters of Babylon. DeKoven. (Stone.) $1.50.
5. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40.
6. Arrows of the Almighty. Johnson. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
3. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40.
5. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Jack Raymond. Voynich. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Inn of the Silver Moon. Viele. (Stone & Co.) $1.25.
3. Miss Pritchard's Wedding Trip. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Abandoned Farmer. Preston. (Scribner.) $1.25.
5. Successors of Mary the First. Phelps. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Diary of a Freshman. Flandreau. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives		10
" "	2d	" "	"		8
" "	3d	" "	"		7
" "	4th	" "	"		6
" "	5th	" "	"		5
" "	6th	" "	"		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	386
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50	190
3. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50	133
4. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50	93
5. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50	82
6. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50	57

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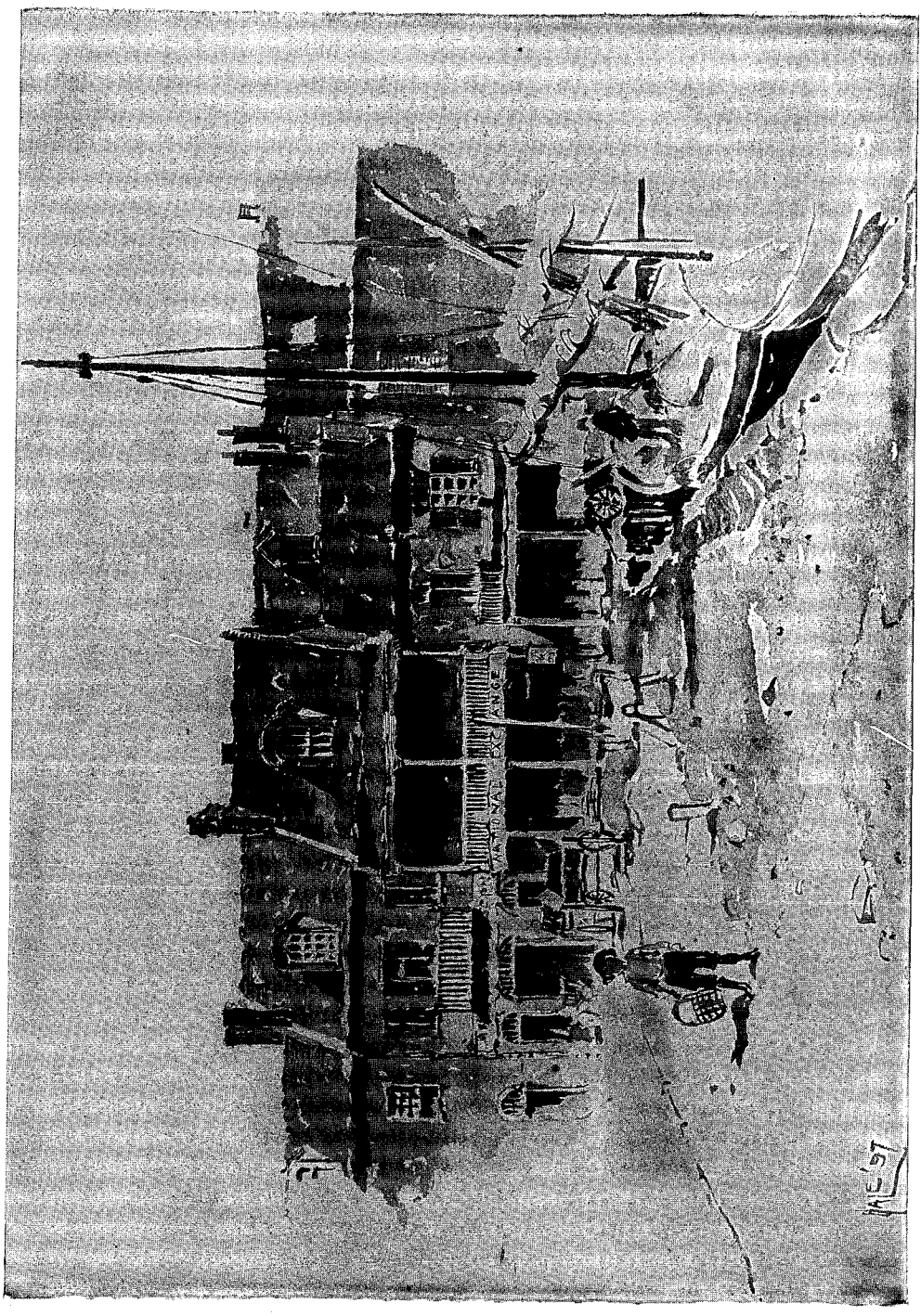

A CORNER OF THE OLD BASIN.

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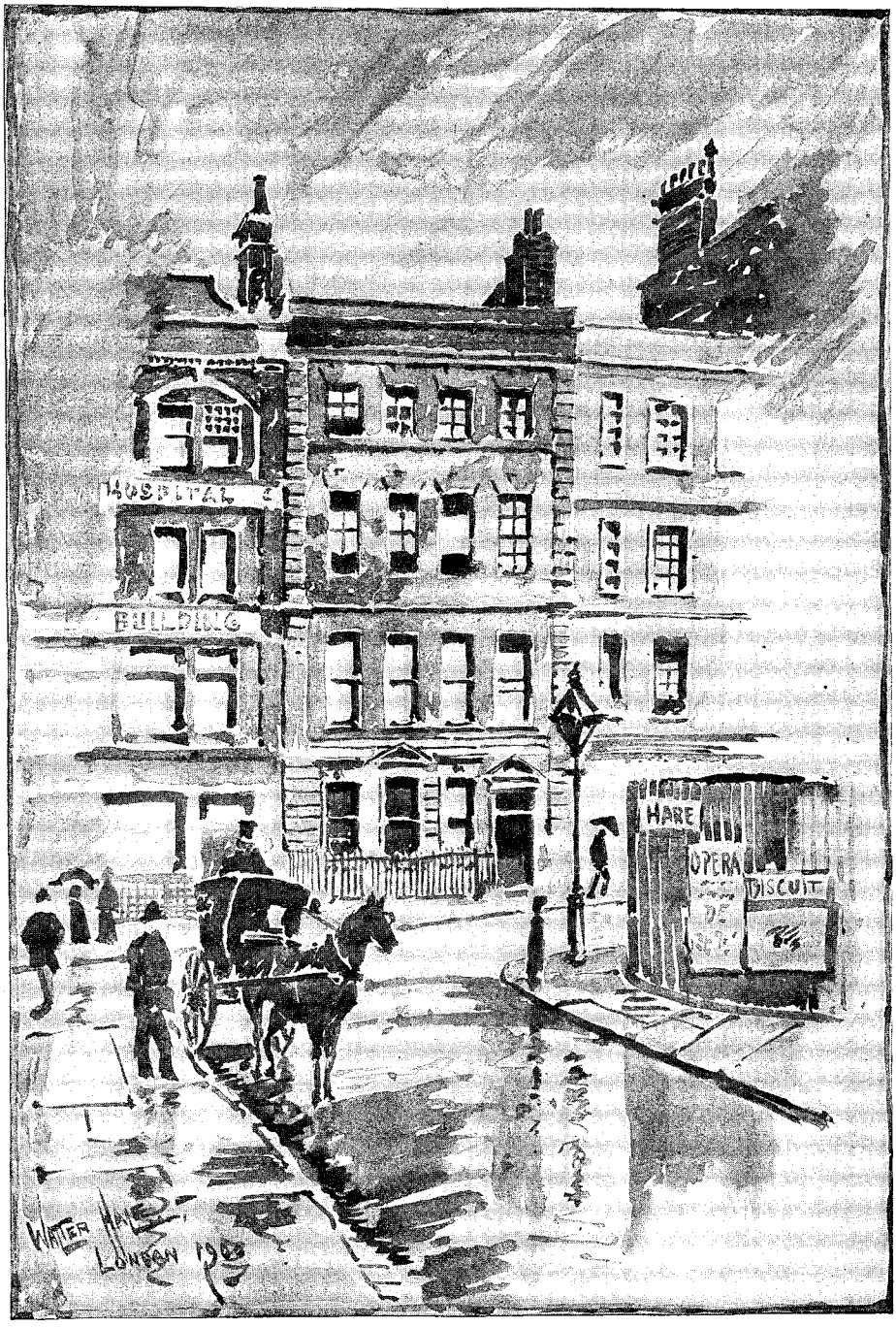

GARRICK'S TOWN HOUSE, 27 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.

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